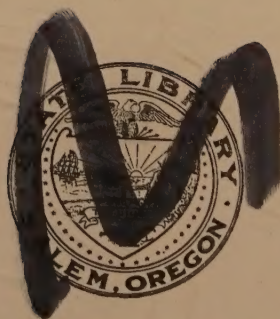


Stories and Sketches

By

Mary Putnam Jacobi



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DISCARD

Stories and Sketches

By

Mary Putnam Jacobi



G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

1907

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

OF the Stories and Sketches by the late Mary Putnam-Jacobi which have been grouped together in the present volume, the earliest in date, *Found and Lost*, was written in 1859, when she was seventeen years of age; the latest, *Some French Leaders*, was written in 1871, in her twenty-ninth year. After her graduation in that year from l' École de Médecine, Mary Putnam decided to concentrate herself entirely upon scientific and professional work, and refused to permit herself to be diverted into any further literary undertakings. Her life thereafter was devoted to her selected profession, and, apart from the time which she gave so freely to the needs of others (family, friends, acquaintances, or strangers) her working hours were absorbed in medical practice or in investigation. She became an active and industrious contributor to medical journals and to the archives of societies, and her papers are described by those who were competent to judge, as possessing, in addition to original scientific importance, a literary style and grace of presentation that are by no means

common in medical articles. The Stories and Sketches here printed have been arranged chronologically, because of the interest in tracing the development on the part of the writer in thinking capacity and in power of expression. At the time of their first publication, these papers received favourable attention from the critics as well for form of expression and literary quality as for originality of conception and imaginative power. So experienced an editor as Richard Watson Gilder described the paper printed in *Scribner's* in 1871 as "one of the best American magazine articles of which he had knowledge." It was a very general opinion on the part of editors and others who had knowledge of these productions of Mary Putnam's earlier years that they gave evidence of distinctive literary capacity, and that if she had been willing to devote herself to literary work, or even to give some portion of her time to such work, she would have achieved as an author distinguished success. The present volume has been brought into print with the belief that it constitutes a real contribution to American literature, and also as a memorial to the life of an earnest worker the activity of whose intellect could not be entirely restricted within the channels of her chosen profession.

NEW YORK, February, 1907.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. FOUND AND LOST	I
<i>Atlantic Monthly, April, 1860</i>	
II. HAIR CHAINS	50
<i>Atlantic Monthly, November, 1861</i>	
III. IMAGINATION AND LANGUAGE	97
<i>Putnam's Monthly, March, 1868</i>	
IV. A STUDY OF STILL-LIFE, PARIS	126
<i>Putnam's Monthly, December, 1868</i>	
V. A SERMON AT NOTRE-DAME	166
<i>Putnam's Monthly, December, 1868,</i> <i>February, 1869</i>	
VI. A MARTYR TO SCIENCE	212
<i>Putnam's Monthly, August, 1869</i>	

	PAGE
VII. CONCERNING CHARLOTTE . . .	262
<i>Putnam's Monthly, January, February, March, 1870</i>	
VIII. SOME OF THE FRENCH LEADERS . .	390
<i>Scribner's Monthly, August, 1871</i>	

Stories and Sketches

Stories and Sketches

1860-1871

FOUND AND LOST

And he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles.—GEN. xxv., 33, 34.

. . . So! I let fall the curtain; he was dead. For at least half an hour I had stood there with the manuscript in my hand, watching that face settling in its last stillness, watching the finger of the Composer smoothing out the deeply-furrowed lines on cheek and forehead,—the faint recollection of the light that had perhaps burned behind his childish eyes struggling up through his swarthy cheek, as if to clear the last world's-dust from the atmosphere surrounding the man who had just refound his youth. His head rested on his hand,—and so satisfied and content was his quiet attitude, that he looked as if resting from a long, wearisome piece of work he was glad to have finished. I don't know how it was, but I thought, oddly enough, in connection with him, of a little school-fellow of mine

years ago, who one day, in his eagerness to prove that he could jump farther than some of his companions, upset an inkstand over his prize essay, and, overcome with mortification, disappointment, and vexation, burst into tears, hastily scratched his name from the list of competitors, and then rushed out of doors to tear his ruined essay into fragments; and we found him that afternoon lying on the grass, with his head on his hand, just as *he* lay now, having sobbed himself to sleep.

I dropped the curtains of the bed, drew those of the window more closely, to exclude the shrill winter wind that was blowing the slant sleet against the clattering window-panes, broke up the lump of cannel coal in the grate into a bright blaze that subsided into a warm, steady glow of heat and light, drew an arm-chair and a little table up to the cheerful fire, and sat down to read the manuscript which the quiet man behind the curtains had given me. Why should n't I (I was his physician) make myself as comfortable as was possible at two o'clock of a stormy winter night, in a house that contained but two persons beside my German patient—a half-stupid serving-man, doubtless already asleep downstairs, and myself? This is what I read that night, with the comfortable fire on one side, and Death, holding strange colloquy with the fitful, screaming, moaning wind, on the other.

As I wish simply to relate what has happened to me (thus the manuscript began), what I attempted, in what I sinned, and how I failed, I deem no introduction or genealogies necessary to the first part of my life. I was an only child of parents who were passionately fond of me—the more, perhaps, because an accident that had happened to me in my childhood had rendered me for some years a partial invalid. One day, (I was about five years old then) a gentleman paid a visit to my father, riding a splendid Arabian horse. Upon dismounting, he tied the horse near the steps of the piazza instead of the horse-block, so that I found I was just upon the level with the stirrup, standing at a certain elevation. Half as an experiment, to try whether I could touch the horse without his starting, I managed to get my foot into the stirrup, and so mounted upon his back. The horse, feeling the light burden, *did* start, broke from his fastening, and sped away with me on his back at the top of his speed. He ran several miles without stopping, and finished by pitching me off his back upon the ground, in leaping a fence. This fall produced some disease of the spine, which clung to me till I was twelve years old, when it was almost miraculously cured by an itinerant Arab physician. He was generally pronounced to be a quack, but he certainly effected many wonderful cures, mine among others.

I had always been an imaginative child ; and, my long-continued sedentary life compelling me (a welcome compulsion) to reading as my chief occupation and amusement, I acquired much knowledge beyond my years.

My reading generally had one peculiar tone : a certain kind of mystery was an essential ingredient in the fascination that books which I considered interesting had for me. My earliest fairy tales were not those unexciting stories where the good genius appears in the beginning of the book, endowing the hero with such an invincible talisman that suspense is banished from the reader's mind, too well enabled to foresee the triumph at the end ; but stories of long, painful quests after hidden treasure—mysterious enchantments thrown around certain persons by witch or wizard, drawing the subject in charmed circles nearer and nearer to his royal or ruinous destiny—strange spells cast upon bewitched houses or places, that could be removed only by the one hand appointed by Fate. So I pored over the misty legends of the San Grail, and the sweet story of *The Sleeping Beauty*, as my first literature ; and as the rough years of practical boyhood trooped up to elbow my dreaming childhood out of existence, I fed the same hunger for the hidden and mysterious with detective-police stories, Captain Kidd's voyages, and wild tales of wrecks on the

Spanish main, of those vessels of fabulous wealth that strewed the deep sea's lap with gems (so the stories ran) of lustre almost rare enough to light the paths to their secret hiding-places.

But in the last year of my captivity as an invalid a new pleasure fell into my hands. I discovered my first book of travels in my father's library, and as with a magical key unlocked the gate of an enchanted realm of wondrous and ceaseless beauty. It was Sir John Mandeville who introduced me to this field of exhaustless delight; not a very trustworthy guide, it must be confessed,—but my knowledge at that time was too limited to check the boundless faith I reposed in his narrative. It was such an astonishment to discover that men, black-coated and black-trousered men, such as I saw in crowds every day in the street from my sofa-corner (we had moved to the city shortly after my accident), had actually broken away from that steady stream of people, and had traversed countries as wild and unknown as the lands in the *Nibelungen Lied*, that my respect for the race rose amazingly. I scanned eagerly the sleek, complacent faces of the portly burghers, or those of the threadbare schoolmasters, thinned like carving-knives by perpetual sharpening on the steel of Latin syntax, in search of men who could have dared the ghastly terrors of the North with Ross or Parry, or the

scorching jungles of the Equator with Burckhardt and Park. Cut off for so long a time from actual contact with the outside world, I could better imagine the brooding stillness of the Great Desert, I could more easily picture the weird ice-palaces of the Pole, waiting, waiting forever in awful state, like the deserted halls of the Walhalla for their slain gods to return, than many of the common street-scenes in my own city, which I had only vaguely heard mentioned.

I followed the footsteps of the Great Seekers over the wastes, the untrodden paths of the world; I tracked Columbus across the pathless Atlantic,—heard, with Balboa, the “wave of the loud-roaring ocean break upon the long shore, and the vast sea of the Pacific forever crash on the beach,”—gazed with Cortés on the temples of the Sun in the startling Mexican empire,—or wandered with Pizarro through the silver-lined palaces of Peru. But a secret affection drew me to the mysterious regions of the East and South,—towards Arabia, the wild Ishmael bequeathing sworded Korans and subtile Aristotles as legacies to the sons of the freed-woman,—to solemn Egypt, riddle of nations, the vast, silent, impenetrable mystery of the world. By continual pondering over the footsteps of the Seekers, the Sought-for seemed to grow to vast proportions, and the Found to shrink to inappreciable littleness. For me, over the dreary ice-plains of the Poles,

over the profound bosom of Africa, the far-stretching steppes of Asia, and the rocky wilds of America, a great silence brooded, and in the unexplored void faint footfalls could be heard here and there, threading their way in the darkness. But while the longing to plunge, myself, into these dim regions of expectation grew more intense each day, the prison-chains that had always bound me still kept their habitual hold upon me, even after my recovery. I dreamt not of making even the vaguest plans for undertaking explorations myself. So I read and dreamt, filling my room with wild African or monotonous Egyptian scenery, until I was almost weaned from ordinary Occidental life.

I passed four blissful years in this happy dream-life, and then it was abruptly brought to an end by the death of my father and mother almost simultaneously by an epidemic fever prevailing in the neighbourhood. I was away from home at a bachelor uncle's at the time, and so was unexpectedly thrown on his hands, an orphan, penniless, except in the possession of the small house my father had owned in the country before our removal to the city, and to be provided for. My uncle placed me in a mercantile house to learn business, and, after exercising some slight supervision over me a few months, left me entirely to my own resources. As, however, he had previously taken care that these resources should be

sufficient, I got along very well upon them, was regularly promoted, and in the space of six years, at the age of twenty-one, was in a rather responsible situation in the house with a good salary. But my whole attention could not be absorbed in the dull routine of business: my most precious hours were devoted to reading, in which I still pursued my old childish track of speculation, with the difference that I exchanged Sinbad's valley of diamonds for Arabia Petræa, Sir John Mandeville for Herodotus, and Robinson Crusoe for Belzoni and Burckhardt. Whether my interest in these Oriental studies arose from the fact of the house being concerned in the importation of the products of the Indies, or whether from the secret attraction that had drawn me eastward since my earliest childhood, as if the Arab doctor had bewitched in curing me, I cannot say; probably it was the former, especially as the India business became gradually more and more intrusted to my hands.

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday, I received a note from my uncle, from whom I had not heard for a year or two, informing me that my father's house, which he had kept rented for me during the first years of my minority, had been without a tenant for a year, and, as I had now come of age, I had better go down to D—— and take possession of it. This letter, touching upon a long train of associations and recollections,

awoke an intense longing in me to revisit the home of my childhood, and meet those phantom shapes that had woven that spell in those dreaming years, which I sometimes thought I felt even now. So I obtained a short leave of absence, and started the next morning in the coach for D——.

It was what is called a “raw morning,” for what reason I know not, for such days are really elaborated with the most exquisite finish. A soft grey mist hugged the country in a chilly embrace, while a fine rain fell as noiselessly as snow, upon soaked ground, drenched trees, and peevish houses. There is always a sense of wonder about a mist. The outlines of what we consider our hardest tangibilities are melted away by it into the airiest dream-sketches; our most positive and glaring facts are blankly blotted out, and a fresh, clean sheet left for some new fantasy to be written upon it, as groundless as the rest; our solid land dissolves in cloud, and cloud assumes the stability of land. For, after all, the only really tangible thing we possess is man’s Will; and let the presence and action of that be withdrawn but for a few moments, and that mysterious Something which we vainly endeavour to push off into the Void by our pompous nothings of brick and plaster and stone closes down upon us with the descending sky, writing *Delendum* on all behind us, *Unknown* on all before. At that time, the only actual Now, that stands between these two in-

finite blanks, becomes identical with the mind itself, independent of accidents of situation or circumstance; and the mind, thus becoming boldly prominent, amidst the fading away of physical things, stamps its own character upon its shadowy surroundings, moulding the supple universe to the shape of its emotions and feelings.

I was the only inside passenger, and there was nothing to check the entire surrender of my mind to all ghostly influence. So I lay stretched upon the cushions, staring blankly into the dense grey fog closing up all trace of our travelled road, or watching the light edges of the trailing mist curl coyly around the roofs of houses and then settle grimly all over them, the fantastic shapes of trees or carts distorted and magnified through the mist, the lofty outlines of some darker cloud stalking solemnly here and there, like enormous dumb overseers faithfully superintending the work of annihilation. The monotonous patter of the rain-drops upon the wet pavement or muddy roads, blending with the low whining of the wind and the steady rumble of the coach-wheels, seemed to make a kind of witchchant, that wove with braided sound a weird spell about me, a charm fating me for some service, I knew not what. That chant moaned, it wailed, it whispered, it sang gloriously, it bound, it drowned me, it lapped me in an inextricable stream of misty murmuring, till I was perplexed, bewildered, enchanted.

I felt surprised at myself, when, at the end of the day's journey, I carried my bag to the hotel, and ate my supper there as usual,—and felt natural again only when, having obtained the key of my house, I sallied forth in the dim twilight to make it my promised visit.

I found the place, as I had expected, in a state of utter desolation. A year's silence had removed it so far from the noisy stream of life that flowed by it, that I felt, as I pushed at the rusty door-lock, as if I were passing into some old garret of Time, where he had thrown forgotten rubbish too worn-out and antiquated for present use. A strong scent of musk greeted me at my entrance, which I found came from a box of it that had been broken upon the hall-floor. I had stowed it away (it was a favourite perfume with me, because it was so associated with my *Arabian Nights* stories) upon a ledge over the door, where it had rested undisturbed while the house was tenanted, and had been now probably dislodged by rats. But I half fancied that this odour which impregnated the air of the whole house was the essence of that atmosphere in which, as a child, I had communicated with Burckhardt and Belzoni,—and that, expelled by the solid, practical, Occidental atmosphere of the last few years, it had flowed back again, in these last silent months, in anticipation of my return.

Like a prudent householder, I made the tour

of the house with a light I had provided myself with, and mentally made memoranda of repairs, alterations, etc., for rendering it habitable. My last visit was to be to the garret, where many of my books yet remained. As I passed once more through the parlour, on my way thither, a ray of light from my raised lamp fell upon the wall that I had thought blank, and a majestic face started suddenly from the darkness. So sudden was the apparition that for the moment I was startled, till I remembered that there had formerly been a picture in that place, and I stopped to examine it. It was a head of the Sphinx. The calm, grand face was partially averted, so that the sorrowful eyes, almost betraying the aching secret which the still lips kept sacred, were hidden,—only the slight, tender droop in the corner of the mouth told what their expression might be. Around, forever stretched the endless sands,—the mystery of life found in the heart of death. That mournful, eternal face gave me a strange feeling of weariness and helplessness. I felt as if I had already pressed eagerly to the other side of the head, still only to find the voiceless lips and mute eyes. Strange tears sprang to my eyes; I hastily brushed them away, and, leaving the Sphinx, mounted to my garret.

But the riddle followed me. I sat down on the floor, beside a box of books; and somewhat listlessly began pulling it over to examine the

contents. The first book I took hold of was a little worn volume of Herodotus that had belonged to my father. I opened it; and as if it, too, were a link in the chain of influences which I half felt was being forged around me, it opened at the first part of *Euterpe*, where Herodotus is speculating upon the phenomena of the Nile. Twenty-two hundred years,—I thought,—and we are still wondering, the Sphinx is still silent, and we yet in the darkness! Alas, if this riddle be insoluble, how can we hope to find the clue to deeper problems? If there are places on our little earth whither our feet cannot go, curtains that our hands cannot withdraw, how can we expect to track paths through realms of thought,—how to voyage in those airy, impalpable regions whose existence we are sure of only while we are there voyaging?

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet.

Lost through reckless presumption, might not earnest humility recover that mysterious lurking-place? Might not one, by devoted toil, by utter self-sacrifice, with eyes purified by long searching from wordly and selfish pollution,—might not such a one tear away the veil of centuries, and, even though dying in the attempt, gain one look into this arcanum? Might not I?—The unutterable thought thrilled me and left me speechless, even in thinking. I strained my

forehead against the darkness, as if I could grind the secret from the void air. Then I experienced the following mental sensation,—which, being purely mental, I cannot describe precisely as it was, but will translate it as nearly as possible into the language of physical phenomena.

It was as if my mind—or, rather, whatever that passive substratum is that underlies our volition and more truly represents ourselves—were a still lake, lying quiet and indifferent. Presently the sense of some coming Presence sent a breathing ripple over its waters ; and immediately afterward it felt a sweep as of trailing garments, and two arms were thrown around it, and it was pressed against a “life-giving bosom,” whose vivifying warmth interpenetrating the whole body of the lake, its waters rose, moved by a mighty influence, in the direction of that retreating Presence; and again, though nothing was seen, I felt surely whither was that direction. It was Nileward. I knew, with the absolute certainty of intuition, that henceforth I was one of the *kletoi*, the chosen,—selected from thousands of ages, millions of people, for this one destiny. Henceforth a sharp dividing-line cut me off from all others: *their* appointment was to trade, navigate, eat and drink, marry and give in marriage, and the rest; mine was to discover the source of the Nile. Hither had all the threads of my life been converging for many

years; they had now reached their focus, and henceforth their course was fixed.

I was scarcely surprised the next day at receiving a letter from my employers appointing me to a situation as supercargo of a merchant-vessel bound on a three-years voyage to America and China,—in returning thence, to sail up the Mediterranean, and stop at Alexandria. I immediately wrote an acceptance, and then busied myself about obtaining a three-years tenant for my house. As the house was desirable and well-situated, this business was soon arranged; and then, as I had nothing further to do in the village, I left it for the last time, as it proved, and returned to the city,—whence, after a fortnight of preparation, I set sail on my eventful enterprisé. Although our voyage was filled with incident that in another place would be interesting enough to relate, yet here I must omit all mention of it, and, passing over three years, resume my narrative at Alexandria, where I left the vessel, and finally broke away from mercantile life.

From Alexandria I travelled to Cairo, where I intended to hire a servant and a boat, for I wished to try the water-passage in preference to the land. The cheapness of labour and food rendered it no difficult matter to obtain my boat and provision it for a long voyage,—for how long I did not tell the Egyptian servant whom I hired to attend me. A certain feeling of fatality caused me to make

no attempt at disguise, although disguise was then much more necessary than it has been since: I openly avowed my purpose of travelling on the Nile for pleasure, as a private European. My accoutrements were simple and few. Arms, of course, I carried, and the actual necessities for subsistence; but I entirely forgot to prepare for sketching, scientific surveys, etc. My whole mind was possessed with one idea: to see, to discover;—plans for turning my discoveries to account were totally foreign to my thoughts.

So, on the 6th of November, 1824, we set sail. I had been waiting three years to arrive at this starting-point,—my whole life, indeed, had been dumbly turning towards it,—yet now I commenced it with a coolness and tranquillity far exceeding that I had possessed on many comparatively trifling occasions. It is often so. We are borne along on the current like drift-wood, and, spying jutting rocks or tremendous cataracts ahead, fancy, “Here we shall be stranded, there buoyed up, there dashed in pieces over those falls,”—but, for all that, we glide over those threatened catastrophes in a very commonplace manner, and are aware of what we have been passing only upon looking back at them. So no one sees the great light shining from heaven,—for the people are blear-eyed, and Saul is blinded. But as I left Cairo in the greating distance, floating

onward to the heart of the mysterious river, I floated also into the twin current of thought, that, flowing full and impetuous from the shores of the peopled Mediterranean, follows the silent river, and tracks it to its hidden lurking-place in the blank desert. Onward, past the breathless sands of the Libyan Desert, past the hundred-gated Thebes, past the stone guardians of Abou-Simbel, waiting in majestic patience for their spell of silence to be broken,—onward. It struck me curiously to come to the cataract, and be obliged to leave my boat at the foot of the first fall, and hire another above the second,—a forcible reminder that I was travelling backwards, from the circumference to the centre from which that circumference had been produced, faintly feeling my way along a tide of phenomena to the *noumenon* supporting them. So we always progress: from arithmetic to geometry, from observation to science, from practice to theory, and play with edged tools long before we know what knives mean. For, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers, we are driven out early in the morning to the edge of the forest, and are obliged to grope our way back to the little house whence we come, by the crumbs dropped on the road, Alack! how often the birds have eaten our bread, and we are captured by the giant lying in wait!

On we swept, leaving behind the burning

rocks and dreary sands of Egypt and Lower Nubia, the green woods and thick acacias of Dongola, the distant pyramids of Mount Birkel, and the ruins of Meroë, just discovered footmarks of Ancient Ethiopia descending the Nile to bequeath her glory and civilisation to Egypt. At Old Dongola my companion was very anxious that we should strike across the country to Shendy, to avoid the great curve of the Nile through Ethiopia. He found the sail somewhat tedious, as I could speak but little Egyptian, which I had picked up in scraps,—he, no German or English. I managed to overrule his objections, however, as I could not bear to leave any part of the river unvisited; so we continued the water-route to the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, where I resolved to remain a week, before continuing my route. The inhabitants regarded us with some suspicion, but our inoffensive appearance so far conquered their fears that they were prevailed upon to give us some information about the country, and to furnish us with a fresh supply of rice, wheat, and dourra, in exchange for beads and bright-coloured cloth, which I had brought with me for the purpose of such traffic, if it should be necessary. Bruce's discovery of the source of the Blue Nile, fifty years before, prevented the necessity of indecision in regard to my route, and so completely was I absorbed in the one object of my journey

that the magnificent scenery and ruins along the Blue Nile, which had so fascinated Cailliaud, presented few allurements for me.

My stay was rather longer than I had anticipated, as it was found necessary to make some repairs upon the boat, and, inwardly fretting at each hour's delay, I was eager to seize the first opportunity for starting again. On the first of March I made a fresh beginning for the more unknown and probably more perilous portion of my voyage, having been about four months in ascending from Cairo. As my voyage had commenced about the abatement of the sickly season, I had experienced no inconvenience from the climate, and it was in good spirits that I resumed my journey. For several days we sailed with little eventful occurring,—floating on under the cloudless sky, rippling a long white line through the widening surface of the ever-flowing river, through floating beds of glistening lotus-flowers, past undulating ramparts of foliage and winged ambak-blossoms guarding the shores, scaled by adventurous vines that triumphantly waved their banners of white and purple and yellow from the summit; winding amid bowery islands studding the broad stream like gems; smoothly stemming the rolling flood of the river, flowing, ever flowing; lurking in the cool shade of the dense mimosa forests; gliding noiselessly past the trodden lairs of hippopotami

and lions; slushing through the reeds swaying to and fro in the green water, still borne along against the silent current of the mysterious river, flowing, ever flowing.

We had now arrived at the land of the Din-kas, where the river, by broadening too much upon a low country, had become partially devoured by marsh and reeds, and our progress was very slow, tediously dragging over a sea of water and grass. I had become a little tired of my complete loneliness, and was almost longing for some collision with the tribes of savages that throng the shore, when the incident occurred that determined my whole future life. One morning, about seven o'clock, when the hot sun had already begun to rob the day of the delicious freshness lingering around the tropical night, we happened to be passing a tract of firmer land than we had met with for some time, and I directed the vessel toward the shore, to gather some of the brilliant lotus-flowers that fringed the banks. As we neared the land, I threw my gun, without which I never left the boat, on the bank, preparatory to leaping out, when I was startled by hearing a loud, cheery voice exclaim in English, "Hilloa! not so fast if you please!" and first the head and then the sturdy shoulders of a white man raised themselves slowly from the low shrubbery by which they were surrounded. He looked at us for a minute or

two, and nodded with a contented air that perplexed me exceedingly.

"So," he said, "you have come at last; I am tired of waiting for you"; and he began to collect his gun, knife, etc., which were lying on the ground beside him.

"And who are you," I returned, "who lie in wait for me? I think, sir, you have the advantage."

Here the stranger interrupted me with a hearty laugh.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "you are entirely mistaken. The technical advantage that you attribute to me is an error, as I do *not* have the honor of knowing your name, though you may know mine without further preface,—Frederick Herndon; and the real advantage which I wish to avail myself of, a boat, is obviously on your side. The long and the short of it is," he added (composedly extricating himself from the brushwood), "that, travelling up in this direction for discovery and that sort of thing, you know, I heard at Sennaar that a white man with an Egyptian servant had just left the town, and were going in my direction in a boat. So I resolved to overtake them, and with their, or your, permission, join company. But they, or you, kept just in advance, and it was only by dint of a forced march in the night that I passed you. I learned at the last Dinka village that no

such party had been yet seen, and concluded to await your arrival here, where I pitched my tent a day and a night waiting for you. I am heartily glad to see you, I assure you."

With this explanation the stranger made a spring, and leaped upon the yacht.

"Upon my word," said I, still bewildered by his sudden appearance, "you are very unceremonious."

"That," he rejoined, "is a way we Americans have. We cannot stop to palaver. What would become of our manifest destiny? But since you are so kind, I will call my Egyptian. Times are changed since we were bondsmen in Egypt, have they not? Ah, I forgot,—you are not an American, and therefore cannot claim even our remote connection with the Ten Lost Tribes." Then, raising his voice, "Here, Ibrahim!"

Again a face, but this time a swarthy one, emerged from behind a bush, and in answer to a few directions in his own dialect the man came down to the boat, threw in the tent and some other articles of traveller's furniture, and sprang in with the *nonchalance* of his master.

A little recovered from my first surprise, I seized the opportunity of a little delay in getting the boat adrift again to examine my new companion. He was standing carelessly upon the little deck of the vessel where he had first en-

tered, and the strong morning light fell full upon his well-knit figure and apparently handsome face. The forehead was rather low, prominent above the eyebrows, and with keen, hollow temples, but deficient both in comprehensiveness and ideality. The hazel eyes were brilliant, but restless and shallow; the mouth of good size, but with few curves, and perhaps a little too close for so young a face. The well-cut nose and chin and clean fine outline of face, the self-reliant pose of the neck and confident set of the shoulders characterised him as decisive and energetic, while the pleasant and rather boyish smile that lighted up his face dispelled presently the peculiarly hard expression I had at first found in analysing it. Whether it was the hard, shrewd light, from which all the tender and delicate grace of the early morning had departed, I knew not; but it struck me that I could not find a particle of shade in his whole appearance. I seemed at once to take him in, as one sees the whole of a sunny country where there are no woods or mountains or valleys. And, in fact, I never did find any,—never any cool recesses in his character; and as no sudden depths ever opened in his eyes, so nothing was ever left to be revealed in his character;—like them, it could be sounded at once. That picture of him, standing there on my deck, with an indefinite expression of belonging to the place, as he would have

belonged on his own hearth-rug at home, often recurred to me, again to be renewed and confirmed.

And thus carelessly was swept into my path, as a stray waif, that man who would in one little moment change my whole life! It is always so. Our life sweeps onward like a river, brushing in here a little sand, there a few rushes, till the accumulated drift-wood chokes the current, or some larger tree falling across it turns it into a new channel.

I had been so long unaccustomed to company that I found it quite a pleasant change to have some one to talk to ; some one to sympathise with I neither wanted nor expected ; I certainly did not find such a one in my new acquaintance. For the first two or three days I simply regarded him with the sort of wondering curiosity with which we examine a new natural phenomenon of any sort. His perfect self-possession and coolness, the *nil-admirari* and *nil-agitari* atmosphere which surrounded him, excited my admiration at first, till I discovered that it arose not from the composure of a mind too deep-rooted to be swayed by external circumstances, but rather from a peculiar hardness and unimpressibility of temperament that kept him on the same level all the time. He had been born at a certain temperature, and still preserved it, from a sort of *vis inertiae* of constitution. This impenetrability had

the effect of a somewhat buoyant disposition, not because he could be buoyed on the tide of any strong emotion, but because few things could disturb or excite him. Unable to grasp the significance of anything outside of himself and his attributes, he took immense pride in stamping *his* character, *his* nationality, *his* practicality, upon every series of circumstances by which he was surrounded: he sailed up the Nile as if it were the Mississippi; although a well-enough-informed man, he practically ignored the importance of any city anterior to the Plymouth settlement, or at least to London, which had the honour of sending colonists to New England; and he would have discussed American politics in the heart of Africa, had not my ignorance upon the topic generally excluded it from our conversation. He had what is most wrongly termed an exceedingly practical mind—that is not one that appreciates the practical existence and value of thought as such, considering that a *praxis*, but a mind that denied the existence of a thought until it had become realised in visible action.

“ ‘The end of a man is an action and not a thought, though it be the noblest,’ as Carlyle has well written,” he triumphantly quoted to me, as, leaning over the little railing of the yacht, watching—at least I was—the smooth, green water gliding under the clean-cutting keel, we had been talking earnestly for some time. “A

thought has value only as it is a potential action; if the action be abortive, the thought is as useless as a crank that fails to move an engine-wheel."

"Then, if action is the wheel, and thought only the crank, what does the body of your engine represent? For what purpose are your wheels turning? For the sake of merely moving?"

"No," said he, "moving to promote another action, and *that* another—and——so on *ad infinitum*."

"Then you leave out of your scheme a real engine, with a journey to accomplish and an end to arrive at; for so wheels would only move wheels, and there would be an endless chain of machinery, with no plan, no object for its existence. Does not the very necessity we feel for having a reason for the existence, the operation of anything, a large plan in which to gather up all ravelled threads of various objects, proclaim thought as the final end, the real thing, of which action, more especially human action, is but the inadequate visible expression? What kinds of action does Carlyle mean, that are to be the wheels for our obedient thoughts to set in motion? Hand, arm, leg, foot action? These are all our operative machinery. Does he mean that our 'noblest thought' is to be chained as a galley-slave to these, to give them means for working a channel through which motive power

may be poured in upon them? Are we to think that our fingers and feet may move and so we live, or they to run for our thought, and we live to think?"

"Suposing *we are*," said Herndon, "what practical good results from knowing it? Action for action's sake, or for thinking's sake, is still action, and all that we have to look out for. What business have the brakemen at the wheels with the destiny of the train? Their business is simply to lock and unlock the wheels; so that their end is in the wheels, and not in the train."

"A somewhat dreary end," I said, half to myself. "The whole world, then, must content itself with spinning one blind action out of another; which means that we must continually alter or displace something merely to be able to displace and alter something else."

"On the contrary, we exchange vague, speculative mystifications for definite, tangible fact. In America we have too much reality, too many iron and steam facts, to waste much time over mere thinking. That, sir, does for a sleepy old country, begging your pardon, like yours; but for one that has the world's destiny in its hands—that is laying iron foot-paths from the Atlantic to the Pacific for future civilisation to take an evening stroll along to see the sun set—that is converting black wool into white cotton to clothe the inhabitants of Borrioboolagha—that is

trading, farming, electing, governing, fighting, annexing, destroying, building, puffing, blowing, steaming, racing, as our young two-hundred-year-old is—we must work, we must act, and think afterwards. Whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

“And what,” I said, “when hand-and-foot action shall have ceased? will you then allow some play for thought-action?”

“We have no time to think of that,” he returned, walking away, and thus stopping our conversation.

The man was consistent in his theory, at least. Having exalted physical motion (or action) to the place he did, he refused to see that the action he prized was more valuable through the thought it developed; consequently, he reduced all actions to the same level, and prided himself upon stripping a deed of all its marvellousness or majesty. He did uncommon things in such a matter-of-fact way that he made them common by the performance. The faint spiritual double which I found lurking behind his steel and iron he either solidified with his metallic touch or pertinaciously denied its existence.

“Plato was a fool,” he said, “to talk of an ideal table; for, supposing he could see it, and prove its existence, what good could it do? You can neither eat off it, nor iron on it, nor do anything else with it; so, for all practical

purposes, a pine table serves perfectly well without hunting after the ideal. I want something that I can go up to, and know it is there by seeing and touching."

"But," said I, "does not that very susceptibility to bodily contact remove the table to an indefinite distance from you? If we can see and handle a thing, and yet not be able to hold that subtle property of generic existence, by which, one table being made, an infinite class is created, so real that tables may actually be modelled on it, and yet so infinite that you cannot set your hand on any table or collection of tables and say, 'It is here,'—if we can be absolutely conscious that we see the table, and yet have no idea how its image reflected on our retina can produce that absolute consciousness,—does not the table grow dim and misty, and slip far away out of reach, of apprehension, much more of comprehension?"

"Stuff!" cried my companion. "If your metaphysics lead to proving that a board that I am touching with my hand is not there, I'll say, as I have already said, 'Throw (meta)physics to the dogs! I'll none of it!' A fine preparation for living in a material world, where we have to live in matter, by matter, and for matter, to wind one's self up in a snarl that puts matter out of reach, and leaves us with nothing to live in, or by, or for! Now *you*, for instance, are not

content with this poor old Nile as it stands, but must go fussing and wondering and mystifying about it till you have positively nothing of a river left. I look at the water, the banks, the trees growing on them, the islands in which we get occasionally entangled; here, at least, I have a real, substantial river,—not equal for navigation to the Ohio or Mississippi, but still very fair.—Confound these flies!” he added, parenthetically, making a vigorous plunge at a dark cloud of the little pests that were closing down upon us.

“Then you see nothing strange and solemn in this wonderful stream? nothing in the weird civilization crouching at the feet, vainly looking to the head of its master hidden in the clouds? nothing in the echoing footsteps of nations passing down its banks to their destiny? nothing in the solemn, unbroken silence brooding over the fountain whence sprang this marvellous river, to bear precious gifts to thousands and millions, and again retreat unknown? Is there no mystery in unsolved questions, no wonder in miracles, no awe in inapproachability?”

“I see,” said he, steadily, “that a river of some thousand miles long has run through a country peopled by contented, or ignorant, or barbarous people, none of whom, of course, would take the slightest interest in tracing the river; that the dangers that have guarded the

marvellous secret, as you call it, are not intrinsic to the secret itself, but are purely accidental and contingent. There is no more reason why the course of the Nile should not be found than that of the Connecticut; so I do not see that it is really at all inapproachable or awful."

"What in the world, Herndon," cried I, in desperation, "what in the name of common-sense ever induced you to set out on this expedition? What do you want to discover the source of the Nile for?"

He answered with the ready air of one who has long ago made up his mind confidently on the subject he is going to speak about.

"It has long been evident to me, that civilisation, flowing in a return current from America, must penetrate into Africa, and turn its immense natural advantages to such account that it shall become the seat of the most flourishing and important empires of the earth. These, however, should be consolidated, and not split up into multitudinous missionary stations. If a stream of immigration could be started from the eastern side, up the Nile, for instance, penetrating to the interior, it might meet the increased tide of a kindred nature from the west, and uniting somewhere in the middle of Soudan, the central point of action, the capital city could be founded there, as a heart for the country, and a complete system of circulation be established. By this

method of entering the country at both sides simultaneously, of course its complete subjugation could be accomplished in half the time that it would take for a body of emigrants, however large, to make headway from the western coast alone. About the source of the Nile I intend to mark out the site for my city, and then ——”

“And call it,” I added, “Herndonville.”

“Perhaps,” he said gravely. “At all events, my name will be inseparably connected with the enterprise; and if I can get the steamboat started during my lifetime, I shall make a comfortable fortune for the speculation.”

“What a gigantic scheme!” I exclaimed.

“Ah,” he said, complacently, “we Americans don’t stick at trifles.”

“Oh, marvellous practical genius of America!” I cried, “to eclipse Herodotus and Diodorus, not to mention Bruce and Cailliaud, and inscribe Herndonville on the arcanum of the Innermost! If the Americans should discover the origin of evil, they would run up penitentiaries all over the country, modelled to suit ‘practical purposes.’”

“I think that would pay,” said Herndon, reflectively.

But though I then stopped the conversation, yet I felt its influence afterwards. The divine enthusiasm for *knowing*, that had inspired me for the last three years, and had left no room

for any other thought in connection with the discovery,—this enthusiasm felt chilled and deadened. I felt reproached that I had not thought of founding a Pottsville or Jenkinsville, and my grand purpose seemed small and vague and indefinite. The vivid, living thoughts that had enkindled me fell back cold and lifeless into the tedious, reedy water. For we had now reached the immense shallow lake that Werne has since described, and the scenery had become flat and monotonous, as if in sympathy with the low, marshy place to which my mind had been driven. The intricate windings of the river, after we had passed the lake, rendered the navigation very slow and difficult; and the swarms of flies, that plagued us for the first time seriously, brought petty annoyances to view more forcibly than we had experienced in all our voyage before.

After some days' pushing in this way, now driven by a strong head wind almost back from our course, again, by a sudden change, carried rapidly many miles on our journey,—after some days of this sailing, we arrived at a long, low reef of rocks. The water here became so shallow and boisterous that further attempt at sailing was impossible, and we determined to take our boat to pieces as much as we could, and carry it with us, while we walked along the shore of the river. I concluded, from the marked depres-

sion in the ground we had just passed, that there must be a corresponding elevation about here, to give the water a sufficient head to pass over the high ground below; and the almost cataract appearance of the river added strength to my hypothesis. We were all four armed to the teeth, and the natives had shown themselves hitherto either so friendly or so indifferent that we did not have much apprehension on account of personal safety. So we set out with beating hearts. Our path was exceedingly difficult to traverse, leading chiefly among low trees and over the sharp stones that had rolled from the river,—now close by the noisy stream, which babbled and foamed as if it had gone mad,—now creeping on our knees through bushes, matted with thick, twining vines,—now wading across an open morass,—now in mimosa woods, or slipping in and out of the feathery dhelb-palms.

Since our conversation spoken of above, Hershon and I had talked little with each other, and now usually spoke merely of the incidents of the journey, the obstacles, etc.; we scarcely mentioned that for which we were both longing with intense desire, and the very thoughts of which made my heart beat quicker and the blood rush to my face. One day we came to a place where the river made a bend of about two miles and then passed almost parallel to our

point of view. I proposed to Herndon that he should pursue the course of the river, and that I would strike a little way back into the country, and make a short cut across to the other side of the bend, where he and the men would stop, pitch our night tent, and wait for me. Herndon assented, and we parted. The low fields around us changed, as I went on, to firm, hard, ground, that gradually became sandy and arid. The luxuriant vegetation that clung around the banks of the river seemed to be dried up little by little, until only a few dusty bushes and thorn-acacias studded in clumps a great sandy and rocky tract of country which rolled monotonously back from the river border with a steadily increasing elevation. A sandy plain never gives me a sense of real substance; it always seems as if it must be merely a covering for something,—a sheet thrown over the bed where a dead man is lying. And especially here did this broad, trackless, seemingly boundless desert face me with its blank negation, like the old obstinate “No” which Nature always returns at first to your eager questioning. It provoked me, this staring reticence of the scenery, and stimulated me to a sort of dogged exertion. I think I walked steadily for about three hours over the jagged rocks and burning sands, interspersed with a few patches of straggling grass,—all the time up hill, with never a valley to vary the

monotonous climbing,—until the bushes began to thicken in about the same manner they had thinned into the desert, the grass and herbage herded closer together under my feet, and, beating off the ravenous sand, gradually expelled the last trace of it; a few tall trees strayed timidly among the lower shrubbery, growing more and more thickly, till I found myself at the border of an apparently extensive forest. The contrast was great between the view before and behind me. Behind lay the road I had achieved, the monotonous, toilsome, wearisome desert, the dry, formal introduction, as it were, to my coming journey. Before, long, cool vistas opened green through delicious shades,—a track seemed to be almost made over the soft grass, that wound in and out among the trees, and lost itself in interminable mazes. I plunged into the profound depths of the still forest, and confidently followed for path the first open space in which I found myself.

It was a strangely still wood for the tropics,—no chattering parroquets, no screaming magpies, none of the sneering, gibing dissonances that I had been accustomed to,—all was silent, and yet intensely living. I fancied that the noble trees took pleasure in growing, they were so energized with life in every leaf. I noticed another peculiarity,—there was little underbrush, little of the luxuriance of vines and creepers which is so

striking in an African forest. Parasitic life, luxurious idleness, seemed impossible here; the atmosphere was too sacred, too solemn, for the fantastic ribaldry of scarlet runners, of flaunting yellow streamers. The lofty boughs interlaced in arches overhead, and the vast dim aisles opened far down in the tender gloom of the wood and faded slowly away in the distance. And every little spray of leaves that tossed airily in the pleasant breeze, every slender branch swaying gently in the wind, every young sapling pushing its childish head panting for light through the mass of greenery and quivering with golden sunbeams, every trunk of aged tree grey with moss and lichens, every tuft of flowers, seemed thrilled and vivified by some wonderful knowledge which it held secret, some consciousness of boundless, inexhaustible existence, some music of infinite unexplored thought concealing treasures of unlimited action. And it was the knowledge, the consciousness, that it was unlimited which seemed to give such elastic energy to this strange forest. But at all events, it was such a relief to find the everlasting negation of the desert nullified, that my dogged resolution insensibly changed to an irrepressible enthusiasm, which bore me lightly along, scarcely sensible of fatigue.

The ascent had become so much steeper, and parts of the forest seemed to slope off into such sudden declivities and even precipices, that I con-

cluded I was ascending a mountain, and, from the length of time I had been in the forest, I judged that it must be of considerable height. The wood suddenly broke off as it had begun, and, emerging from the cool shade, I found myself in a complete wilderness of rock. Rocks of enormous size were thrown about in apparently the wildest confusion, on the side of what I now perceived to be a high mountain. How near the summit I was I had no means of determining, as huge boulders blocked up the view at a few paces ahead. I had had about eight hours' tramp, with scarcely any cessation; yet now my excitement was too great to allow me to pause to eat or rest. I was anxious to press on, and determine that day the secret which I was convinced lay entombed in this sepulchre. So again I pressed onward, this time more slowly,—having to pick my way among the bits of jagged granite filling up terraces sliced out of the mountain; around enormous rocks projecting across my path, overhanging precipices that sheered straight down into dark abysses (I must have verged round to a different side from that I came up on,), creeping through narrow passages formed by the junction of two immense boulders. Tearing my hands with the sharp corners of the rocks, I climbed in vain hope of at last seeing the summit. Still rocks piled on rocks faced my wearied eyes, vainly striving to pierce through some chink or cranny into the space behind them.

Still rocks, rocks, rocks, against whose adamantine sides my feeble will dashed restlessly and impotently. My eyeballs almost burst, as it seemed, in the intense effort to strain through those stone prison-walls. And, by one of those curious links of association by which two distant scenes are united as one, I seemed again to be sitting in my garret, striving to pierce the darkness for an answer to the question then raised, and at the same moment passed over me, like the sweep of angels' wings, the consciousness of that Presence which had there infolded me. And with that consciousness, the eager irritated waves of excitement died away, and there was a calm, in which I no longer beat like a caged beast against the never-ending rocks, but, borne irresistibly along in the strong current of a mighty, still emotion, pressed on with a certainty that left no room for excitement, because none for doubt. And so I came upon it. Swinging round one more rock, hanging over a breathless precipice, and landing upon the summit of the mountain, I beheld it stretched at my feet: a lake about five miles in circumference, bedded like an eye in the naked, bony rock surrounding it, with quiet rippling waters placidly smiling in the level rays of the afternoon sun,—the Unfathomable Secret, the Mystery of Ages, the long-sought-for, the Source of the Nile.

For, from a broad cleft in the rocks, the water

hurled itself out of its hiding-place, and, dashing down over its rocky bed, rushed impetuous over the sloping country, till, its force being spent, it waded tediously through the slushing reeds of the hill-land again, and so rolled down to sea. For, while I stood there, it seemed as if my vision were preternaturally sharpened, and I followed the bright river in its course, through the alternating marsh and desert,—through the land where Zeus went banqueting among the blameless Ethiopians, through the land where the African princes watched from afar the destruction of Cambyses' army, past Meroë, Thebes, Cairo; bearing upon its heaving bosom anon the cradle of Moses, the gay vessels of the inundation festivals, the stately processions of the mystic priesthood, the gorgeous barge of Cleopatra, the victorious trireme of Antony, the screaming vessels of fighting soldiers, the stealthy boats of Christian monks, the glittering, changing, flashing tumult of thousands of years of life,—ever flowing, ever ebbing, with the mystic river, on whose surface it seethed and bubbled. And the germ of all this vast varying scene lay quietly hidden in the wonderful lake at my feet. But human life is always composed of inverted cones, whose bases, upturned to the eye, present a vast area, diversified with countless phenomena; but when the screen that closes upon them a little below the surface is removed, we shall be able to trace the

many-lined figures, each to its simple apex,—one little point containing the essence and secret of the whole. Once or twice in the course of a lifetime are a few men permitted to catch a glimpse of these awful Beginnings,—to touch for a minute the knot where all the tangled threads ravel themselves out smoothly. I had found such a place,—had had such an ineffable vision,—and, overwhelmed with tremendous awe, I sank on my knees, lost in GOD.

After a little while, as far as I can recollect, I rose and began to take the customary observations, marked the road by which I had come up the mountain, and planned a route for rejoining Herndon. But ere long all subordinate thoughts and actions seemed to be swallowed up in the great tide of thought and feeling that overmastered me. I scarcely remember anything from the time when the lake first burst upon my view, till I met Herndon again. But I know that, as the day was nearly spent, I was obliged to give up the attempt to travel back that night, especially as I now began to feel the exhaustion attendant upon my long journey and fasting. I could not have slept among those rocks, eternal guardians of the mighty secret. The absence of all breathing, transitory existence but my own rendered it too solemn for me to dare to intrude there. So I went back to the forest (I returned much quicker than I had come), ate some supper, and,

wrapped in a blanket I had brought with me, went to sleep under the arching branches of a tree. I have as little recollection of my next day's journey, except that I defined a diagonal and thus avoided the bend. I found Herndon waiting in front of the tent, rather impatient for my arrival.

"Holloo, old fellow!" he shouted, jumping up at seeing me, "I was really getting scared about you. Where have you been? What have you seen? What are our chances? Have you had any adventures? killed any lions or anything? By-the-by, I had a narrow escape with one yesterday. Capital shot; but prudence is the better part of valour, you know. But, really," he said again, apparently struck by my abstraction of manner, "what *have* you seen?"

"I have found the source of the Nile," I said, simply.

Is it not strange that, when we have a great thing to say, we are always compelled to speak so simply in monosyllables? Perhaps this, too, is an example of the law that continually reduces many to one,—the unity giving the substance of the plurality; but as the heroes of the *Iliad* were obliged to repeat the messages of the gods *literalim*, so we must say a great thing as it comes to us, by itself. It is curious to me now that I was not the least excited in announcing the discovery,—not because I did not feel the

force of it, but because my mind was so filled, so to speak, so saturated, with the idea, that it was perfectly even with itself, though raised to an immensely higher level. In smaller minds an idea seizes upon one part of them, thus inequalising it with the rest, and so, throwing them off their balance, they are literally *deranged* (or disarranged) with excitement. It was so with Herndon. For a minute he stared at me in stupefied astonishment, and then burst into a torrent of incoherent congratulations.

“Why, Zeitzer!” he cried, “you are the lucky man, after all. Why, your fortune’s made,—you’ll be the greatest man of the age. You must come to America; that is the place for appreciating such things. You’ll have a Common-Council dinner in Boston, and a procession in New York. Your book will sell like wild-fire. You’ll be a lion of the first magnitude. Just think! The Man who discovered the Source of the Nile!”

I stood bewildered, like one suddenly awakened from sleep. The unusual excitement in one generally so self-possessed and indifferent as my companion made me wonder sufficiently; but these allusions to my greatness, my prospects, completely astounded me. What had I done,—I who had been chosen, and led step by step, with little interference of my own, to this end? What did this talk of noise and clamorous notoriety mean?

"To think," Herndon ran on, "that you should have beaten me, after all! that you should have first seen, first drunk of, first bathed in——"

"Drunk of! bathed in!" I repeated, mechanically. "Herndon, are you crazy? Would I dare to profane the sacred fountain?"

He made no reply, unless a quizzical smile might be considered as such,—but drew me within the tent, out of the hearing of the two Egyptians, and bade me give an account of my adventures. When I had finished ——

"This is grand!" he exclaimed. "Now, if you will share the benefits of this discovery with me, I will halve the cost of starting that steam-boat I spoke of, and our plan will soon be afloat. I should n't wonder, now, if one might not, in order to start the town, get up some kind of a little summer-pavilion there, on the top of the mountain,—something on the plan of the Tip-Top House at Mount Washington, you know,—hang the stars and stripes off the roof, if you're not particular, and call it the Teuton-American. That would give you your rightful priority, you see. By the beard of the Prophet, as they say in Cairo, the thing would take!"

I laughed heartily at this idea, and tried, at first in jest, then earnestly, to make him understand that I had no such plans in connection with my discovery; that I only wanted to extend the amount of knowledge in the world,—not the

number of ice-cream pavilions. I offered to let him take the whole affair into his own hands,—cost, profit, and all. I wanted nothing to do with it. But he was too honest, as he thought, for that, and still talked and argued,—giving his most visionary plans a definite, tangible shape and substance by a certain process of metallicising, until they had not merely elbowed away the last shadow of doubt, but had effectually taken possession of the whole ground, and seemed to be the only consequences possible upon such a discovery. My dislike to personal traffic in the sublimities of truth began to waver. I felt keenly the force of the argument, which Herndon used repeatedly, that, if I did not claim the monopoly (he talked almost as if I had invented something) some one else would, and so injustice be added to what I had termed vulgarity. I felt that I must prevent injustice, at least. Besides, what should I have to show for all my trouble (ah! little had I thought of “*I*” or my trouble a short time ago!), what should I have gained, after all—nay what would there be gained for any one—if I merely announced my discovery, without——starting the steamboat? And though I did feebly query whether I should be equally bound to establish a communication, with pecuniary emolument, to the North Pole, in case I discovered that his remark, that this was the Nile, and had nothing to do with the North Pole,

was so forcible and pertinent that I felt ashamed of my suggestion; and upon second thought, that idea of the dinner and procession really had a good deal in it. I had been in New York, and knew the length of Broadway; and at the recollection felt flattered by the thought of being conveyed in an open chariot drawn by four or even eight horses, with nodding plumes (literal ones for the horses,—only metaphorical ones for me), past those stately buildings fluttering with handkerchiefs, and through streets black with people thronging to see the man who had solved the riddle of Africa. And then it would be pleasant, too, to make a neat little speech to the Common Council,—letting the brave show catch its own tail in its mouth, by proving that, if America did not achieve everything, she could appreciate—yes, appreciate was the word—those who did. Yes, this would be a fitting consummation; I would do it.

But, ah! how dim became the vision of that quiet lake on the summit of the mountain! How that vivid lightning-revelation faded into obscurity! Was Pharaoh again ascending his fatal chariot?

The next day we started for the ascent. We determined to follow the course of the river backwards around the bend and set out from my former starting-point, as any other course might lead us into a hopeless dilemma. We had no

difficulty in finding the sandy plain, and soon reached the landmarks which I was sure were on the right road; but a tramp of six or eight hours—still in the road I had passed before—brought us no nearer to our goal. In short, we wandered three days in that desert, utterly in vain. My heart sunk within me at every failure; with sickening anxiety I scanned the horizon at every point, but nothing was visible but stunted bushes and white pebbles glistening in the glaring sand.

The fourth day came, and Herndon at last stopped short, and said, in his steady, immobile voice:

“Zeitser, you must have made this grand discovery in your dreams. There is no Nile up this way,—and our water-skins are almost dry. We had better return and follow up the course of the river where we left it. If we again fail, I shall return to Egypt to carry out my plan for converting the Pyramids into ice-houses. They are excellently well adapted for the purpose, and in that country a good supply of ice is a *desideratum*. Indeed, if my plan meets with half the success it deserves, the antiquaries two centuries hence will conclude that ice was the original use of those structures.

“Shade of Cheops, forbid!” I exclaimed.

“Cheops be hanged!” returned my irreverent companion. “The world suffers too much now

from overcrowded population to permit a man to claim standing-room three thousand years after his death,—especially when the claim is for some acres apiece, as in the case of these pyramid-builders. Will you go back with me?"

I declined for various reasons, not all very clear even to myself; but I was convinced that his peculiar enticements were the cause of our failure, and I hated him unreasonably for it. I longed to get rid of him, and of his influence over me. Fool that I was! *I* was the sinner, and not he; for he *could* not see, because he was born blind, while *I* fell with my eyes open. I still held on to the vague hope that, were I alone, I might again find that mysterious lake; for I knew I had not dreamed. So we parted.

But we two (my servant and I) were not left long alone in the desert. The next day a party of natives surprised us, and, after some desperate fighting, we were taken prisoners, and sold as slaves from tribe to tribe into the interior, and at length fell into the hands of some traders on the western coast, who gave us our freedom. Unwilling, however, to return home without some definite success, I made several voyages in a merchant-vessel. But I was born for one purpose; failing in that, I had nothing further to live for. The core of my life was touched at that fatal river, and a subtle disease has eaten it out till nothing but the rind is left. A wave, gath-

ering to the full its mighty strength, had up-reared itself for a moment majestically above its fellows,—falling, its scattered spray can only impotently sprinkle the dull, dreary shore. Broken and nerveless, I can only wait the lifting of the curtain, quietly wondering if a failure be always irretrievable,—if a prize once lost can never again be found.

HAIR-CHAINS

IT was really a magnificent ball! The host had determined that his entertainment should minister to all the senses of his guests, and had succeeded so well that there was only room to regret there were but five senses to be gratified. Only five gates in the fortified wall within which the shy soul entrenches itself where an attack may be made. And even when these are all carried by storm, there are sometimes inner citadels, impregnable to the magic torrent streaming through the Beautiful Gates, where she may survey intruders with calm disdain. In vain floods of delicious intoxication beat against her lofty retreat: she calmly analyses the sweet poison (as she thinks it), separates and retains the solid fact whose solution had enriched the otherwise barren stream, and indifferently suffers the rest to flow by. These are the souls of philosophers and wise men, who never are drowned, never surprised. But the bountiful host had not cared only for these grand supersensual people, but had striven perfectly to satisfy the eyes, the ears, the noses, the palates of the more numerous throng of weaker folk, whose inner fortifications were not so well defended. Hundreds of wax

candles illuminated the far-reaching saloons with soft lustre. The walls were tinted with the most delicate hues, that afforded a pleasant and cool background to the blazing rooms and relieved the rich colours of the pictures. In all the pictures adorning the walls the eye revelled in the luxurious colouring, careless of the absence of distinctness of form and grand, pure outline. Scenes in the dark heart of tropical forests, the dense green foliage here and there startlingly relieved by a bright scarlet flower or the brilliant plumage of a songless bird—gorgeous sunsets on American prairies, where the rolling purple ground contrasted with the crimson and golden glories of eventide—vivid sketches along the Mediterranean, the blue sea embracing the twin sky—vineyards ripening under the mellow Italian sun—fields of yellow wheat bending to the sickles of English reapers—and sometimes half hidden by the folds of a heavy crimson curtain, one was startled to discover the solemn icebergs and everlasting snows of the Arctic regions. The wood-work of all the rooms was of dark oak, so that each appeared with its brilliantly-dressed company to be a flashing gem set in a rich casket. A shadow of music wandered through the air, sometimes blended with the sound of the falling fountain in the greenhouse, sometimes almost absorbed in the fragrance of the flowers.

For two hours the carriages had been steadily streaming under the archway, and pouring their fair occupants, gauzy as summer, into the blazing saloons. The flashing candelabra drew the poor little moths from the outermost corners into the central vortex of light. Dazzled by the hot radiance, they strove to retreat into the cool conservatories and side-rooms; but at that moment threads of music that had been carelessly winding through the crowd were caught up by an unseen hand and knotted—and behold! already the moths found themselves imprisoned in a strong net-work of sound, whose intricate meshes entangled the rooms and the company, and the very light itself. The light, however, was too subtle for long confinement; it slipped along the melodious mazes, and melted into the rich odour that exhaled from the roses and jessamines in the conservatory. The light was a welcome visitor to the hyacinths and roses, obliged to hide in torturing silence in the still greenhouse, pouring out their passionate, dumb life in intensity of fragrance. A life just hovering on the borders of the world, and yet forbidden to enter! But, bathed in the glowing effulgence of the light, this invisible fragrance could be born, and enter the visible world as colour. For the fragrance is the unborn soul of the flower; colour, that soul arrested in its restless wanderings—*embodied* fragrance. Then the colours upon the

purple hyacinths and white jessamines, and the flashing gems that rested on white bosoms like glittering drops of ice upon a snow-wreath, and the sheen of rustling silks, and the gilded picture-frames, and the florid carpets, and the twinkling feet on the carpets' roses, and the flushing of roses in the dancers' cheeks, and the radiant heads of the white-robed girls, ran into one another, blending into an intensity of colour that dimmed itself. And the music still kept spinning and spinning, and finally wove in the colour and fragrance and light of its subtle self; and the background of the woof was the hum and murmur of voices, and the continual rushing of feet. No wonder the poor moths were ensnared in such bewilderment!

Do you pity the captives? But it is a delicious imprisonment, and its fullest delights cannot be realised except by prisoners. In the vast halls of Intellect and Reason one may indeed be master, marching (a little chilled, perhaps) with firm step and head erect. But on these enchanted grounds there is no medium between a wretched clearness of insight that reduces every curve to a number of straight lines, all clouds to precipitated vapour, all rainbows to an oblique coincidence between a sunbeam and a drop of water, and a total surrender of self to the influences of the flitting moment.

Away with these fellows, who would force

their miserable microscopes before the eyes of these happy gauzy moths!—to-night is only the time for spinning cobwebs. Hold your breath, philosopher, lest you sweep them away too rudely! Alas for the airy cobwebs! In that cool anteroom is a philosopher's broom, hard at work, brushing them remorselessly into a perplexing dilemma—the frightful increase of the human race.

“If,” said the philosopher, emphatically, “if there were any prospect of emigrating to the moon, there would be some hope; but in the present state of affairs we shall soon be eating our own heads off, as the proverb says. Europe is almost exhausted, the *ultima Thule* of arable territory in America has been reached; Asia barely supports her own immense population; nothing is left but Africa, and she presents a merely hopeful prospect for the future. In a hundred years, what *will* society do for breadstuffs?”

“Live on rice and potatoes,” suggested Anthrops.

“Rash boy, and check the advance of civilisation! Have you not reflected that the culture of wheat has been an inseparable adjunct to progress and refinement? The difficulties required to be overcome in preparing the ground and sowing the grain promote prudence, foresight, and care.”

“It is certainly hard work enough to dig potatoes,” quoth Anthrops,

The philosopher passed over the interruption with a dignified wave of the hand, and continued:

“The watching and waiting, during its progress to maturity, necessarily produce that patience which is so essential to all scientific effort; and the graceful loveliness of the plant in its various stages of growth materially assists in developing that love for the beautiful which is a necessary element in all harmonious individual or social character. Now what æsthetic culture can you evolve from that stubbed, straggling weed you call the potato?”

The discomfited pupil meekly suggested that he had been considering the dietetic, not the æsthetic properties of the despised vegetable.

“Impossible to separate them, sir!” cried the philosopher. “If, indeed, you could fill the stomach without the intervention of any process of brain or hand, they might be considered apart. But consider the position of the stomach. Like a Persian monarch, it occupies the centre of the system; despotic from its remote situation and the absolute power it exercises, all parts of the external organism are its ministers; the feet must run for its daily food, the hands must prepare that food with cunning devices, the brain must direct the operations of feet and hands. Now,

unlearned youth, wilt thou contend that the degree of refinement evinced by attention or indifference to the niceties of cooking, and so forth, has no bearing upon the character of the man and the race? Take as a standard the method of immediately conveying the food to the mouth, as it has progressed from barbarism. First, fingers; then, pieces of bark; then, rough wooden spoons, knives, two-pronged steel forks; and lastly, an epitome of civilisation in each one that is used, five-pronged silver forks, evincing both the increased complexity of the nature that devises the extra prongs, and the refinement of taste that insists upon the silver. It is impossible to use wheat in any of its preparations" ("With five-pronged forks," murmured his attentive pupil parenthetically) "without at least a piece of bark, for mixing and cooking, if not for eating. But in devouring potatoes, we are—I shudder to think of it—each moment upon the brink of being reduced to the absolute savageness of fingers. No, sir! the moon and wheat both failing us, there is but one method of escaping universal famine: peremptory reduction of the population."

Anthrops started; in that country murder was a capital offence.

"I do not mean," continued the philosopher, serenely, "by any forcible diminution of the existing populace; unfortunately, the vulgar prejudices in favor of life are so strong, owing to the

miserable preponderance of the Egoistic over the Altruistic instincts, that such an expedient would be unadvisable. I refer to the——”

“What splendid hair!” suddenly enclamed his young companion, starting forward with great animation to gain a nearer glimpse of its beauties. The owner had stopped for a moment in passing the secluded couple, and the rich chestnut head was presented in clear relief against the confused mass of colour and light that streamed through the doorway of the saloon. The billows of hair rose from purple depths of shadow into gleaming crests of golden light, and fell away again in long undulations into the whirlpool of the knot.

While Anthrops was feasting his rapt eyes on the lovely picture, some treacherous fastening gave way, and the whole wavy mass overflowed upon the white shoulders. Then there was bustling and officious assistance, then there was flitting of maidens and crowding of men. They did not care that the hair of the Naiads in the waterfall outside of the city floated all day long over the glittering green waters, or that the soughing grass in the marsh stream lazily swayed to and fro always in sleepy ripples, or that the waving tresses of the weeping-willows were even then sweeping dreamily through the coloured air: they cared for none of these things; but how eager and anxious were they to gain one glimpse of her,—fairer in her blushing confusion

than before in her stately loveliness! She wound up the long tresses in her hand, and was retreating to the dressing-room, when the music, which had paused for a moment, renewed itself in an inspiring waltz. Anthrops, forgetful of wheat, potatoes, and universal famine, rushed forward to claim her hand for the dance. The lady sighed; the waltz was so lovely, the young man so attractive, but—her hair? She really must arrange that before anything could be determined in any other direction. And she started backwards in her embarrassment to reach the stairs, and slipped into a little anteroom by mistake. There was but one door; so, when Anthrops followed her in, she could not get out, without at least hearing an additional reason for dancing.

“The waltz will be finished,” urged Anthrops. “Take this little dagger, and wind your hair around that; it will be a fitting ornament for you.”

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a small dagger, a toy, but richly carved at the hilt, and offered it to the maiden. He had bought it that day for a little nephew, and had happened to leave it in his pocket. Doubtless, had the waltz been less enticing, or the youth less handsome, or the little anteroom less secluded, Haguna would have rejected the odd assistance. But, as it was, she accepted the jewelled toy, and in a few minutes had dexterously hidden the tiny blade with

the thick coils of hair, just leaving the curiously carved face on the hilt to emerge from its shadowy nestling-place.

With the readjustment of her tresses, Haguna recovered the marvellously defensive self-possession that had been momentarily disturbed. So subtle and indefinable was the curious atmosphere that surrounded her, that, while it could be almost destroyed by the consciousness of a disordered toilet, yet the keenest eye could not penetrate beneath it, the most confident demeanour could not impress it, once reëstablished.

Anthrops did not notice the change that had taken place in her aspect. Was it not enjoyment enough to whirl through the maddening mazes of the dance, into still deeper entanglements in the mysterious web that had now immeshed the saloons, borne irresistibly along the rapid torrent of music, through crowds swept in eddying circles by fresh gusts of sound, like leaves blown about by the west wind,—at first in low, wide, slow rounds, then whirling faster and faster, higher and higher, until the spiral coil suddenly terminated, and the music and motion fell exhausted together.

It was quite another thing to return to his friend the philosopher, who was now in a very bad humor.

“Such fooling!” he cried, when Anthrops came back much exhilarated. “That woman

is the plague of my life! See," he continued, sarcastically, "I picked up one of the ugly little pins that she fastens her hair with; perhaps you might like it for a keepsake."

Anthrops snatched eagerly at the little black thing his old friend held contemptuously balanced on his fingers, but dropped it immediately. Such a miserable thing to hold those glorious tresses! His dagger was better. The recollection that it *was* his dagger that now confined them dispelled the chill which the irate philosopher had thrown over his glowing excitement; he submissively proposed a return to potatoes, piling up famine and wheat over the one little thought that diffused such a delicious warmth through his breast; as charcoal-burners heap dead ashes over their fire, to hide it from the rough intrusion of chilling winds.

The next day Haguna sent back the dagger, with a little note, thanking the owner in graceful terms:

"Your graceful politeness last evening, Herr Anthrops, saved me much perplexity, and procured me a delightful waltz. One should indeed be well protected by fortune, to find so readily such a courteous little sword" ("She does not know the difference between a sword and a dagger," thought Anthrops, and he was pleased at her ignorance) "to supply one's awkward deficiencies" (Anthrops slightly winced as he thought

of the little black pins). "The old man on the hilt is really charming. I actually was obliged to kiss him at parting, he looked so kindly and pleasantly at me. Besides, he was my true benefactor; and my grandmother has often told me, that in her day maidens were very properly more expressive in their gratitude than now." (Anthrops fervently longed for a retrogression in the calendar.) "And I really think my old friend must have been alive then, and have been changed into wood, on purpose to preserve his looks till I could see him. It would be a right pleasant destiny, when one begins to grow old and ugly, to be transformed into wood, and carved as one would wish to appear perpetually. And happier fate still, like Philemon and Baucis, to change into living trees, and flourish for hundreds of years in youth and vigour. There are willow-trees growing on the banks of the river that may easily have been girls who wept themselves into trees, because their hair would soon be grey, and they have exchanged it for tresses of green. Near those willow-trees the princely stranger who has lately occupied the castle will next week give a boating *fête*, to which I am invited; I suppose you also, courteous sir, will be present, a knight-errant for distressed damsels ?

"HAGUNA."

Anthrops kissed the little old man on the dag-

ger's hilt again and again, and made two equally firm but entirely disconnected resolutions, simultaneously; namely, never to give his nephew the intended present, and by all means to be at the boat *fête* the following week.

The day of the *fête* arrived,—a clear, lovely day in early June. The host had provided for the accommodation of his guests a number of boats of different sizes, holding two, three, or a dozen people, according to the fancy of the voyagers. Anthrops, descending the flight of steps that led to the river, came unexpectedly upon his old friend the philosopher, apparently emerging from the side of the hill.

"I expected you here," said he; "are you going on the river?"

Anthrops replied in the affirmative.

"Haguna is here, and I have come to exact a promise that you will not sail with her. You will repent it if you do."

"Better than starvation is a feast and repentance," cried the young man, gaily. "What harm is there in the girl? Though, to be sure, I had no particular intention of sailing with her."

"It would be of no use to warn you explicitly," said his friend; "you would not believe me. But you must not go."

"Nay, good father," returned the youth, a little vexed, "it is altogether too unreasonable to expect me to obey like a child; give me one

good reason why I should avoid her as if she had the plague, and I promise to be guided by you."

"All women have some plague-spot," said the philosopher, sententiously,

"Well, then, I may as well be infected by her as by any one," cried Anthrops, lightly, and was rushing down the steps again, when the philosopher caught him by the arm.

"Follow me," he said; "you will not believe, but still you may see."

He led the way down to the river, and, the youth still following, entered one of the gaily trimmed rowboats and pushed from shore. The boat seemed possessed by the will of its master, and, needing no other guide or impetus, floated swiftly into the centre of the channel. Obeying the same invisible helmsman, it there paused and rocked gently backwards and forwards as over an unseen anchor. The philosopher drew from his pocket a small cup and dipped up a little water. He then handed it to the youth, and bade him look at it through a strong magnifying-glass, which he also gave him. Anthrops was surprised to find a white dust in the bottom of the cup.

"Ah!" said his companion, answering his look of inquiry, "it is bone-dust; and now you may see where it comes from."

Anthrops looked through the magnifying-glass, as he was directed, at the river itself, and

found he could clearly see the sand at the bottom. He was horrified at seeing the yellow surface strewn with human bones, bleached by long exposure to the running water.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully, "have so many noble youths perished in these treacherous waters? That golden sand might be ruddy with the blood of its numerous victims!"

"Don't be blaming the innocent waters, simple boy!" half sneered the philosopher. "Lay the blame where it is due, upon the artful river-nixes. Since the creation of the world, the stream has flowed tranquilly between these banks; and during that time do you not suppose that these fair alluring sprites have had opportunity to entice such silly boys as you into the cool green water there below?"

Anthrops gazed long into the still, cruel depths of the river, held spell-bound by a horrible fascination; at last he raised his head, and, drawing a long sigh of relief, exclaimed,

"Thank fortune, Haguna is no water-nix!"

"What!" cried the angry philosopher, "your mind still running upon that silly witch? Can you learn no wisdom from the fate of other generations of fools, but must yourself add another to the catalogue? She is more dangerous than the nixes: the snares which they laid for their victims were cobwebs, compared to the one she is weaving for you. You admire her hair, for-

sooth! The silk of the Indian corn is a fairer colour, spiders' webs are finer, and the back of the earth-mole is softer; yet in your eyes nothing will compare with it."

"The silk of the Indian corn is golden, but coarse and rough; the threads of the spiders' web are fine, but dull and gray; the satin hair of the blind mole is lifeless and stiff. Let me go, old man! I care nothing for your fancied dangers. I shall row her to-day; that is pleasure enough." And he attempted to seize the unused oar.

"Once more, pause! Reflect upon what you are leaving: the pleasures of tranquil meditation, the keen excitements of science, the entrancing delights of philosophy. All these you must abandon, if you leave me now."

Anthrops hesitated a moment.

"How so?" he asked.

"He who is devoted to philosophy must share his soul with no other mistress. No restlessness, no longing after an unseen face, no feverish anxiety for the love or approval of an earthly maiden must disturb the balanced calm of his absorbed mind——"

"Herr Anthrops, Herr Anthrops, how you have forgotten your engagement!"

She was in a boat that had pushed up against them unawares. Some girls and young men occupied the bows. Haguna was leaning over

the stern and waving her hand to Anthrops. So suddenly had she appeared that it was as if she had risen out of the rippling river, and the ripples still seemed to undulate on her sunny hair and laughing dimpled face: so fresh and bright and fair she seemed in that glad June morning. What did it matter whether he reasoned rightly on any subject?

"Let me go!" he exclaimed to his companion. "Farewell, philosophy! farewell, science! I have chosen."

To his surprise he discovered that he was suddenly quite alone in the boat. The philosopher had disappeared,—whether by waxen wings, or an invisible cap, or any of the other numerous contrivances of many-wiled philosophers, he did not stop to consider, but hastened to join Haguna and her companions.

"You are a welcome addition to our company," said Haguna, graciously reaching out her white hand; "but you choose strange companions. An old grey owl flew out of your boat a moment ago, scared to find himself abroad in such a pleasant sunlight. I confess I don't altogether admire your taste, not being an orni—"

She appealed in pretty perplexity to the student to help her out of the difficulty into which she had fallen by her rash attempt at large words.

"—thologist," added Anthrops, much won-

dering at these new tricks of the philosopher,—and then again he so much the more applauded his own wisdom in exchanging for her society the company of an old owl.

So all the day long he stayed by her, all the day long he followed her, rowing or walking or dancing, or sitting by her under the willows on the banks of the river. The soft breeze routed her shining hair from its compact masses; it touched his cheek as he knelt beside her to pull up the tough-rooted columbine that resisted her fingers; her fragrant breath mingled with the odour of the sweet-scented violets that he plucked for her; the trailing tresses of the mournful willow, swaying in the breeze, brushed them both; the murmuring water at their feet heard a new tale as it flowed past her, and babbled it to him, adding delicious nonsense of its own, endless variations upon the same sweet theme. How happy he was that day! It came to an end, of course; but its death scattered the seeds of other days, that sprang up in gracious profusion, yielding dear delights of flower and fruit. All over his garden these bright plants grew, gradually triumphing over and expelling the coarser and ruder vegetables.

Nothing but flowers would he cultivate now, —and cared not even that they should be perennials, if only the present blooming were gay and gladsome.

One June day, Anthrops joined a pleasure-seeking equestrian party, who rode from the town to spend the day in the woods. What a lovely day it was! The pure, fresh air seemed to contain the very essence of the life it inspired, life drained of all impurity and sadness and foulness by the early summer rains, the springing joyous life of the delicate wood-flowers. The strong trees in the leafy woods trembled with happiness in their boughs and tender sprays; the carolling birds poured forth their brimming songs from full hearts. And upon the interlacing greenery of the shrubbery, and the lichens upon the trees, and the soft moss covering with jealous tenderness the bare places in the ground, the slant sunbeams glittered in the early morning dew. As Anthrops rode along silently by the side of Haguna, an inexpressible joyfulness filled his heart; the light, round, white clouds nestling in the deep bosom of the sky, the faint, delicious odour of the woods, the rustling, murmuring presence that forever dwelt there, all made him unspeakably glad and light-hearted. As he rode, he began to sing a little song that he had learned a while before:

“ We rushed from the mountain,
The streamlet and I,
Restless, unquiet,
We scarcely knew why,—
Till we met a dear maiden,

Whose beauty divine
 Stilled with great quiet
 This wild heart of mine;
 And, awed and astonished
 To peacefulness sweet,
 The fierce mountain-torrent
 Lay still at her feet."

"A right rare power for beauty to possess!" laughed Haguna. "Are you so restless that you need this soothing, fair sir?"

A deep, sweet smile gushed out from his eyes and illumined his face. He stretched out his arms lovingly into the warm air, as if he thus infolded some rich joy, and answered, musingly:

"In ordinary action, thought, and feeling, we are too conscious of ourselves; we are perplexed with the miserable little 'I' that, by claiming deed and thought for its own work, makes it little and mean. But the wondrous Beautiful comes to us entirely from outside; our very contemplation of it does not belong to us; we are overpowered and conquered by the vast idea that broods over us. And so that contemplation is pure happiness."

Haguna laughed a little, and a little wondered what he meant; then observed, lightly:

"You must value yourself very modestly, to consider your greatest happiness to consist in losing your self-consciousness,—unless, indeed, like Polycrates, you hope to insure future

prosperity by sacrificing your most valuable possession."

"If so, I, like Polycrates, am the gainer by my own precaution; for in your presence, dear lady, do I first truly find my right consciousness."

She clapped her hands gleefully, wilfully misunderstanding his meaning.

"Most complimentary of monarchs! So I am the haggard old fisherman who replaced the lost bawble in the royal treasury! Pray, sire, remember the pension with which I should be rewarded!" And she bowed low, in mock courtesy to her companion.

"Nay," rejoined Anthrops, vexed that his earnest compliment should be so mishandled,— "blame your own perversity for such an interpretation. At your side I forget that I live for any other purpose than to look at you, and lavish my whole soul in an intensity of gazing; and then the presumptuous thought that you like to have me near you, nay, are sometimes even pleased to talk to me, gives my poor self a value in my own eyes, for the kindness you show me."

"I know all that well enough," said Haguna, quietly. "But in the meanwhile, dear Anthrops, you must remember that it is really impolite to stare so much."

By this time they had ridden deep into the still woods. Following the light current of their

talking, they wound in and out among the green trees, under their broad arching boughs,—now following the path, now beating a new track over the short grass mixed with the crisp grey moss. The sunlight glanced shyly through the fluttering leaves, weaving with their delicate shadows a rare tracery on the grass. The pattern was so intricate and yet so suggestive, they were sure that some strange legend was written there in mysterious characters,—something holding a fateful reason for their ride together in the green woods. But just as they had almost deciphered the secret, the broidered shadow disappeared under a bush, leaving them in new perplexity. They looked for the story in the windings of the checkerberry-vine, and blue-eyed periwinkle, on the lichens curiously growing on the boles of aged trees; but for all these they had no dictionary. So they strayed on and on, in the endless mazes of the forest, till they became entirely separated from their companions, and lost all clue for recovering the path.

Anthrops looked in some perplexity at Harguna, to see if she were alarmed at this position of affairs. He was rather surprised to find that, far from being discouraged, she seemed highly to enjoy the dilemma. She leaned forward a little on her horse; her one gloved hand, dropping the reins on his neck, nestled carelessly in his mane, while the forefinger of the other hand

rested on her lip, with a comical expression of mock anxiety, as she looked inquiringly at Anthrops.

"I think," finally exclaimed Anthrops, "that we had better push straight through the woods. We cannot go far without discovering some road that will lead us back to the city."

"Nobly resolved, courageous sir! But first tell me how we shall pass this first barrier that besets our onward march."

And she pointed the end of the riding-whip that hung at her wrist to a mass of brambles which formed an impenetrable wall immediately in their path. Anthrops rubbed his eyes, for he could scarce believe that this thicket had been there before; it seemed to have grown up suddenly while he turned his head. He then tried to retrace his steps, but was thrown into fresh perplexity by discovering that the trees seemed to have closed in around them, so that he could find no opening for a horse.

"It seems evident to me," said Haguna, "that we must dismount and find our way on foot. If now we could have deciphered the hieroglyphs of the shadows we might have avoided this misfortune."

As cool water upon the brow of a fevered man, fell the clear tones of her voice upon Anthrops, bewildered and confused by the sudden enchantment. She, indeed, called it a misfor-

tune, but so cheerily and gaily that her voice belied the term; and Anthrops insensibly plucked up heart, and shook off somewhat of that paralyzing astonishment.

He assisted her to dismount, and, leaving the horses to their fate, they together hunted for some opening in the dense thicket. After much search, Anthrops succeeded in discovering a small gap in the brambles, through which he and Haguna crept, but only into fresh perplexity. They gained a path, but with it no prospect of rejoining their companions; for it wound an intricate course between ramparts of vine-covered shrubbery, that shut it in on either side and intercepted all extended view. The way was too narrow to admit of more than one person passing at a time; and as Haguna happened to have emerged first from the thicket, she boldly took the lead, following the path until they emerged into a more open part of the forest, where the undulating ground was entirely free from underbrush, and the eye roamed at pleasure through the wide glades. Haguna followed some unseen waymarks with sure step, still tacitly compelling Anthrops to follow her without inquiry. As she sped lightly over the turf, she began to hum a little song:

“ Nodding flowers, and tender grass,
Bend and let the lady pass!
Lighter than the south-wind straying,
In the spring, o’er leaves decaying,

Seeking for his ardent kisses
One small flower that he misses,
Will I press your snowy bosoms,
Dainty, darling little blossoms!"

Singing thus, she descended a little hill, and, gliding round its base, disappeared under a thick grape-vine that swung across it from two lofty elms on either side. A spider in conscious security had woven his web across the archway formed by the drooping festoons of the vine; the untrodden path was overgrown with moss. Hagguna lifted up the vine and passed under, beckoning Anthrops to follow. He heard her still singing:—

"Quick unclasp your tendrils clinging,
Stealthily the trees enringing!
I have learnt your wily secret:
I will use it, I shall keep it!
Cunning spider, cease your spinning!
My web boasts the best beginning.
Yours is wan and pale and ashen;
After no such lifeless fashion
Mine is woven. Golden sunbeams
Prisoned in its meshes, light gleams
From its shadowest recesses.
Tell me, spider, made you ever
Web so strong no knife could sever
Woven of a maiden's tresses?"

On the other side of the viny curtain, Anthrops discovered the entrance to a large cavern hollowed out in a rock. The cavern was car-

peted with the softest moss of the most variegated shades, ranging from faintest green to a rich golden brown. The rocky walls were of considerable height, and curved gracefully around the ample space,—a woodland apartment. But the most remarkable feature in the grotto was a rose-coloured cloud, that seemed to have been imprisoned in the farther end, and, in its futile efforts to escape, shifted perpetually into strange, fantastic figures. Now, the massive form of the Israelitish giant appeared lying at the feet of the Philistine damsel; anon, the kingly shoulders of the swift-footed Achilles towered helplessly above the heads of the island girls. The noble head of Marcus Antoninus bowed in disgraceful homage before his wife; the gaunt figure of the stern Florentine trembled at the footsteps of the light Beatrice; the sister of Honorius, from the throne of half the world, saluted the sister of Theodosius, grasping the sceptre of the other half in her slender fingers. Every instance of weak compliance with the whims, of devoted subjection to the power, of destructive attention to the caprices of women by men, since Eve ruined her lord with the fatal apple, was whimsically represented by the rapid configurations of this strange vapour.

Anthrops presently discovered Haguna half reclining on a raised moss-seat, and dreamily running her white fingers through her hair, which now fell unchecked to her feet. He had

lost sight of her but a few minutes, yet in that short time a strange change had come over her. Perhaps it was because her rippling hair, which, slightly stirred by the faint air of the cavern, rose and fell around her in long undulations, made her appear as if floating in a golden brown haze. Perhaps it was the familiarity with which she had taken possession of the grotto, as if it had been a palace that she had expected, prepared for her reception. But for some reason she appeared a great way off,—no longer a simple maiden, involved with him in a woodland adventure, but a subtle enchantress, who, through all the seeming accidents of the day, had been pursuing a deep-laid plot, and now was awaiting its triumphant consummation. She did not at first notice Anthrops as he stood in curious astonishment in the doorway; but presently, looking up, she motioned him to another place beside herself.

“This is a pleasant place to rest in for a while before we rejoin our companions,” she said; “we are fortunate in finding so pretty a spot.”

The natural tone of her frank, girlish voice somewhat dissipated Anthrops’s vague bewilderment, and he accepted the proffered seat at her side. He for the first time looked attentively at Haguna, as he had until now been gazing at the shifting diorama behind her. He noticed, to his

surprise, a number of bright shining points, somewhat like stars, glistening in her hair, and with some hesitation inquired their nature. Haguna laughed, a low musical laugh, yet with an indescribable impersonality in it,—as if a spring brook had just then leaped over a little hill, and were laughing mockingly to itself at its exploit.

“They are souls,” she said.

“Dear me !” exclaimed Anthrops; “are souls no bigger than that ?”

“How do you know how large they are ?” laughed Haguna, beginning to weave her hair into a curiously intricate braid. “These are but the vital germs of souls; but I hold them bound as surely by imprisoning these.”

“But surely every soul is not so weak; all cannot be so cruelly imprisoned.”

Again she laughed, that strange laugh.

“Strong and weak are merely relative terms. There is nothing you know of so strong that it may not yield to a stronger, and anything can be captured that is once well laid hold of. I will sing you a song by which you may learn some of the ways in which other things besides souls are caught.”

Still continuing her busy weaving, Haguna began to sing. Except the song she had hummed in the woods that afternoon, he had never heard her voice but in speaking, and was astonished at its richness and power; yet it was a

simple chant she sang, that seemed to follow the gliding motion of her fingers :

“ Running waters swiftly flowing,
On the banks fair lilies growing
Watch the dancing sunbeams quiver,
Watch their faces in the river.
Round their long roots, in and out,
The supple river winds about,—
Wily, oily, deep designing,
Their foundations undermining.
Fall the lilies in the river,
Smoothly glides the stream forever.”

The subtle song crept into Anthrops's brain, and seemed to spin a web over it, which, though of lightest gossamer, confined him helplessly in its meshes. Again she sang :

“ From the swamp the mist is creeping;
Fly the startled sunbeams weeping,
Up the mountains feebly flying,
Paling, waning, fainting, dying.
All their cheerful work undoing,
Crawls the cruel mist pursuing.
Shrouded in a purple dimness,
Quenched the sunlight is in shadow;
Over hill and wood and meadow
Broods the mist in sullen grimness.”

She had already woven a great deal of her shining hair into a curious braid, so broad and intricate as to be almost a golden web. A strange fascination held Anthrops spellbound; it was as if her song were weaving her web, and her

fingers chanting her song, and as if both song and web were made of the wavering cloud that still shifted into endless dioramas. Once more she sang:

“ Drop by drop the charmed ear tingling,
Rills of music intermingling,
Murmuring in their mazy winding,
All the steepéd senses blinding,
Their intricate courses wending,
Closer still the streams are blending.
Down the rapid channel rushing,
Floods of melody are gushing;
Flush the tender rills with gladness,
Drown the listener in sweet madness.
Onward sweeps the eddying singing,
Ever new enchantment bringing.
Break the bubbles on the river,
Faints the wearied sound in darkness;
But, as one that always hearkens,
Floats the charmed soul forever.”

As she finished the song, she arose, and threw over the youth the web of her fatal hair. The charmed song had so incorporated itself with the odorous air of the cavern, that every breath he drew seemed to be laden with the subtle music. It oppressed, stifled him; he strove in vain to escape its influence; and as he felt the soft hair brush his cheek, he swooned upon the ground.

The philosopher's study was a very different place from the green wood,—perched up, as it was, on the summit of a bare, bleak mountain.

The room was fitted up with the frugality demanded by philosophic indifference to luxury, and the abundance necessitated by a wide range of study. The walls were hung with a number of pictures, in whose subjects an observer might detect a remarkable similarity. A satirical pencil had been engaged in depicting some of the most striking instances of successful manly resistance to female tyranny, of manly contempt for feminine weakness, of manly endurance of woman-inflicted injury. The unfortunate Longinus turned with contemptuous pity from the trembling Zenobia; the valiant Thomas Aquinas hurled his protesting firebrand against the too charming interruption of his scholastic pursuits; the redoubtable Conqueror beat his rebellious sweetheart into matrimony. The flickering light of a wood fire served not merely to illuminate the actual portraits, but almost to discover the sarcastic face of the anonymous artist, smiling in triumph from the background. On the hearth in front of the fire stood the philosopher in earnest conversation with a venerable friend.

"I am provoked beyond measure," exclaimed our friend, in an exceedingly vexed tone. "So much as I had hoped from the boy,—that he, too, could not keep from the silly snare! It is shameful, abominable;—she is always in my way, upsetting all my plans, interfering with everything I undertake. Would you believe it?

at the death of one of her sisters, the fools were not content with giving her a funeral good enough for a man, but they must place her *hair* in the sky for a constellation!"

"That was indeed an insult to Orion," said his sympathising friend, soothingly.

"My hands are absolutely tied," continued the irate philosopher. "I bestow upon the boys the most careful education, enlarge their minds by the study of the history and destiny of man, of the world, of the stellar system, till I may hope that in the contemplation of the vast universe they have lost their little prejudices and personal preferences. I strengthen their judgment, assiduously exercise their powers of ratiocination, fortify their minds with philosophy, train them to habits of accuracy, patience, and perseverance by long scientific research; and at the moment when I ought to find them useful as philosophers, as seekers after eternal Truth, as lovers of imperishable Wisdom, they degenerate into seekers after eyes and hair and cheeks, and I know not what nonsense, lovers of frail, perishable women, who appear to preserve an astonishing longevity on purpose to plague and thwart rational people."

His friend pondered deeply upon the vexatious problem.

"You say," he remarked, "that this unfortunate attraction exists in spite of philosophical training—that it is exerted towards the antipodes

of their previous associations; that, as they have been trained to yield only to well-grounded syllogisms, it is the illogical mode of assault that vanquishes them unguarded; that their reasonable minds have nothing to say to such perfectly unreasonable fascinations; that, in short, the enemy succeeds by supplying a vacuum, as the walls of Visibis gave way under the pressure of the dammed-up river?"

"Alas, friend, your observations are too true!"

"Then my way becomes clearer. It surely cannot be unknown to you, sagest of students, that in physical science we oppose a plenum to a vacuum, in medicine we supply a deficiency of saline secretions by the common expedient of salt. Wherefore not apply our knowledge painfully gleaned from lower science to the study of these more complicated phenomena? The coward who would flee the fire of the enemy may be kept at his post by the equal dread of death from his commander. Open a double fire on these wayward youths. Make the Barbarians enlist in the Roman legions. In short, teach Haguna and the others philosophy. There will then no longer be an opposing force of entirely different nature, but merely an influence of the same kind as he has been accustomed to, though vastly inferior in power."

The philosopher started—the idea was so new to him.

“But, my friend,” he urged, doubtfully, “do you not remember that, after the Romans had painfully learned shipbuilding from the Carthaginians, they vanquished them with their own weapons? Might not some such danger be apprehended in this case?”

His companion reddened with indignation, then spoke in a tone of mildly severe rebuke.

“Are the girls Romans? Do you suppose that in shipbuilding the silly little things would ever advance beyond scows? We shall have the double advantage of the plenum, by their minds being turned in the same direction as those of our students—and of the defeat and shipwreck, through fighting in unseaworthy vessels.”

“I have another idea also,” observed the philosopher. “Even supposing, as I must confess there seems to me a possibility, that in a philosophical tournament, or trial of wits, they should occasionally come off victorious” (his friend shook his head angrily,) “the effect of separation that we desire would still be obtained. Haguna would no longer be able to entangle silly boys in her treacherous hair. Your suggestion is good; I will act upon it.”

After some deliberation, they agreed upon the method of procedure, which the philosopher immediately began to put into practice.

Shortly after this conversation, invitations were sent to a select number of the inhabitants of the

city to a new kind of entertainment to be given by the recluse philosopher of the mountain. The entertainment was to consist of astronomical and chemical exhibitions; the infinitely great and infinitesimally little were to be conjoined to form an evening's amusement. Such was the programme; and the eager curiosity of the select few who were invited brought them punctually to the philosopher's eyry. Haguna of course was there—as unconsciously lovely as if the disappearance of the unfortunate Anthrops were as much a mystery to her as to the rest of the wondering citizens. The philosopher, laying aside the brusqueness acquired in his solitude, devoted himself with the utmost courtesy to the amusement of his guests,—opened for them dusty cases of butterflies, shells, and rare stones, which he had collected in his pursuit of the various sciences that made them a specialty,—placed ponderous tomes open at some curious or amusing story of otherwise forgotten ages, to arrest the fancy of elegant literati,—exhibited rare and grotesque curiosities, the glittering mica that he had picked up in his long researches, as toys for these idlers of taste.

The flashing gems and gay dresses of the brilliant assemblage illuminated the dusky old study; the rustling of silks and the merry laughter, only a trifle subdued by the novelty of the circumstances, the eager chattering, the tripping sound of girlish

feet darting in and out of every quaint nook and corner, the varied flow of sprightly conversation, scared the solemn quiet of the library. Looming down grimly from the shelves that lined the walls, stood ponderous volumes, monuments over the graves in which their authors were buried. Oh, the life's blood that had been wrung into those forgotten pages! Oh, the eager hope and sickening disappointment, the vehement aspirations, the intense longings, the bitter hatred, the scorn, the greater than angelic, the *human* love and benevolence, the fortitude, the courage, the whole strange life of hundreds of dead men, that burned between those thick covers! Often books do not reveal their authors until many years after their death. They are read at first for the mite of fuel they bring to some blazing controversy; the man is entirely forgotten in his work. But when years, centuries, have passed away, and the fire that threatened to consume the world has died out as quietly as any common bonfire, then the "spirits of the mighty dead" come back calmly to their world-work,—now doubtless seeing its little work as clearly as their modern critics, but also hallowing their mighty labours with regal authority, as the living garment of a human soul. The marble tombs in graveyards hold empty dust; the real men lie buried alive in quiet libraries.

The philosopher entertained his guests well.

But underneath all the polite suavity of his manner could be detected a curious satisfaction at the contrast between the deep sea of still thought usually embosoming his library and this sparkling shallow little stream now flowing into it. The prominent popular tricks of science he played off for their amusement, exhibited the standard stars, enlarged upon the most wonder-striking and easily understood facts in the sublime science, and bewildered them with a pleasant enthusiasm of acquisition by a series of brilliant chemical experiments. The labours of a lifetime were concentrated upon a few dazzling results : the long tedium of the means, the painful training, the hard mathematical preparation, the brain-sickness and heart-sickness of these years of solitude were quietly ignored.

But it was round Haguna that he plied the most subtle enchantments—to her he exhibited the most glittering decoys of Knowledge. She was completely fascinated. Her cheeks grew pale, her large dark eyes deeper and darker, with intense interest. She hung upon every word that fell from the philosopher's lips, pored over the elegant trifles the scholar had collected for the wondering ignorant, and stood abashed before the studied unconsciousness of power—the power of vast learning, that she felt for the first time. When the guests were departing, she was still reluctant to go—she timidly followed the

watchful philosopher to the mighty telescope that had brought down the stars for their play-things that evening.

“My ignorance and weakness overwhelm me,” she exclaimed ; “ would that I could spend my life in this awful library ! ”

The philosopher repressed his exultation at this confession, and replied :

“ Nothing is easier, Madam, than the gratification of your laudable desire. I am in the habit of receiving pupils, and should be most happy to admit you to my class.”

An eager light leaped into her lovely face as she earnestly thanked him for his condescension, and engaged to begin the lessons on the very next day. So, when the guests had all gone, and the scared quiet ventured to brood again over its ancient nesting-place, the wily philosopher threw himself back into his great chair, and laughed a long while with solitary enjoyment.

The next day Haguna wended her lonely way to the bleak hill. It was so stony and bare and treeless—jutting out against the grey cold sky like a giant sentinel stripped naked, yet still with dogged obstinacy clinging to his post. The hard path pushed up over jagged stones that cut her tender feet, and they left bleeding waymarks on the difficult ascent. Woe, woe to poor trembling Haguna ! Uncouth birds whizzed in circles round her head, clanging and clamouring with their

shrill voices, striving to beat her back with their flapping wings. The faint, sweet fragrance of brier-roses clustering at the foot of the mountain wafted reproachfully upon the chill air an entreaty to return. Once, turning at a sudden bend in the road, she spied a merry party of girls and children crowning each other with quickly-fading wreaths of clover-blossoms. A rosy-cheeked child in the centre of the group, enjoying the glory of his first coronation, accidentally pointed his fat forefinger at her, as if in derision of her undertaking. It was strange that, although she presently pressed forward eagerly again, she felt glad that none of those laughing girls would leave the sunny valley to follow her example. She had flung her whole soul into the scheme, as is the fashion with girls, and could not recover it again now. It seemed absolutely necessary that somewhere some woman like herself should be compelled to scale this ascent, and she—one of those girls in the valley, for instance, might not be nearly so well able as herself to face this bleakness. Thus she might preserve those sportive triflers in their everlasting childhood by the warning of her sad devotion. Faint shadows of gigantic tasks to be conquered when the hill was surmounted swam through her mind. And somewhat whimsically associated with these, a portrait of the learned Hooker occurred vividly to her imagination—

his face disfigured through his devotion to sedentary pursuits. Involuntarily she smoothed her soft cheek with her little hand. It was still round and velvet as an August peach. Nevertheless she threw this possibility into the burden she was going to assume for humanity, and felt happier as the burden waxed heavier. The innate hunger for sacrifice was gratified, with only the definite prospect of suffering from loss of complexion; a concrete living shape was given to the vague longing that possessed her; and she cheerfully marched on, strong in the hope of the love and reverence she was sure her devotion would gain. Ah, sweet Haguna, Haguna! Sweating enough and toil enough already! Go back, dear child, from a work thou canst not understand, and imprison sunbeams for the panting world in flowery valleys!

By this time she had reached the philosophic hermitage. Her future master met her at the door, and, saluting her with grave courtesy, led the way to a small unfurnished apartment, from whose windows nothing could be seen but the distant sea and sky,—always a solemn monotone of sea and sky.

“And so,” he said, with mild irony, “even the maidens must dim their bright eyes with philosophy! Can they leave their dolls so long?”

The hot blood rushed into Haguna’s face, as she exclaimed, with intense eagerness:

“Is it my fault that I am a girl? I come to you to learn, to satisfy the insatiable thirst for knowledge which you have awakened,—and you reproach me with my ignorance! I have just discovered that the one thing that I have secretly needed always was to learn to exercise my mind cramped with inaction, to share with you labour and toil.”

“Poor child,” sighed the philosopher, excited to sudden pity by her ardour, “you know little of the sweat of brain-toil! Do you know that it takes years of painful study to arrive at a single valuable result? that for a distant, doubtful advantage, all your bright, unfettered life must be sacrificed? Each enjoyment must be stinted and weighed,—each day valued only as another step to be climbed in the endless ladder,—all simple, sweet enjoyment of earth and air and sky, the careless, golden halo of each free day, must be given up. Everything must be squared according to an inexorable plan; self must be despised, passions restrained and clarified, till the life becomes thin and attenuated through careful discipline,—all hopes and fears laid aside till the soul becomes accustomed to its chilly atmosphere. Then body and mind must be trained to endure a fearful weariness, to pass the days under such a stern pressure of toil that all loving, graceful interests shall be rooted out of the stony soil. You must be prepared to lose precious

truths in a gulf of delusion,—to leave all your old beacon-lights and wander forth in an eternal dark. The troubles that beset weak souls may be dissipated, but new strength brings dreadful trials. Tremendous conflicts, undreamt-of in your innocence, will agitate your adventurous Intellect, penetrating into vast regions of Doubt, where the mind made for belief often reels into madness, goaded by harassing anxiety. Often the lonely night-hours must be spent in sore battle with fearful spectres revived by the roaming soul from their frequent graves. All this and more must he dare who aspires to the lofty service of philosophy.”

“All this and more would I gladly suffer,” cried Haguna. “There is a fire now in my brain; you have kindled it, and it must be fed. And, moreover, I wish to endure this trial for its own sake; for it is not fitting that men should *suffer* more than women. Perhaps, too,—am I presumptuous in thinking so?—two workers may so lessen the toil of one that this lonely trial may be greatly helped by even my assistance.”

And her bosom heaved, and glorious tears welled up into her deep blue eyes. The repentant philosopher placed his hand on her lovely head, and lifted a tress of her soft hair.

“Ah, child, child, you know little about it! What! will you sacrifice these glorious tresses to a hard and joyless course of study? For

none can study Euclid with me with hair like this."

"Willingly! willingly!" cried Haguna, impetuously, and pulled a pair of scissors from her pocket to immediately make the beautiful offering.

The reluctant philosopher arrested her hand.

"Rash girl! consider yet a moment. You are exchanging a treasure whose value you know for—you know not what. You will bitterly repent."

But Haguna would not consider. She impatiently tore away her hand, and in a few minutes had closely shorn her head, and the neglected hair lay in rich profusion on the floor. As it lay there, the warm golden brown colour faded and faded, and some glittering things entangled in its abundant masses beamed forth for a moment like tiny stars, and then disappeared. And had Haguna stepped into a cloud, that so great a change had come over her? The fine contour of head and forehead, the soft outline of face, the delicate moulding of the chin were the same still,—the dark eyes glowed with even new lustre; but the graceful throat and white arm were hidden in a dark muffling cloak, the delicious blush had faded from the cheek, whose colour was now firm and tranquil, the well-cut lips had settled into almost too harsh lines, an air of indescribably voluptuous grace had forever fled. Ah, hapless Haguna!

The philosopher made no further remonstrance, but led her immediately to the library, and, seating her at the table, opened a worn copy of Euclid, and began at "Two straight lines," and so forth.

A few moments after, Anthrops, released from his imprisonment, opened the door of the upper room, walked quietly down-stairs, and returned to the city, much to the joy of his friends and relations, who had long mourned him as lost.

About a year after this, Anthrops strolled into the philosopher's study, to inquire the solution of a certain problem.

"I will refer you," said his old instructor, "to my accomplished pupil"; then raising his voice,—
"Haguna!"

Anthrops, startled at hearing her name in such a connection, awaited her entrance with anxious curiosity. She speedily came in obedience to the summons, bowed with an air of grave abstraction to Anthrops, and, seating herself, composedly awaited the commands of her master. Her former captive asked himself, wondering, if this could be the airy, laughing, winsome maiden with whom in days past he had ridden into the green forest. The billows of hair had ebbed away; the short, ungraceful, and somewhat thin remnant was meant for use in covering the head, not for luxurious beauty. All falling laces, all fluttering ribbons, all sparkling jewels were dis-

carded from the severe simplicity of the scholastic gown; and with them had disappeared the glancing ripple that before had sunnily flowed around her, like wavy undulations through a field of corn. Very clear and still were the violet eyes, but their dewy lustre had long ago dried up. Like a flowering tree whose blossoms have been prematurely swept off by cold wind was the maiden, as she sat there, abstractedly drawing geometrical diagrams with her pencil.

"Now, Sir," said the philosopher, "if you will state your difficulty, I have no doubt my pupil can afford you assistance."

So saying, he withdrew into a corner, that the discussion might have free scope.

Haguna now looking inquiringly at Anthrops. He cleared his throat with a somewhat dictatorial "hem!" and began:

"These circumstances, Madam, are really so unusual, that you must excuse me, if I——"

"Proceed, Sir, to the point."

"When, avoiding the barbarous edict of Justinian, which condemned to a perpetual silence the philosophic loquacity of the Athenian schools, the second heptacle of wise men undertook a perilous journey to implore the protection of Persia, they undoubtedly must at some stages of their travels have passed the night on the road. In this case, the method of so passing the time becomes an interesting object of research. Did

the last of the Greeks provide themselves with tents,—effeminately impede their progress with luggage? Did they, skirting the north of the Arabian desert, repose under the scattered palm-trees,—or rather, wandering among the mountains of Assyria, find surer and colder shade? The importance of this inquiry becomes evident upon reflecting that the characters of the great are revealed by their behaviour in the incidental events of their lives.”

“It is evident to my mind,” returned Haguna, thoughtfully, “that the seven sages, joyfully escaping from the frivolous necessities of society, would return to the privileges of the children of eternal Nature, and sleep confidingly under the blue welkin.”

“Rheumatism,” suggested Anthrops.

“Rheumatism!” echoed Haguna, disdainfully. “What is rheumatism? What are any mere pains of the flesh, to the glorious content of the unshackled spirit revelling in the freedom of its own nature? Thus the cultivated Reason returns, with a touching appreciation of the Beautiful and the Fit, to the simple couch of childish spontaneity. Mankind, after long confinement in marble palaces, sepulchres of their inner being, retrograde to the golden age. The wisdom of the world lies down to sleep under the open sky. Such a beautiful comparison! It must be true.”

“Really, Madam, your conclusions, although attained with great rapidity of reasoning, are hardly deducible from the premises. Let me remark——”

“Reduce Camenes to Celarent, and the argument is plainly irrefragable. It requires a mind deeply toned to sympathy with the inner significance of all things to——”

“Contemporary testimony is absolutely necessary, if not suspiciously sullied by credulity or deceit,—in which case, the nearest trustworthy historian, if not more than a hundred years from the specified time, is incomparably preferable. But——”

Haguna again interrupted, her voice a little raised with excitement. The dispute waxed warm, on either side authorities were quoted and rejected, and how it terminated has never been recorded. But the philosopher in the corner rubbed his hands with satisfaction, exclaiming:

“Thank fortune, we may now have a little peace!”

IMAGINATION AND LANGUAGE

DO not suppose, most courteous reader, that I am about to borrow a chapter from Blair's *Rhetoric* or Kame's *Criticism* or any other of the worthy volumes that, in the painful period of your school-days, endeavoured in vain to open your eyes to the "beauties of Shakespeare and Milton." The rôle of the imagination in literature is generally acknowledged, and I have no wish to contradict, and no new observation to confirm, the popular opinion upon its value in this department.

We talk little with the people with whom we agree. But, by the side of this unexceptionably correct appreciation, often exists an idea that the sphere of the imagination is exclusively limited to literary expression; and the precautions so frequently adopted for retaining individuals in their respective spheres, are attempted in the case of imagination also. So far as regards practical life, this is held to be a sort of supernumerary faculty, useful at picnics and Fourth-of-July orations, but elsewhere sadly out of place. Its laws, as revealed in Longfellow and

Tennyson, are expounded in girls' boarding-schools; but only during the "finishing" year, when the solid work of arithmetic and geography, of French and the twelve Cæsars, is well completed, and nothing is wanting, but to lay on a veneering of taste that shall polish up the graduates to shine like japanned tea-trays in society. When evidences of this faculty appear in children, their parents, however secretly delighted, profess great anxiety concerning its dangerous influence upon the characters of their offspring, and often lament that Heaven has not been pleased to bestow on them the easier task of moulding mediocrity, rather than that of training these wild and irregular little geniuses. Moralists urge the reduction and starving out of the imagination, as the prime business of those who undertake the direction of youth.

Professors, even scientific men, warn the neophyte to divest himself of his imagination at the very threshold of austere science, if he would seek to advance towards her inner temple.

The power of this faculty to distract the mind from the calm and lofty pursuit of truth, is depicted in much the same colours as were used by the recluses of old to portray the influence of other carnal temptations.

I propose, however, to show, not only that the dangers of the imagination have been exaggerated, but her actual services greatly underrated

by this view of her functions; that, on the one hand, she often enters into the very places from which, by theory, she is most jealously excluded, and, on the other, that her absence is often the cause of the very evils ascribed to her perturbing influence; that when her action is injurious and excitable, it is often due to the efforts that have been made to weaken her strength—as the pulse is made more rapid by bleeding.

I shall endeavour to establish these propositions by an analysis of successive phenomena of human activity, in which the influence of the imagination is neither denied nor dreaded; and I believe it possible to prove that the denial results from oversight, and the dread from misunderstanding.

Let us, as usual, commence by a definition. What is the imagination? It is unnecessary to discuss the various half-felt theories that lie at the bottom of many confused popular notions on the subject, since the following definition is really accepted by every one who stops to reflect upon it. The imagination is that faculty of the intellect which frames images or conceptions of things.

Psychology, which furnishes this definition, endeavours also to describe the origin of these conceptions, and the process by which impressions of external things are converted into ideas of the mind.

But in reality this science can add little to the

information furnished by physiologists, whose researches into the connections between the organs of sense and those of intelligence are alone able to detect the path described by the impression, and the links of the chain which unites the inner with the outer world. The various senses, impressed by appropriate agents, transmit the impression along the respective nerves to the sensorium commune, at the base of the brain, where it is supposed to be appreciated by the organism in a crude or brute form, but not distinctly perceived by the consciousness. From this halting-place, in the *pons variolii*, or *thalami optici*, or both, the impression is irradiated along the white fibres of the cerebrum, to the grey matter of the external surface of the convolutions, where it combines with other impressions similarly conveyed, and becomes a distinct idea.

Without entering into the numerous controverted details of this theory, which in its general outlines is usually, I may say inevitably, admitted, we may be permitted, in passing, to notice two points, whose interest, though subordinate, is still very great.

The first is, that the above-mentioned physiological or anatomical facts seem to imply that the difference between a brute impression and one distinctly perceived or risen into consciousness, depends precisely upon the different degree of

their combination with other impressions. The actions of a single nerve, even though, as in the case of the retinal expansion of the optic, they may seem most capable of independent function, are unperceived in any shape if the connection with the central ganglia be intercepted. In these ganglia the impression meets with others synchronously perceived, and combination, to a certain extent, may be effected.

But in the grey convolutions, the registering tables or storehouses of the brain, the impression may be combined with those previously perceived; the multiplication is infinitely more complex, and the perception so much clearer in consequence, that it rises into, or produces, consciousness. The main ground for this theory is the fact that every perception, however simple, involves a comparison with another, occurring previously, or simultaneously. The organs of sense of an infant, although in perfect working order, excite in him no perceptions or consciousness, simply because his blank brain contains no previous impressions with which the new can be compared. A person who, in a moment of abstraction, fixes the eyes intently upon any object, really does not see, *i. e.*, perceive it any more than if he looks at a large surface through a powerful objective. He sees the substance, but not the form, and as the individuality of the object depends upon that, he does not see it

when he fails to see its outline. So to an infant or a person just couched for cataract, nothing is perceived but a chaos of lights and shadows, indeterminate masses, that are only gradually reduced to distinct images, corresponding to distinct ideas, as the mind grows accustomed to compare them with one another; and the finer and more accurate the comparison, the more distinct and accurate the outline, and also the idea.

By considering consciousness as the result, not the cause, of this combination of impressions, we seriously modify the usual conception of cerebral action. Instead of looking at the brain as an elective pile, incessantly generating vital currents, which, sent to the different parts of the nervous system, enable the nerves to perceive; we represent it as a vortex, to which all impression, impinging on the periphery, are ultimately directed, in which they are absorbed and transmuted, by combination with one another, into higher powers, and, as such, become new foci, able to react on the system, whence they were originally derived. All centripetal impressions produce sensations, images, or ideas; all centrifugal, movement. The difference does not lie in the structure of the nerves, which is the same whether these be motory or sensory. The primitive action is the same in both cases, only in the one, movements of infinite complication and delicacy are

excited among the cells of the grey matter of the brain; in the other, movements of a large and perceptible scale takes place in the muscles. For ascertainment or confirmation of this hypothesis, whose full discussion would lead us immeasurably away from the subject in hand, I will only refer to the fact established by Tiedemann and Serres, that the nervous system develops from the periphery to the centre, and that the nerves originating in the organs are already well defined, when the brain and spinal cord are as yet imperceptible.

But what especially concerns our purpose to notice, is the discovery of the imagination, so intimately engaged in the very genesis of all mental action. Consciousness does not dawn until impressions have been able to produce images, compounded of two or three perceptions.

Whether the instital movements of the registering cells have not yet been started, as in infancy, or whether their functions have been destroyed, as in disease, consciousness does not exist, although perception may.

The second point we wished to notice, relates to a theory recently advanced by Luys,* concerning the exact localisation of the faculty of imagination. According to him, the outer layers of the grey matter of the convolutions are composed of small cells, greatly resembling those that he has

* *Recherches sur le système cerebro-spinal.* 1865.

observed in the posterior horns of grey matter in the spinal cord, which are connected with the sensory nerves. The lower or interior layers contain large multipolar cells, like those in the anterior horns. He infers that these last are especially connected with the direction of voluntary movements, while the first are appropriated to the reception of sensations or impressions, which, in their midst, are transformed into images or conceptions.

Here, therefore, at the crowning point of the entire nervous system, should be located the imagination.

Luys's views, although professedly based on exact anatomical observation, have not as yet been confirmed by the researches of other anatomists. But the following fact lends them, at least, the colour of probability. In general paralysis (*paralysie générale des aliénés*) the initial stage is nearly always characterised by an extraordinary development of the imagination. The victim of approaching dementia finds his intellectual life upheaved into a sphere far more glorious than he had ever before known. His ideas expand indefinitely, his hopes become extravagantly sanguine, he dreams, he talks of nothing but millions, and diamonds, and schemes of magnificent scope and intention. A marvellous gloom illumines the sunset of his intellect, and, on the very brink of a wretched night, the heavens open, and piled

glories of amber and crimson and purple and gold enrich the last moments of his waning day.

In this awful disease, the lesion commences by a congestion and consequent over-excitement of this layer of cells, to which Luys ascribes the function of the imagination.

So much for the statical conditions of our faculty, as far, at least, as we can at present conveniently trace them. We are now prepared to pass over to the dynamical, and to examine, in its various phases, the actual process by which images of external things, refined by repeated combinations, are stored up in the imagination as ideas.

The type of this process is to be found in the formation of language. Speech represents, sketched as it were in outline, the entire route of communication between nature and man. A perception—an image—a word—such are the three chief halting-places on the road, that soon may be worn so deeply by the thronging feet of countless pleasant travellers. Hence the study of the whole body of transactions between man and nature, or, in other words, the entire range of intellectual activity, may be most fitly commenced by an inquiry into the principal features of the growth and structure of language.

Now, at first sight, it seems not only surprising, but contradictory, that language, destined to be the vehicle of thought, should be acquired and exercised previously to and independently of

any deliberate exertion of the thinking powers. Herein, however, we have only one of the innumerable instances of the exquisite forethought of nature, who always takes care to have the tools laid ready to hand before the moment arrives for the work to begin. If the lungs had to be set in order after the child were born, he would die before they were ready to breathe for him; and if thought, at its birth, did not find speech all prepared to do its bidding, it would be stifled in the dumb attempt to summon a servitor.

Independent of this final reason, we may surmise, that during infancy and childhood, the lax and untutored brain is unable to retain an impression in silence, but quickly returns it in the shape of a movement or gesture, a word, or, at least, a smile. An infant's face is dimpled by the reaction of every perception or passing influence, as a small pond by breezes. Among adults, the strength and maturity of the intellect may be most surely tested by its capacity for reticence. Every one knows there are two classes of fools, those who can't speak, and those who can't hold their tongues. The infirmity of the first is due to a lack of vitality, whereby they are so little susceptible to the effect of impressions, that they are not moved to give them an utterance. But the weakness of the second class is due to a persistence of the infantile condition in which impressions, instead of being stored up in the small

cells of the brain, which are not sufficiently developed to retain them, tend to pass at once by a sort of automatism to those connected with the motor apparatus of speech. Thus language, though in one respect the vehicle and assistant of thought, in another may be called its antagonist, precisely because its construction demands the same materials and processes; for if these be entirely absorbed in the expression, nothing is left for the idea.

Eloquence is generally powerful in an inverse ratio to feeling, and people who tell all they know, or loudly demand sympathy for all they suffer, are not likely to be over-burdened with learning or exhausted by grief.

This same difficulty of expression in proportion to the intensity and intimacy of the feeling, persists throughout life. Only persons of considerable intellectual cultivation are capable of expressing feelings that are at all complex or powerful. And if the normal proportions between feelings and expressions continue to be preserved throughout all degrees of development of the character, the most trained eloquence will often find itself in the presence of sentiments that are entirely unutterable. This seems to be in accordance with the general emancipation of organic life from voluntary control. A man who could perfectly describe every sentiment that he experienced, would seem as unnatural as one who could

regulate his breathing by his will. And in the approaches to such feats that are not unfrequently exhibited, we feel infinitely less respect for the power of the expression, than distrust of the reality and depth of the sentiment.

All of which tends to confirm our theorem, that the origin of speech does not consist in an effort of the mind to express its thoughts, but to reflect the impressions made upon it by nature. The action is first reflex, then instinctive, and only becomes voluntary after long cultivation.

And here appears a capital reason for the advantages offered by the study of language, as a model for the study of all intellectual action. The processes being performed spontaneously, are evolved in necessary accordance with the laws of the organisation, and are almost unspoilt by wilful accidents. Here we have observation without carelessness, comparison without inaccuracy, reasoning without fallacy, deduction without emptiness. The intellect acts like a child, or a woman, or like nature herself—reveals its structure, and betrays its likings and antipathies, with exquisite artlessness, uncontrolled by deliberate purpose or preconceived theory.

It is entirely unnecessary to undertake the proof of the doctrine so generally acknowledged, that all language is originally metaphorical, and that the foundation meaning of the most abstract words refers to the physical attribute of some

definite things. But, curiously enough, what is generally conceded in regard to the secondary growth of such language as belongs to the more refined thought of philosophy or science, where every one sees at once that the most abstract terms are figures of speech derived from physical objects, is often overlooked in regard to the primitive formation of words. Yet it is perfectly evident that since words were from the beginning used as equivalents of things, precisely as coin in the place of actual barter, each must have been selected in virtue of some special fitness or appropriateness, that enabled it, better than any others, to recall the image of the thing signified. It is certain also, since language is always spontaneously developed, that the principle of selection must have been obtained by pure instinct, and that deliberate, much less arbitrary choice, had nothing to do with the process. Words were not invented, but discovered, and the people found the words necessary for their speech, exactly as they found the articles necessary for their food.

But what is this principle of selection? and what standard exists, and has always existed, for determining the aptness of any word to symbolise to the imagination any given thing? Evidently, the famous onomatopoetic theory is inadequate to explain the origin of more than a comparatively small number of words, and those the

most obvious. It is easy to think of representing by imitation a natural sound: the difficulty occurs with the problem of representing by sounds, things that are not sounds, as appearances, qualities, actions, and the like. Now this problem is solved, exactly as the more general problem of perception in which it is contained. All things are perceived in virtue of the affection they induce in the percipient, and distinguished from each other quantitatively and qualitatively by the degree and kind of exertion of which the perceiving agent is made conscious in the effort to apprehend them. The existence of a colour is perceived in virtue of some change effected in the retina; the distance and degree of the colour are measured by the amount of muscular effort required to adjust the crystalline lens at the moment of distinct perception. So a sound is heard because the fibres of the auditory nerve are agitated by the vibrations of the fluid in which they are bathed; its intensity is measured by the muscular effort required to bring the tympanum to the necessary degree of tension, (if we may trust the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Draper,) by the direction imparted to the fluid-vibrations by the shape of the various routes they are obliged to traverse in the cochlea and semicircular canals. Most curious, perhaps, of all, from the immensity of its application, weight is appreciated, and hence gravity conceived of, entirely by the degree of

resistance that a body offers to the muscular energies.

All perception, therefore, is affected by the mediation of the conscious activity of the percipient, as we have before observed, and images of the outside world may be repeatedly suggested by the mere repetition of the exertion originally expended to obtain them.

Thus the acts of a man, although they do not imitate, become the just equivalent for the objects of nature, in virtue of the intimate correlation that exists between the two.

On this account, language becomes possible, since men are enabled, instead of copying things of which they speak, to produce a certain effect that can stand as the equivalent for the thing. Theoretically, we can conceive of expression effected in many other ways than by the aid of the voice. But it is no more difficult now to understand that a certain sound may, naturally, not merely from force of custom, suggest a certain form (although form and sound be radically distinct from each other, and mutually incontrovertible), than that the suggestion of lifting a heavy body should suggest the force residing in it, which attracts it to the earth, and which certainly is radically distinct from muscular force, and cannot be converted into it. Accordingly, all sounds divide themselves into three great classes, corresponding to the principal divisions

of the organs of speech. Those pronounced by the throat, which require the most effort, and are consequently associated with ideas that are most profound, important, and vital; those pronounced by the lips, which being much more easily and rapidly effected, associate themselves with things more superficial, at the same time more lively, mobile, and fluent; finally those pronounced by the teeth and hard palate, where the effort of speech encounters a certain inorganic resistance, which suggests inanimation and death.

It does not concern our purpose to enter upon the discussion of the subdivisions of these great classes, or of the collateral or exceptional sounds, as the aspirates. Every one is familiar with them, if not before, at least since the attractive popularisation of the subject by Max Müller. I have referred to these laws of classification only for the purpose of exhibiting the method whereby the imagination performs her first and difficult task of creating images of objects out of materials entirely heterogeneous to the objects imagined. For it is evident that the faculty which directs selection of such vocal efforts as shall be naturally apt to recall objects previously perceived, is the imagination, which alone is capable of seizing so subtle an analogy as that existing between a thing and its word.

Nor (as we have before observed) is it the place

to refute the monstrous, and now antiquated supposition, that these analogies that we now perceive are only felt in virtue of long habit and association, but that originally they were decided by arbitrary convention. Such a theory can never answer the inquiry: on what grounds was that arbitrary decision reached? The method would greatly resemble that said to have been employed by Adam, in naming the animals. Everything went on swimmingly till he arrived at the toad, and then he was completely puzzled; at last Eve came to his relief with a bright feminine intuition, "Why, Adam, it looks like a toad, and hops like a toad; why should we not call it a toad?"

But if the evolution of language depends upon a natural correlation between the organs of human speech and the world of things, words become amenable to criticism according as they are not adjusted to the exigencies of this correlation. Judgment is to be passed, not in view of the customs or names which have clothed words with authority, but solely to the degree to which these have fulfilled their natural function, of so exercising the organs of speech that an image shall be suggested exactly equivalent to the idea. This standard, whose adoption is eloquently urged in a valuable and neglected book, *Kraitsir's Glossology*, should serve as a guide in all study of language or languages.

It alone is able to explain the complicated

effects produced by words, and extracts from bewilderment the student, who, having acknowledged the truth of the general principle of the formation of language by special and appropriate action of the organs of speech, is puzzled by numerous instances where words seem to bear no relation whatever to this principle. He learns that these words are usurpers—have obtained their place by accident or circumstance: he judges them, and is not judged by them.

A type is created, as in the study of comparative anatomy, and the diversities are understood to prove nothing against the validity of the law; and in the study of language, a double evolution must be taken into account, which may be called, on the one hand, the organic, and on the other, historical development. The organic formation of language alone enters into the primitive action of the imagination, which concerns itself with nature. Words, connected with circumstances, suggest images by the power of the imagination to reproduce events, which is secondary to that it possesses to reproduce objects.

But from all this follows an extremely important corollary. If words primitively and naturally represent things, their meaning is to be learned only by a profound study of the things from which they are derived. A person who undertakes to learn to use language merely by the study of written literature, acts as irrationally as

an artist who should spend all his days in a picture-gallery, and hope thereby to learn how to paint from nature. It is true, this method is very extensively pursued. The young student is surrounded by the works of classic literature, with the hope that, as deliberately expressed the other day, in the commencement address at the Paris Normal School, his mind shall become gradually and insensibly "saturated" with their style, and his own formed thereby. This same saturation theory forms the basis of the Ollendorff systems for the study of modern languages, which with great applause have so frequently replaced the tough old grammars of former times. It must be confessed, if the intellects submitted to these methods are not really sponges at the outset, they stand a great chance of becoming so before the training is completed. The theory is based on a confused perception of the truth, that education should be conducted by impressions made upon the imagination, rather than didactic formulas delivered to the memory or addressed to the reason. But the perception of what is necessary is so confused, that there is no wonder the efforts made to attain it should be perfectly blundering. If by other methods, language has sometimes been given to pupils like dry husks, it may be said now to be distributed in a state of hasty-pudding. It is not hard, it is true, but, has the present generation had the misfortune to lose

all its teeth, that such pains must be taken to chew its food before it can be swallowed ?

Thorough training by this method mobilises the intellect, and puts it in trim to use language intelligently and effectively ; for, of course, continual practice must accompany the scientific or rational instruction, otherwise the pupil studies language as an anatomist the insertions of muscles, simply in the interest of science. Whereas, since language is an art, the student should proceed as the artist who studies anatomy for the purpose of representing muscles in all positions required to express his meaning. However, the necessity for practice is everywhere acknowledged, and, as we have before noticed, made prominent even to the extent of excluding science, which theory is as unreasonable as an assertion, that because men walked with their legs, and not with their eyes, it was easier and better for them to walk blindfold !

It would, of course, be too much to assert that no one can use words justly, who cannot frame to himself the images they intend. Natural capacity and instinct are often so great (fortunately), that they succeed in spite of the most vicious education, which is none the less vicious on that account. Mephitic gases are poisonous, even if people have passed through them and escaped asphyxia. The bad tendency is to be studied in its effects on persons who *have* fallen victims.

The slightest observation shows that an immense number of people, even among those who esteem themselves educated, use words without the least picturesque conception of their meaning. Consequently, their language, though conventionally correct, is completely poverty-stricken. For such words present no intrinsic difference, but are distinguished from each other merely by labels. If, for a moment, the label happens to be concealed or lost, the speaker is all abroad. He is like an ignorant apprentice in an apothecary's shop, unable to distinguish substances by their colour or odour. Such people are given to vain repetitions of the same phrase, which is as torturing to the sensitive ear as the grinding of the Anvil Chorus on a hand-organ.

For the same reason, because the conceptions of the meanings of words are so loose and ill-defined that they run into each other confusedly, is speech sometimes covered with a false show of abundance at the entire expense of accuracy. Every one laughs at school-girls for their indiscriminate use of glittering adjectives, as "beautiful," "splendid," "glorious," "superb," and the like. This rapid magnificence of diction is often ascribed to the exuberant imagination of the gushing young creatures, and its remedy anticipated in the cooling influence of time and ripening judgment. But in reality it is the imagination itself which is at fault, since it has never taken

the trouble to firmly grasp and contemplate the object in question, and hence, in ignorance of its real outlines, carelessly assumes any accidental shape that may suggest itself. Ideas, instead of being carefully dressed like the children of a family by the minute care of a mother, are sent out like girls or boys in an orphan asylum, clad in the first suit that comes to hand in the wardrobe. But so tender and delicate are the relations between Nature and the mind that honestly approaches her, that to such an one she always reveals some individual trait and characteristic, whereby it becomes, henceforth, impossible to confound two things together. It is on this account, among others, that the immediate view of natural objects is nearly always so much more suggestive than the most eloquent description of them by even a superior observer. Nature is shy, and will take each man apart, and whisper in his ear; if he prefers to sit in the lecture-room, and hear her words thundered from the rostrum, she is apt mischievously to dull his senses, so that he hears without understanding. On this account—to return to a former observation—the study of written literature alone is important to cultivate the gift of expression. The second remove from nature is always sterile. The word of a distinguished intellect is often delicious for its own sake, and useful to direct the attention to immediate study of the subject in question.

But unless the attention is so directed, and the reader placed at the standpoint of the writer, so that he can compare the feeble image obtained by his own imagination, with the powerful conception of the superior mind, he is really unable to appreciate the latter, and his own intelligence is left in idleness.

To enlarge and facilitate this habit of observation the study of languages is peculiarly fitted, and it should occupy a prominent place in all early education; for if words represent things, and therefore must be learned by study of the things, different languages represent different aspects of those things, and consequently different mental attitudes that various peoples have assumed towards them. Hence study of language reveals two things; first, a great variety of aspects of objects contemplated, and secondly, a great variety of mental character among the peoples who have been so differently affected by the contemplation of the same object. For the adult, not merely in years, but intelligence, this second information is the one principally desired; he studies languages as a table of contents to the intellectual life of the nations. But for the person as yet unaccustomed to nature, the study of languages is invaluable on the first account. By moving from one tongue to another he is able to get a parallax, from which to make many calculations otherwise impossible. Of course, this

advantage increases with the extent of the study. But for the practical purpose of people who do not intend making a specialty of language, it would be sufficient to master the principal European tongues, Latin and Greek, English and German, French and Italian. By our present systems of education, the knowledge of these six languages is regarded as a very unusual accomplishment; yet it would be perfectly practicable, as Dr. Kraitsir has asserted, to put every child, by the age of fourteen or fifteen, in possession of them all. With us, children generally begin to go to school at seven or eight years old, or even younger, and they waste an enormous amount of time in pecking at a variety of things that are of no use then or afterwards. It is considered by many a great advance to banish grammars and spelling-books, "and the dry study of mere words," from the school-room, and substitute *Conversations on Chemistry, Easy Lessons on Natural Philosophy, First Steps in Botany, Manuals of Object-Teaching*, and the like. But nature herself indicates to us that childhood is precisely the period for the study of words, by the enormous facility which children possess for their acquisition, and which they lose with every year of advancing life; also, that natural education is commenced by learning to speak. The value of the acquisition of these languages cannot be over-estimated, even for their technical

advantages. Especially is it necessary for us Americans, who, as regards intellectual affairs, still constitute an isolated colony, to be able to enter freely into communication with every member of the great European family that sustains, and almost constitutes, the intellectual life of the world. Popular science never can amount to much, for the facts of science are worthless without its method, and that is purposely avoided. But the intellectual training required to qualify a person for the pursuit of science, is obtained quite as well by observation and comparison of familiar objects as those more rare. If such exercise should be continually connected with the study of words; if the name of every new thing perceived by the child were taught him in six different languages (which he could learn quite as easily as one), and the fact pointed out to him, that, while some of these names were identical, others took hold of different circumstances of the object; if he should be taught to compare the descriptions implied in these names with the results of his own observation, and invited to select such as seemed to him the most appropriate; if he should be encouraged, in speaking and writing, to use words indiscriminately from all languages, according as they struck his imagination as most expressive—by these and many other devices into the details of which we need not now enter, the child would easily acquire,

by fourteen, a fair acquaintance with these six vocabularies, an accurate knowledge of multitudes of objects, trained habits of imagination and observation, and consequently a large and eloquent command of his mother-tongue. To accomplish all this, the first six school-years should be entirely devoted, and all other study, except such as was touched upon incidentally, in the acquisition of words and idioms postponed. But, at fourteen, the child would be in possession of something, at least, while now he hardly knows anything. And the intellect, without any more effort than was natural and healthy, would be so well trained and prepared, that in a single year it could easily, much more than master all the information in arithmetic or algebra or history or geography, whose acquisition is at present dawdled through six. There would, of course, be much to learn in the languages of which a speaking acquaintance had been acquired, especially Latin and Greek; for since the child had been taught nothing but what he could himself put into use by the exercise of his own imagination for his own purposes, of course, an immense amount of literature must have been left untouched. But there should be no more difficulty in pursuing reading in one language than another, and the child who was already familiar with Homer, would be as well prepared to read Plato, as one whose researches had not extended

beyond *Robinson Crusoe*, is able to read the language of Shakespeare, as soon as his mind is sufficiently developed to appreciate the ideas.

The advantage of gaining command over expression, in the native language, is often underrated, at least for those who are not to become professional writers. That is to say, by an odd paradox, the gift of speech is considered to be of small account to those whose expression will be confined entirely to it. But language, so far from being the esoteric privilege of a few, is an indispensable function of all. It is as universal as light, as necessary as food; it enters into every combination of social action as intimately as air into every chink and cranny of the material world. "Therewith bless we God even the Father, and therewith curse we men, that are made after the similitude of God." We move about among our fellows like ghosts, until our lips have opened and revealed the life that is in us. Even when

"the pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in the cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one could almost say the body thought."

the articulate word is generally needed to interpret the visible expression. After that has been spoken, the visible form becomes indeed eloquent, the remembered speech confirms the

meaning that had been surmised in mouth and forehead, and henceforth these seem to speak entirely for themselves. Words clothed in the passion of tones sometimes ring a truth in our ears till we die. If silence be golden, it is because its value has been bought by silver speech. For business and pleasure, for love and hate, for all activity among men, what have we for our instruments, but only words? Of a truth it may be said, "A word fitly spoken, how good is it."

But not merely is language necessary for all transactions of social existence, but it may be cultivated as an accomplishment, and the most exquisite accomplishment of a refined education. The language that is not merely correct but accurate, not only grammatical but forcible, not only pure but picturesque, that is plastic to the molten thought, changeful, various, vivid, such language is as lovely as music and more bewitching. For it implies that the imagination realises every word uttered by the tongue, and that before the mind of the speaker, his own speech is unrolled as a panorama of living hieroglyphs. He *sees* what he tells, and his descriptions, because drawn from actual images, are invested with all the charming delicacy and individuality of truth. Such an one will never lack willing and grateful listeners, into whose torpid minds his lips breathe life, as the mouth of Elijah into

the body of the dead boy. They lift their bowed heads, and look out for a moment from their closed casements upon the world that lies so near the speaker, and find to their astonishment that it is beautiful.

A STUDY OF STILL-LIFE

THE traveller who, after painful climbing, has reached the summit of a hill, often forgets to enjoy the wide prospect whose anticipation had allured him thither. After one hasty glance over the far-reaching plains, and the valleys undulating to the distant horizon, he throws himself upon the ground, upon just such grass and mosses as might be found in the orchard by his father's door, and is presently absorbed in contemplation of ants hurrying back and forth to populous hillocks, of beetles rolling huge balls of clay, of ladybugs swinging on long timothy-blades, and of bees humming in the fragrant clover,—of all the infinitesimal, murmuring, multitudinous life, which, to the attentive eye and ear, dilates to roaring dimensions.

So the traveller to a great city, though he may have resolved to study the whole with as much desperate energy as he once may have expended in mastering *Rollin's History*, often ends by drifting into some side-eddy, drifting and lodging there, and taking all his observations from an area of life as big as a nutshell. Happy if he

learn to comprehend *that*; for however small the surface, the depth is infinite, and reaches to the very roots that sustain the whole big city itself.

In Paris is no lack of side-eddies to bear away the wandering observer. There is English Paris of the Rue Rivoli and St. Honoré, where English dowagers, in impossible bonnets, jostle the dainty Parisian dames, and meek, many-daughtered English families, meander on daily constitucionals. There is American Paris of the Grand Hotel, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Boulevard Malesherbes, where dashing American belles prepare for foreign conquests, and light-bearded Westerners vote the Emperor an infernal humbug (and *pour cause*). There is Parisian Paris of the Boulevard des Italiens, where dandies and *petits crevés* lounge before cafés from morning till night, getting shot, occasionally, at Tortoni's, when a *coup d'état* comes that way. And the Faubourg St. Germain, with its slim relics of a vanishing aristocracy, and its intrusion of a new, whose rank is guaranteed by no surer warrant than bits of red ribbon, indicating the Legion of Honor, and the favours of the Bonaparte dynasty. And the Faubourg St. Antoine, with its dreadful capacity for forty-eight hours' fighting on a stretch, as at the time when the bell of St. Germain Auxerrois tolled the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; or, later, when the last Bourbon was

invited to retire from the palace of his ancestors. And there is the Quarter of the Batignolles, where fiery-tongued artisans congregate for the spread of terrible Socialistic ideas, and whence issue subscriptions for statues to Voltaire and other Iconoclasts. And the Place du Trône, also thronged by Baron Haussmann's labourers, but of a quieter species, and innocent of Socialism or Voltaire—who work patiently three hundred and sixty-three days in the year, and are satisfied with the compensation of Merry-Andrew shows on Easter Sunday and a special supply of fireworks at the Emperor's fête. But above all, older than all, dearer than all, more characteristic than all, there is the Latin Quarter, with the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, with the Odeon and the Luxembourg, with the École de Droit and the École de Médecine, with its charmingly narrow, tortuous streets and its one rakish-looking boulevard; with its students and grisettes, its cheap restaurants and second-hand bookstalls, its libraries and its reading-rooms, its flavour of youth and remoteness and independence, and all its gay, studious, *insouciant* existence.

In the heart of the Latin Quarter, half-way between the Louvre and the Luxembourg, between the Institute and the École de Médecine, lies a little street, that, in itself, is an epitome of the entire region. It is the Passage du Commerce, that runs from the Rue de l'École to the Rue St.

André des Arts, parallel to the Ancienne Comédie, like a Mississippi cut-off, and invested with much the same charm as renders those satellites of the big river so delicious. And the main institution of the Passage is a famous Salon de Lecture, the Ancienne Maison Blossé, well known to several generations of students. Here they cram hopefully for the examinations; hither they retreat dolefully when they have been plucked, to prepare afresh for the ordeal. Here they dream day-dreams, in which visions of past balls and future *internats*, of coveted microscopes, and actual pawnbrokers' tickets, visions of fame and love and life, mingle in pleasant confusion, and dance airily over the ink-stained tables, before eyes that are supposed to be absorbed upon expositions of the Droit des Gens, or the knottiest problems of pneumonia.

Two long, low rooms, and a smaller intermediate one for newspapers—all lined with old books, blackened by time and much service. Here are numerous shelves, occupied by Sirey's Jurisprudence—a perfectly exhaustive work, to judge by its mass, and calculated to make all lesser treatises blush at their own insignificance. Above, the Code Napoléon perpetuates the glory of its all-meddling creator, while opposite, in serene indifference to parvenue legislation, the Pandects of Justinian hold their own across a dozen centuries. Bound volumes of the *Journal*

des Tribunaux fraternise in professional courtesy with the *Archives de Médecine*. Bouillaud's treatises continue to proclaim the lancet as the only salvation of man, with all the heroic truculence distinguishing the aged professor at La Charité. There are books that have created awful fame for their authors, the writings of Dessault and Dupuytren, of Louis and Broussais and Magendie, and the immortal "Anatomie" of Bichat. At appropriate intervals a small current of modern volumes filters into the library, monographs written by newly elected professors, upon whose theories, whoso would not be plucked, must absolutely take care to post himself. There are newspapers, also, for the occasional relaxation of studious brains. But, after all, novelty is never very prominent, and never succeeds in overpowering the general air of well-seasoned age proper to the establishment.

A library that is not old is not worth a Confederate bond. In the Rue Richelieu has just been built a gorgeous extension of the Bibliothèque Impériale, all spick and span new, with lofty skylights, and numbered desks, and much pink and blue and gilding, and the ubiquitous "*In regnum Napoleonis III. constructu*," etc., posted in conspicuous letters. The place is as handsome and intolerable as a new beaver, as unvitalised as a transplanted clothes-pole, as devoid of sanctity as a newly created religion. It

will not be fit to go into for about a century. But this dear, dark old Maison Blosse, with its open fireplaces for tickling the cold in winter, and its unshaded windows through which the sun's streams unmercifully in summer, its assortment of all the books you have ever read, and its absence of so many you often want to read, its odd, big-nosed *garçon*, fifteen hundred times as accommodating and efficient as the liveried officials in the other place,—why, for comfort and cosiness, and ease and dreamy delight, the Bibliothèque Impériale cannot hold a candle to the Maison Blosse, Passage du Commerce.

The *habitués* of the Maison are as much at home there as if in their own libraries,—supposing that those prospective institutions were already in existence. They are at liberty to ransack all the shelves; to leave their note-books in all the cupboards; to smoke upstairs in a room reserved for the purpose; to talk, though in subdued voices; to fall asleep on the baize-tables; to pull off their coats and sit in their shirt-sleeves; to go and come when they choose; to make appointments and receive letters; to carry on, in short, the principal business of their lives at this favourite headquarters. They live here from eight in the morning till eleven at night, with occasional intermissions. But there is a marked difference in the students who come on week-days and those reserved for Sundays only.

From Monday to Saturday the salon is thronged by the well-to-do youth, possessed of reliable governors at home in the provinces, who send up yearly allowances of three thousand francs, and ask no questions, so long as the *Interne Concours* and the examinations are safely pulled through. On Sundays these happy fellows hie them to the Bois de Boulogne or other less wholesome places of amusement. Their seats are occupied by their poorer comrades, who have more at stake in their work, and therefore work harder; and by certain others who only come on Sundays. These last probably work all the week at some distasteful employment; they are school-ushers, book-keepers, who have sought an humble situation in which to keep body and soul together, while engaged in scraping up some divine morsels of knowledge, and have found that the daily drudgery absorbs so much time as to defeat the purpose for which it was undertaken.

Hard it is when life leaves no margin beyond the dull task of getting a living!—hard for these thirsty souls, continually in the presence of books, which are as food and drink to them, and from which remorseless labour and poverty shut them out! One day they have, one glimpse of Paradise, from week to week. They come to the reading-room at eight in the morning; they seize their books with famished eagerness, and never relax their grasp till the salon closes at night.

One of these Sunday students I have especially noticed, he is so absorbed, so forlorn. Tall, pale, and gaunt, with hollow chest, hollow cheeks, and unwholesome, earthy complexion; hair worn away prematurely by the ceaseless plodding of an unsatisfied brain; reddened eyes, betraying many hours uselessly stolen from sleep, after the long day's worry of the *pension* was over, now so faded and weak that they can scarcely sustain the work of the one priceless day; a face to which childhood and youth seem always to have been unfamiliar, and which will never ripen into the serenity of age; for he will die, the poor seeker, at the very moment that his feet seem to touch the rainbow of promise. The will-o'-the-wisp that now cheers and lures on his desperate hope is the flickering flame of his own life, about to be extinguished. It seems to advance towards heaven, because it is escaping from earth; it leads the way boldly towards a delicious mirage, formed by exhalations rising from an open grave.

Another among these weekly visitors is a limp, elderly, unshaven man, with cheeks flabby and hairy like an over-ripe gooseberry, with helpless mouth and chin supported by a chaotic cravat, and coat and beaver in the last spasms of shabby gentility. This old gentleman has outlived all feverish anxiety, for he has long ago given up the attempt to succeed in anything. Hence he is no longer tormented by the dreadful sense of

hurry that pursues his younger companions. He calculates his leisure, not from the time that lies before him, but from that which is behind, and feels that he has more than enough to accomplish the little nucleus of real business that slips about loosely in the folds of his skinny existence, like a shrivelled kernel in a shell. So he sits and writes with a calm, disengaged air, holding himself bolt upright and a good way from the paper. And this gradually covers itself with characters like copper-plate, fine, precise, and graceful, of which each letter seems to disown the limp fingers that formed it, and the soiled shirt-sleeve that menaced the first moments of its existence. To students like these, the Passage du Commerce has no other interest,—what do I say?—Paris has no other boundary than that belonging to the twelve square inches of table before them. But the others, more at their ease, have leisure to survey the world out-of-doors, as it defiles by the low, broad windows of the Salon de Lecture.

The Passage du Commerce is invested with historical interest, and mentioned in guide-books, on account of a remnant of the famous wall built by Philip Augustus, which is said to be still standing within its precincts. This relic of the twelfth century now supports the terrace of a garden belonging to an Institution pour Demei-selles, and to the uninstructed eye bears no traces

of its dignified antiquity. To the eyes, however, brought expressly to the spot, in obedience to the instructions of Galignani and Baedeker, the stones and mortar become as the jasper and amethyst of celestial cities. I confess, myself, to have always regarded the relic with chilling scepticism, until I one day happened to witness the rapt devotion of a tourist, *posed*, with open mouth and guide-book before the inspiring masonry. I was immediately converted. Great is the potency of human faith! Rather than admit that so much fervour has been thrown away, we offer ourselves as believers—convinced, not by the doctrine, but by the disciples! Butchers, and bakers, and dry-goods stores, all establishments suggestive of the grosser necessities of the flesh, are carefully excluded from the Passage. There is a fruit-stall, where peaches and apricots repose luxuriously in their lined boxes, like the bare shoulders of beautiful women nestling among cushions. Next door may be obtained *café noir* for ten centimes; and a diet of coffee and peaches is all that the inhabitants of this enchanted region are supposed to require. Or, if they will lust after the flesh-pots of Egypt, in the shape of *bouillon et bœuf* and *pommes frites*, they must go elsewhere to seek them, and leave unprofaned a locality consecrated to science and art.

There is a chemical instrument store, with its

airy stock or retorts and beakers and funnels, and all dainty baubles in glass and porcelain, and great masses of crystals, red and yellow and blue, like elements of very solid rainbows waiting to be combined; there is also a forge, set up, not for common blacksmith's work, but for the manufacture of surgical instruments, bistouries, lancets, probes,—an entire arsenal of torture, presently to be directed against quivering limbs. Pain, seated like a nightmare on the breast of humanity, can only be exorcised by pain. It is Beelzebub fighting against Beelzebub; and yet his kingdom continues to stand in wonderful security. Thus considered, the glowing fire at the forge might be supposed to be borrowed from the bottomless pit, to give a fitting temper to the steel! But whoso pauses to lean on the blackened window-sill, to peer into the ruddy heart of the flame, and watch the brilliant showers fly from the smitten anvil, is presently carried far away from Paris and Beelzebub; especially, if he be a stranger and an American, may he easily persuade himself that this is the very forge he knew twenty years ago, that stood in a green country lane, round a sudden corner fenced with hawthorn, in the shade of a great elm, whose branches swept the shed, and sheltered champing horses, and wide-eyed loitering school children. There the honest forge only yielded simple horse-shoes, suitable and much needed in ploughing and in

sleighting times; *here* are fashioned dreadful probes, sharp and terrible as two-edged swords, dividing body and spirit asunder. In another street, perhaps, a similar smithy is working at knives, destined to be wielded by the hand of an assassin. With the same fire, and out of the same steel are wrought instruments of life and death, of pleasure and pain, of beneficence and crime. The same eternal substance shapes itself into endless varying forms, and chaos passes ceaselessly into creation, like the ocean upheaving into successive waves. "I make light, and create darkness; I make good, and create evil," says Esaias.

I am the slayer and the slain,
And I the song that Brahma sings.

The weapons welded at the forge go out into the world to make the fortune of some eminent surgeon, descend to a spendthrift son, sojourn for a while at the Mont de Piété, and finally, after many adventures, return to their original starting-place, like dilapidated Greek chiefs coming home from Troy; or almost so, for they lodge in the windows of a variety-shop neighbouring the forge, and consecrated to the sale of *Marchandises provenant du Mont de Piété*. This is a rare wilderness of heterogeneity, a perfect shrine of medley. Underneath the saws and some intruding stethoscopes, is a collection of compasses, rules, and quadrants, and of mysterious-

looking triangles, that seem more suited to the expositions of a Hindoo theologian than to those of a mathematical professor at the École Normale,—associated with mathematics, perhaps because equally touching upon the clouds, perhaps on account of ancient community of ownership. Numerous meerschaums brood dreamfully in blue-velvet cases—meerschaums of all colours and shapes, from small and delicate white bowls, just tinting into golden brown, to gigantic heads of grinning prophets, and diabolical fantasies, contorted into such shapes as might have clung to Dante's boat in the lake of the Inferno. But a pensive charm invests each well-seasoned pipe, for it is steeped not only in smoke, but in reveries; it is incrustated with innumerable fancies, that have floated from its depths upon fragrant vapour and died, clinging to the embrowning stem.

Among the meerschaums are also dainty amber mouthpieces and lumps of crude amber, tawny as the thick sea-foam, and strings of amber beads, and necklaces of coral and onyx and cornelian, and unset stones of varying colours and various degrees of veracity. A complete assortment of optical instruments, spectacles, pocket telescopes, opera-glasses,—everything but microscopes, of which a second-hand store never possesses a specimen. Perhaps the owner of so precious a treasure would always sooner starve than part with it. On the other hand, watches abound,

being indeed the standard article of deposit *chez ma tante*. I know one ingenious youth who pawns his regularly every month for thirty francs, and as regularly redeems it as soon as his next allowance comes in. The transaction doubtless offers diversions to the imagination, which compensate the doubtfulness of its financial advantages. But every one has not been equally fortunate in the redemption of his pledges; and that is the reason that these latter have been swept off from their temporary lodging-place into the engulfing hoards of the second-hand variety-shop. It is curious to study these whilom pledges, these baits that the unlucky have flung out, from time to time, to furious ill-fortune, as Russian travellers abandon their horses to appease the hunger of pursuing wolves. At what turn in the road did the case become so desperate, and the enemy gain so frightful an advantage? What ravening beast howled when *this* sacrifice was resolved upon? And what has been its result? Why have the travellers never come back in the daytime, to pick up their treasures strewn by the road? Did they escape, did they reach their destination? or after all, were they overpowered, and do their bones now lie bleaching beneath wintry snows?

Vain questions to which the unransomed baubles return but mute, unsatisfactory response. Some of them have been awaiting their ransom

a century or two, to judge by the old-fashioned quaintness of their make, thick and bulky, with sweet-pea tinted pictures on the back, representing gallant tars firing off cannon, Lubin and Fanny in greenest groves, Sibyls awaiting Numa Pompilius, or else, *faute de mieux*, Louis Napoleon; finally, several whimsical "timebugs," in the shape of hearts, more or less lacerated, as is the manner of hearts destined for public inspection.

Then there are snuff-boxes, bearing medallions of royal families, and legends to inform the same that their respective countries regard them as their only hope of salvation—a fact of which the families seem already complacently conscious; swords, daggers, enamelled sabres, tarnished epaulettes, silver pencil-cases, and bodkins; an astonishing number of remarkable bronze images, and amphibious mantelpiece ornaments, which have a scared look, as if guilty of an escape from the antediluvian collection at the Exposition; brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, and more mysterious brass triangles: such miscellaneous treasure fills up the well-stocked windows of this bewildering establishment.

After the second-hand variety-shop comes a second-hand book-store, one of those charming haunts that are as much superior to Hachette's and Harper's, as is the Maison Blosse to the Bibliothèque Impériale. Here linger poor scholars (scholars should always be a little poor, as libra-

ries are a little dingy), and peer over the stands through their spectacles, seeking occasional pearls amidst much rubbish. Here long-robed priests, threading the streets in unnatural isolation, pause to throw a glance into the only world they possess in common with the rest of mankind—the world of books. Yet even that is not quite in common, but fenced off into compartments by many impassable air-lines, into tracts of forbidden ground, guarded by many an *Index Expurgatorium*, haunted by many whimsical terrors and holy horrors. Hence the priest seldom tarries long in the Passage du Commerce, where the very air is revolutionary, and inquiring, and irreverent. On the book-shelves are too much Bernard and Longet, too little St. François de Sales and St. Theresa, to suit the ecclesiastical taste. So he presently glides away in his long frock, like a black ghost, and seeks elsewhere the nutriment appropriate to his cramped life and twisted intellect.

Besides the customers who come to buy exceedingly cheap, are the other class, who venture across the threshold more timidly, in the hopes of selling exceedingly dear. These are frequently fast students, who, having outrun their allowance, and pawned both watch and sleeve-buttons, repair to the second-hand bookstore with a portion of their libraries, to raise funds, not so much for the sake of paying the

blanchisseuse as of purchasing tickets for the next ball at the opera. Sometimes, however, the vendor arrives at this extremity through severer straits. Not the student whose claims upon the paternal purse are only limited by the temporary gruffness of the paternal temper, but the fatherless boy, sent to Paris out of the savings of mother and sisters, and knowing that there are no francs to replace those that have been lost or wasted, or even honestly spent. He comes, perhaps in the fresh remorse of a first dissipation, preferring the book-stall to the Mont de Piété, as the more dignified resource; or perhaps, suffering more keenly, because his failure to make both ends meet arises from no fault of his own, and therefore he cannot hope to do any better in the future. The prospect of breaking down, of leaving Paris with his course unfinished, of defeating all the high hopes that are as bread and wine to the loving women at home in the provinces,—this dreary prospect draws nearer. To put off the evil day, he dares a sacrilege; he takes down from its shelf one of the few handsome volumes left by a dead father, and offers it,—atlas, steel-plates, and all,—to the *marchand des livres*. But a rough old fellow is this *marchand des livres*, grown callous, like all second-hand business-men, by many speculations in the reverses of other people. His range of prices is as elastic as the rents of an Irish estate, and simi-

larly regulated by the necessities of his customers. Every volume he possesses represents somebody's ill-luck or vexation or overwhelming disaster,—misfortunes which are all brilliant advantages to him. So he takes his advantage, and pays insignificant prices for the atlas and steel-plates; and their former owner returns home heavy-hearted, feeling that the evil day has been shoved back but a very little, after all.

Directly opposite the Salon de Lecture is a quilting establishment, dating, like Caswell & Mack's, from 1790, and entitled to all that involuntary respect which the well-balanced mind always accords to assured prosperity; assured, but modest, for the proprietors are three sisters, each with such a remarkable squint that her two eyes seem to be reduced to two halves, and the consciousness of this organic defect has evidently repressed all unseemly aspirations after ostentatious worldly success. They remind the classical reader of the Three Sisters of Grecian legend, who shared a single eye between them, and hence caught but imperfect glimpses of the world, as people who look at the sun through smoked glasses. Or, in their formal grey dresses, and grey, precise faces, arranged carefully like the back-stitching on a quilt, they resemble three spikes of lavender, growing straightly against a wall, in resolute oblivion of the flaunting poppies and hollyhocks that straggle loosely on the

garden-borders. However—owing, I suppose, to the modest prosperity—the three sisters have been married, individually I mean, not collectively, although I should judge it were the only act of their mutual lives that *had* been separately performed. But the husbands have already faded into some yet more shadowy background, or perhaps strayed away among the flaunting hollyhocks, and never been heard of since. They have left solid traces of themselves in three tow-headed children, that embrace the knees of respective but scarcely distinguishable mothers; and the quiet hearts of their wives probably embalm their memory, after the fashion of lavender; but otherwise the place is as if it had never known them, and the quilting establishment, unmindful of their absence, continues its business with all the noiseless tranquillity for which it has been remarkable since 1790.

Another sort of a woman than these demure, grey sisters, is the comely dame who assists her son in the management of a store for artists' materials, and who stands all day long at the door to receive customers, with the various attention befitting their varying importance. First of all, are the well-to-do middle-aged men, whose pictures now receive habitual praise at the annual exhibitions, or have even been promoted to the apotheosis of the Luxembourg. To him that hath shall be given, and honour waits upon

honour like the king's brother on the king. And it is pleasant to see these grey-haired artists, and know that their talent has made itself good in hard coin, and that their fine unearthly fancies have won for them earth as well as heaven. But somehow, it not unfrequently happens that the original lustre shows a little dim beside that which has been acquired, and the delicate golden aureole which encircled youthful brows is eclipsed by the glare of real gold. Who fails may remain unworldly to the end of his life; but that is scarcely possible for him who succeeds. And genius has lost much of its original fire by the time that the heat has been expended in burning for itself appreciation upon the hard clay of the world. "Ah, me," sighed Alexander Humboldt, "to think that glory only comes with imbecility!"

It is the bearded, swaggering young artists, with plush coats and slouched hats, who are yet oscillating between the Desert of Sahara and the Slough of Despond, upon whom the glow of promise is still bright and unfaded. Youth is divine, because the direction of its upward flight is so indefinite as to seem infinite. Once the highest point gained, the curve turned, the parabola, however vast its sweep, tends steadfastly to earth; its form is definite, complete, harmonious, but the lovely illusion of infinite possibilities has vanished forever.

Probably this is not the reason that the comely dame secretly prefers the struggling young artist to the sleek and prosperous princes of the profession. But she takes a woman's delight in swagger and rowdyism, and all the recklessness that seems so grand to feminine helplessness. It is the same sentiment which often makes pious mothers secretly lavish more affection upon their dare-devil sons than upon those whose meek lives, from Sunday-school upwards, have pursued a tenor as even as their own. "The running brook is na thirsty after the rain," says Elsie Bede. And, all Genesis to the contrary, experience would lead us to suppose that the heart of Rebecca had yearned over the wild Esau with tenfold the tenderness that it had to spare for docile, girlish Jacob.

So our dame places chairs for her middle-aged callers, but she carries on long and animated conversations with the disreputable-looking young ones; and when they leave, with rolls of canvas or tinted paper under their arm, she watches them from the door, till the plush coats have disappeared from the alley,—a comedy woman, probably the wife of an artist, who, having failed to sell his pictures, succeeded in selling the brushes; but around whose more plebeian profession always lingered a certain glamour derived from the earlier and more imaginative part of his career,—the glamour and the

friends,—some of whom, perhaps, admired the fine figure of the wife, and even gained permission to model from it an Eve or a Venus, such as delighteth the Parisian heart. One among them, with more curly beard and darker eyes than the rest—but we have no business to pry into these old reminiscences, over which the matron herself draws a discreet veil, as she turns away from the door, and places her shapely hand on the shoulder of her fair-haired son, as if to recall herself to modern duties and proprieties.

After the prosperous and the interesting artists come the women, who are never prosperous, and seldom interesting. They work the hardest of all, poor things; never loiter in the Passage; rarely stop to buy apricots at the fruit-stall, but rush hurriedly on the way from the Louvre to the Luxembourg, always laden with an unsightly bag, generally with a troublesome bundle in addition. Women are never seen near the forge, nor in the reading-room, nor at the book-store. Notwithstanding the orthodoxy of the tradition that represents the first woman as risking even Paradise in the pursuit after knowledge, the world continues to preserve a respectable prejudice, to the effect that the less women have to do with knowledge the better. Perhaps this prejudice arises from spite—really a more rational origin than can generally be assigned to it.

But Art, divorced from Science, and consequently a little forlorn, like all *divorcées*, is quite at the service of feminine aspirants for fame, also a little forlorn. Poor creatures! They have a hard time; and perhaps the worst of all is, that the hardship tells so roughly upon them, and kills in them the grace and beauty which they profess especially to serve,—and the enjoyment too; for women students are always afflicted with a preternatural gravity, strikingly in contrast with the light-hearted jollity of men in pursuit of art or science. Far from indicating more profound and effective devotion to the cause, this seriousness seems rather the evidence of uncertainty and self-distrust. It is like the pre-occupation of a person, walking stiffly to avoid creaking his new shoes. Now, no one is really master of a position until he is able to laugh at it; and an intellect totally deficient in wit is rarely equal to the exigencies of the occasion, but inwardly weakened by some secret flaw. A brusque, unforeseen movement might shiver it to atoms. Hence, some infer, just from the desperate earnestness with which women strive to keep themselves up to the level of intellectual pursuits, that they were radically unfit for them, and that all this standing on tiptoe can only result in strained nerves and over-tasked brains. But others, less precipitate, shall only argue that women are not at ease in their careers, because

these are as yet too exceptional, perched in high, bleak, and lonely situations. When two or three generations more shall have woven thick traditions, like vines, over these bare lodging-places, the inmates will begin to feel more at home. Then their ideals, lofty, but meagre as moonshine, shall be warmed by a little live blood, and become powerful and joyous realities; and the subtle self-contempt which now often underlies vociferous vanity, shall be pierced to its windy heart, like many another lean dweller of the threshold.

In the meantime, the malicious moralist cannot fail to find other arguments, in the fact that intellectual occupations seem to distort the primeval instinct of women—their love for dress. The instinct is perverted to a theory, and becomes liable to all the aberrations of theory. Moreover, heart-breaking difficulties arise, when the riot of fancy is compelled to reconcile itself with the restrictions of a very limited purse. The compromise is as vicious as compromises usually are, and results in abundance of cheap ornamentation,—flounces, ruffles, imitation-lace; elaborate gauntlets to gloves worn threadbare at the fingers; scarfs, concealing a plentiful lack of white collars, and also poor throats grown skinny in the hard struggle of their owners for a living; bonnets made out of old scraps, relieved by bright new flowers of a remarkably juvenile

order of architecture, daisies and blue forget-me-nots and sprays of very green grass; dresses constructed by piecing together two remnants of different patterns, but modelled after the latest fashion; wearisome old mantles with long fringes, that have evidently seen service for years, with occasional renovations—of the fringe, not the silk: the whole toilette huddled and musty, bearing a strong family-resemblance to the windows of the second-hand variety-shop. Poor, serious, struggling women! resorting to art, in three cases out of five, not from any real vocation, but from a vague desire for relief from the monotony of ordinary, ill-paid drudgery; with feeble and spasmodic attempts at intellectual greatness, and wide, windy aspirations for social reform, alternating with cold chills at the terrors of possible destitution, and intermittent longings after some impossible married existence, which, according to moralists, should be the remedy for all woes: of a truth, of all the personages who dramatise the *Passage du Commerce*, I am not sure that you are not the most to be pitied. And this very pity that we so liberally accord you, is your crowning misfortune, and more than your poverty or loneliness or hard work, tends to make you forlorn. Of two things, one: either the state should adopt the views of certain French philanthropists, and provide a pension for all unmarried women destitute of

male relatives; or their education should be made sufficiently effective and self-reliant to fortify their lives up to the actual exigencies of existence and enable them to compel this contemptuous compassion of the world, that now freezes their inmost consciousness, wrapping them, as it were, in a mantle of sleet.

That all arts may be represented in the Passage du Commerce, a dancing-master hangs out his sign conspicuously over a cobbler's shop, and a music-store occupies the next building to the artists' establishment, and lullabies the public sensibilities with ballads, sentimental and satirical, "Vieux Quartier Latin," "Chansonnette de la Vivandière," "Polka à la Grisette," "Pompiers de Nanterre," "Garde Mobile," "Je suis ici pour tout faire," etc., with innumerable short-skirted, well-shod females displayed in bright colours on the covers. These impassioned strains are occasionally "interpreted" by some of the strolling musicians who appear from time to time, playing (so to speak) on the harp, dulcimer, and psaltery, and making all manner of music, more or less sweet, according to their several ability; for carriages rarely pass in the street and its quiet seclusion affords a favourable opportunity for musical exhibitions. Moreover, the pensive influences of the place seem to soften the hearts of wayfarers, who bestow coppers with a liberality of which they would hardly be

guilty in the open street. For these solid reasons the modern representatives of the ancient Minnesingers greatly affect the Passage du Commerce, and, by some tacit understanding, contrive to divide the day and week between them, returning at regular fixed intervals, like comets, after excursions into the mysterious regions of Elsewhere. The tormented students at the Salon de Lecture learn to calculate time by the advent of the singer of the hour. Thus, at nine o'clock comes along a little urchin with an indifferent fiddle, upon which he plays very indifferently. He is a lazy little rascal too, and never troubles himself to play an entire air, but breaks off in the middle, like a bobolink, to send beseeching glances up to a certain balcony overhanging the court. On this balcony is growing a vigorous young tree, the only bit of green visible in the vicinity. And the owner seems to be a genial elderly lady, who keeps fresh and succulent the juices of her own fading life by much converse with young and green things; for the lazy little fiddler never fails to receive a two-sous piece, carefully wrapped in paper, and flung from the balcony. Upon that he touches his ragged hat to the unseen beneficence, and goes off, having made more by his incapacity than many others by their talents. Indeed, incapacity seems to be the most profitable kind of capital to invest in the musical business.

At ten o'clock, seats herself on the curbstone a forlorn old dame, with a very tiny hand-organ, whose inarticulate wailing is imperceptible to the naked ear except in moments of perfect silence. A prosperous harmonium, that also includes the Passage du Commerce in its rounds, buries this poor little *confrère* three fathoms deep below consciousness; but the old dame grinds on just the same, in a sort of serene faith that the less people hear her the more they will be inclined to have pity upon her—as indeed seems to be the case. Towards noon—as if the early morning heat were insufficient to warm to activity their torpid limbs—two other aged creatures creep into the alley, a bent old wife leading her bent old husband, who is just a grain more helpless than she, because he is blind as well as old. He sings, however, in a faint, quavering treble, like the voice of Tithonus bemoaning his immortality; and by means of this slender wisp of song, as by a piece of straw, the two tottering lives are bound on, a little longer, to the slippery earth. I do not know why, but this pitiful old couple always whimsically suggest to me a certain brilliant antithesis of their own condition, of which they seem to be nothing but the parody: fairy stories of young lovers going forth, hand in hand, into the green forest, singing as they go, and charming wild beasts into complaisance, and timid fawns into friendship. Pictures like these

rise in my mind whenever I see the aged singers approaching; and so slow is their pace, that I have time to dream over the entire idyl: the freshness of the forest, the morning breeze kissing the lovers' brows, and blowing back their bright hair; their radiant eyes happy with visions of the past night and the coming day; the moss dimpling under their elastic tread; the glad song ringing through the covert like the hymn chanted by Adam in Paradise. For all this I have time before the actual lovers have reached the further corner of the window, and, in disappearing from view, cut my consciousness again with the sharp edge of the reality: for youth, decrepit age; for dimpling moss, hard paving stones; for love and Paradise, Paris and—starvation.

Out of so many misfortunes, however, the only one for which the venerable musicians seem to directly claim compassion, is the evident decay of their musical talents. But others, who have gone earlier into the business, speculate more boldly, and invest every calamity at ten per cent. interest. One woman, who sings duets with her little boy, ekes out the effect of her accomplishment by an ingenious sling on the right arm, which has stayed there long enough for the cure of a compound fracture extending from the elbow to the finger-tips. Another, with a wooden leg, but every appearance of robust health, brings with her an interesting family of three children,

well-dressed and well-fed, who play contentedly in the gutter, while their mother sings woful ballads in a stentorian brass voice. Sisterly devotion goes into the market as well as maternal, and a girl of fourteen heads a troop of brothers and sisters, of whom one is a baby in arms, and two others assist in the concert, which is so terribly shrill, that the agonised sympathiser feels inclined to empty his purse to sisterly devotion, on the condition that he might have it pure, unalloyed by such harrowing music.

It occasionally happens, also, that partnerships are formed between people unconnected by family ties, who have put their misfortunes into a mutual stock concern, like greenbacks. Thus, one of the organ-grinders is accompanied by a one-armed friend, whose crippled condition seems intended to act upon the public sensibilities as a preliminary emollient, like the poultices sometimes applied by surgeons before an operation. The organ-grinder lends his arms, the friend his want of arms, and fortune seems to smile upon the combination.

I have noticed a still more original association, and been for some time quite imposed upon by it. At three o'clock, on stated afternoons, appears a neatly-dressed, middle-aged woman, leading another, also middle-aged, but not so well dressed, with a vacant face and helpless hands. No pretence is made of amusing the

public; but the protecting partner appeals boldly and directly to the passers-by, calling upon them in a set, monotonous voice, "to have pity on the paralysed mother of a family, in the impossibility of gaining her living." No mention is made of herself in this appeal, and the benevolent, well-to-do air of the claimant would leave the public to infer that she was a disinterested philanthropist, who made it her business to wander through the world with paralysed mothers of families. More wary reflection, however, suggests the suspicion that the philanthropist shares the profits of the paralysed, and counts the dividends carefully every night.

Sympathy lavished from such motive, however well it may be concealed, is infected with a fatal taint of egotism—almost a Yankee lookout for profit, that destroys much of its blessing and all its charm. To be perfect and lovely, sympathy should spring from a great overflow of happiness, come down like the sunlight or a god from heaven, bending over a prostrate woe, and raising it up by a touch thrilling with energetic vitality.

Only, alas! the miserable ones are not now over-burdened with efficient sympathy; and if none but the happy were allowed to minister to them, the work of binding up wounds, that now is often sufficiently slack, might stop entirely for want of labourers!

After the musicians who earn their living by

means of their ignorance of art, are a few with a real vocation, who enjoy their work, and offer genuine music in exchange for coppers. There is a woman, with a voice like lilies of the valley, who comes alone at dusk, and sings sweet shadowy songs, as if thinking them out loud; another, travelling with a company, whose tones, clear, fresh, and powerful, break forth among the arid noises of the city, like the torrent of an Alpine brook welling up amidst stones and snows; a band of Italian boys, with harp, violin, and flute, who pass their life not unpleasantly, wandering from city to city, in adventurous freedom, through the beautiful vine-clad lands of Italy and France and Spain; and a little seven-years-old girl, fantastically dressed in scarlet, who dances and rattles on a tambourine to accompany her sister's guitar, and hops hither and thither on her mendicant errands, with bright black eyes, and scarlet-hatted head cocked on one side, like a little bird of brilliant plumage astray from some South American forest, and just lighted on the deck of a vessel bound for a foreign port. Perhaps it is bearing her towards the fame—and the grave—of Rachel; who knows?

The feet of other travellers wear the stones of the Passage du Commerce, on their daily rounds,—all sorts of minor merchants, that sprout upon the rugged edges of civilisation like chickweed among the loose stones of battlements,

selling bird-cakes and cuttlefish bones, dog-chains and crayon-pencils, tape and pins; people to mend chairs, or unite scattered fragments of china, with a skill worthy of the resurrection in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; herbarists, fruiterers, knife-grinders, chimney-sweeps; lowest of all, *chiffonniers* and *balayeurs des rues*—each, in his turn and place, defiles in the long procession. Sometimes a flock of white-robed girls going to their first communion at St. Sulpice flutter through the Passage like a covey of white birds; sometimes a school of boys, in rigid uniform, as suits a generation brought up on the magnificent system of unity, centralisation, and monotony, which all Europe is supposed to envy; or a troop of apple-cheeked little fellows, still in their blouses, led by a patient German usher. In his hand is always a volume, probably of Schiller or Uhland, intended for a few moments' precious perusal, while the noisy children are at play in the Luxembourg. And I doubt me not that the blessed poets work their work, and touch into vivid brilliancy the dreams of Gretchen, that the usher's own pale imagination had always left a little faint and lifeless. Ah, have a care, Hans, how you dream too fondly about Gretchen, there in the stately garden of the Luxembourg! There are more students in Hesse-Cassel than grisettes in Paris; and the time is long to wait, and Gretchen's fingers are less deft at letter-writing

than knitting. But he dreams, the patient master, none the less fondly because of the possible awakening. And he is wise. For is not the whole of earthly life but a dream, of which the one certainty is the future awakening? Yet it may be lived none the less enjoyably while it lasts.

There is also the girls' school, supported by the relic of antiquity in the shape of Philip Augustus' wall. The scholars take airings in the Luxembourg, under the protection of a sub-institutrice; but she looks less patient than the German usher, and never carries a volume of Schiller. Perhaps it is because she has not yet found Gretchen or her suitable masculine equivalent.

There are carefully guarded daughters of the bourgeoisie, walking properly by the side of dowager mammas, delicate, dependent, and ignorant as infants brought up "sur les genoux de l'Eglise," as M. Dupanloup wills it; and their brothers and future husbands, with lives as different as if lived by the inhabitants of another planet, full of adventure and effort, of strife and conquest; now success sweetened by previous failure, and now failure disambittered by previous success. This burly fellow has just carried off the *Prix des Hôpitaux*; that lily-browed youth has been nominated First Interne at the last concours, and now walks the streets in happy consciousness of

the admiring envy of his fellows. His path is hung about with rainbows of promise; unending vistas of future triumph meet his longing eye on every side. Once *Interne*, and *First Interne* why not *lauréat*, *chef*, *agrégé*, *professeur*? Why in that elastic and illimitable future, should not his name be quoted as authority, and his books be translated into German? Oh, for something to discover, were it only a new parasite,—discovery which has already made several fortunes; some lucky post-mortem, upon which he should vault at once to fame! Some adroit persecution for philosophical opinions, that should bestow the martyr's crown pleasantly disengaged from the martyr's cross! So he aspires, until, slow-pacing through the court, he espies a group of professors, in solid possession of the glory for which his soul is panting; and in their presence he returns to the consciousness of actual insignificance, that had been left far behind in the bold flights of anticipating fancy.

Of all who pass through the street, the professors are the most honourable and most honoured. After some hours' poring over thick volumes, ponderous with erudition and brilliant with thought, it is almost awful to suddenly encounter the live authors, walking as easily under that weight of fame and learning as ordinary mortals with unburdened shoulders. There is L——, whose slight body seems unable to sustain the

great head and towering brow that looms above it; R——, whose one glass-eye is maliciously accused of deciding the question in all investigations that have proved too difficult for its living fellow; B——, with capacious forehead and smooth, epicurean face, ripe and marbly, as if more often wreathed in pleasure than wrinkled by the toil of acquiring the comprehensive and multitudinous knowledge for which the professor is famous; and W—— and S——, suspected of loving the glory of science more than science, and with an enjoyment of popularity that persuades them to condescend to much “chaff” in lectures, thereby delighting the heart of the lazy listener; and V——, with cold, chiselled face, as fine and keen as his own surgeon’s blade; and V——, with stooping shoulders and shaggy head, and sweetest boyish blue eyes, a cherished nursling in the lap of Nature, who whispers to him many secrets, of which he is sometimes permitted to repeat a few.

When these men walk past the Salon de Lecture, the students rush to the windows to see them, and to reverently watch their high converse with one another, as they move graciously through the common ways. Happy the youth who meets the master’s eye in the street, and may pull off his cap in delicious recognition of the presence of his superior! Dear enthusiasm of youth for greatness! dear once-known delight

of self-abandon in admiration for another's intellect! So quickly chilled these enthusiasms, so soon modified this self-surrender, by criticism and doubt, if not by carping and cavil; by dissidence if not by jealousy. But the time comes once, like childhood and Paradise, and I am not sure that it is not the most blissful time of the soul's entire existence. And it is because this time is so largely spent in the Passage du Commerce and at the Ancienne Maison Blosse, that both become so endeared to their friends and *habitués*. These come back even when they have written their theses, even when their own libraries have outgrown the modest proportion of the Salon de Lecture. The *Figaro* reads better there, the *Charivari* is more witty; the old books may be consulted together with their modern refutations; the big-nosed *garçon* still affords material for gentle caricature. They come back in success, for it is here they enjoyed its anticipation; they come back in failure, for it is here they projected success. And when the years have grown much older and stiffer, and "glory has come with imbecility," hither they send their sons, to inherit their places at the ink-stained tables.

And now the cloud which has lately darkened the Passage and the reading-room grows darker, heavier, and breaks in a sudden summer-flood of straight-descending rain, which chases all wayfarers under the shelter of the Porte Cochère.

There the little scarlet singer nestles against the white-robed communicants, and the Italian vagabonds jostle the Dean of the Faculty and the Members of the Institute. The student steals glances at the shy maidens clinging to their mothers, or throws bolder looks at some motherless girls, who answer, "Ah me!" with looks more bold. The vendor of chickweed squabbles with the patentee from the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The prosperous harmonium edges off a little, to afford space to the voiceless hand-organ. Hans, still musing of Gretchen, meets the eye of the sub-institutrice, musing of nobody, and—have a care, Gretchen! German lovers are constant, but French institutrices are guileful! The cool surgeon bites his fine lips in exasperation, as his watch marks the hour for an appointment, and the third sister from the quilting establishment, with market-basket on arm, ponders over the unpunctual dinner,—until the propriety and tranquillity of the demeanour are almost worn threadbare by the unusual impatience fretting underneath. A dripping horseman rides like Sir Launcelot under the Porte Cochère; but from the windows of the court look down no Elaines, but only unsusceptible French *bonnes*, whose web remains unravelled and their mirrors unbroken. A family procession carrying a baby to baptism, skurry in affrighted; a priest finds a place by an atheist;

and the last inch of standing-room is full. Five, ten, fifteen minutes the thunder-storm binds together this heterogeneous company by the pressure of a common necessity; and the thoughts from so many diverse brains, and feelings from so many hearts, concentrate into one common desire and impatience. So the whirling eddy of a stream sweeps against a snag, driftwood, and shavings, valuable timber and worn-out trees, bits of chips, fragments, and here and there some precious waif lost long ago up the river. For one moment they revolve together in the circle of the pool, the next the snag gives way to the current, and everything that floats is carried over, and presently slips away in its separate direction to its separate destiny. So the rain is over and done; the life that has revolved in common for the space of a single beating of the heart, breaks up divergently; the fellow-prisoners, released from their temporary association, float away from each other on their separate ways, as easily as if the loosest ties had never united them. And to my perfidious memory, not only the *Porte Cochère*, but the individuality of the entire *Passage du Commerce* begins to fade and dissolve into unmeaning elements. Bound together by the spell of an attentive fancy idling a summer's afternoon, these elements break the slight girdle of unity, and float off into separate insignificance, as the idler

leaves behind him the secluded street, the Quartier Latin, and mingles in the undistinguishable roar rising from Baron Haussmann's new Boulevards.

A SERMON AT NOTRE-DAME

THIS Sunday had been appointed for the most thrilling discourse of the whole series.

It was now five weeks that the preacher had maintained almost unexampled sway over the fickle attention of the public. He was more talked about than the last dancing-girl, more famous than the newest courtesan. When he preached, the church was more crowded than the race-course, and his words were more extensively quoted than the witticisms of the Opposition; his eloquence more admired than the epigrams which tempered the reigning despotism. He was fashionable, doted upon, almost beloved. The Court looked upon him as a second Knox, with manners polished to suit modern society; the State welcomed him as a second Bossuet, with liberal principles tallied to the imperial form of democracy; the Church relied upon him as another Moses, who had sojourned just long enough among the flesh-pots of science to have learned the trick of persuading the people to abandon them; and the people, with their acute enjoyment of paradox,

were enchanted with the champion of the Church who proclaimed liberty of thought, with a political conservator who preached liberty in society, with a denouncer of the vices of civilisation who retained all its graces and reaped most of its advantages. Believers listened to him that their faith might be strengthened, unbelievers that their scepticism might be amused. Finally, those who were captivated by no other motive, rushed to his conferences precisely on account of the difficulty of getting places; and in this way the cathedral was thronged from week to week, and the excitement which simulated enthusiasm, continued to constantly increase.

The eloquent priest had already given a private representation at the Imperial chapel; but on the occasion of this crowning discourse, the Emperor honoured the preacher and his subject by coming in person to the cathedral. There, a raised dais, covered with crimson trappings, received the Imperial family; and such of the congregation as should become bored by the sermon might console themselves with this spectacle of Imperial magnificence—thus economically alternating patriotism and piety. Not far from the Emperor sat the Minister of Public Instruction, who was also charged with the superintendence of religions and rituals, and who had come, therefore, in a demi-official capacity, prepared to applaud all enlightened con-

servatism, and to do his duty by all innovating enlightenment. Several other Ministers were present, and for various reasons: the Minister of War was on the point of doubling the conscription, and desired the accustomed support of the Church to aid in carrying the project smoothly with the masses. The Minister of Finance, about to broach a new government loan, was delighted with any eloquence which should divert public attention from the orators of the Opposition. The Minister of the Interior was preparing a new law on the press, and highly approved of the restoration of faith, as a most ingenious stratagem for lulling popular captiousness on the question of liberty. Many venerable Senators had come in their best carriages—as a sort of volunteer cohort for their master the Emperor. From his hands they received a liberal supply of daily bread—well buttered: decency demanded a display of complaisant loyalty in return. There were Deputies from the Lower House, whose business imposed much talking as well as voting, and who therefore were not unwilling to learn a few tricks of rhetoric from the successful preacher. Similar motives had attracted sundry professors from the University—Faculty of Letters and also some pupils from the Normal School, destined to become professors in the future. These latter had even brought notebooks, and sharpened their pencils during the

Mass, so as to be all ready when the real business of the meeting should begin. There was a smaller number of physicians, principally those occupied with the treatment of insanity, and whose studies therefore excited them to a scientific interest in all mental eccentricities and extravagances; philosophers of divers sects, and spiritualists who in these days of division of labour had taken for specialty the theme about to be treated by the preacher, and were not incurious, therefore to see what an uninitiated gentile would make of it; a great many gayly-dressed women from various classes of society, assembled at church for the various reasons generally supposed to attract women thither; solid blocks of citizen-families, marshalled under the unusual superintendence of their head, whom curiosity had roused out of his habitual indifference to the religious services; workmen in blouses and workwomen in white caps, and children perched uncomfortably upon chairs, from which their little legs dangled, and could not reach the floor; and, sprinkled about among the crowd, Protestants from distant countries induced to listen to the preacher by the fame of reports which likened him unto a second Savonarola or Whitefield, raised up to purify the Church, perhaps—who knows?—to lead it to Protestantism; these sat disdainfully indifferent to the preliminary “mummery” of the Mass, but nobody’s

sensibilities were thereby hurt. The profoundest convictions would have failed to rouse this amiable people to the impoliteness of intolerance, much less the shaky *un*conviction which principally prevailed in the consciences of the people there assembled beneath the prayerful roof of the dim cathedral.

Yet in the light crowd were some who had been brought to the feet of the preacher for other reasons than curiosity or expediency. At the side of the lounging, fashionable dames, knelt devout women praying for an influx of divine grace upon the man anointed by Heaven to convert a backsliding world. Young enthusiasts, rapt in devotion to their spiritual guide, dreamed glorious dreams in the incense-perfumed cathedral aisles—dreams of Knights Templars, of the Society of Jesus, of the Church Militant sounding an appeal of battle to their vigorous youth. Others, further advanced in life, and somewhat troubled and perplexed by rumours of doubts and infidelities, and by an incomprehensible infinite that throbbed unmercifully beneath the details of wearisome existence, came to find out, if possible, what it all meant, or, better still, to have it settled without finding out. And others still, from the anguish of terrible mental conflicts, with the beads of sweat still on their pale brows, had been drawn by a desperate hope, a sick longing for some

masterful word that should scatter the deadly shades which closed in upon them, and open to their parched lips the sealed fountains of truth.

Over the waiting congregation rolled the burdened tones of the great organ, and the sweet voices of the boy-choristers alternated with the monotonous chanting of the priests. Three times through the naves defiled the long procession, with the sacred images, and the blessed bread, and the bags of money for the poor. The bishop donned his wealthiest robes in acknowledgment of the presence of the Emperor; the more stately beadles paraded their purple coats and their gold-headed canes, and quickened the circulation of the inquisitive crowd stopping to gaze at the crimson dais. Finally a great hush breathed into the room of the music and the chanting; a thousand eyes turned toward the pulpit that faced the oaken crucifix, and—as if evoked by the spell of their expectancy—the preacher arose in his place and announced his theme.

Of a truth, a theme worthy that expectancy; worthy the attention of the Emperor, the consideration of the Ministers, even independent of reasons of state expediency; worthy the admiration of the professional orator, the curiosity of the professional anatomist; worthy the hopeful longing of the waiting crowd. The preacher was to speak that day concerning the Immortality of the Soul.

“When, after a long siege, succour comes to a beleaguered city, the new troops are obliged to cut their way through the ranks of their enemies in order to reach the side of their friends. So I, come to strengthen your faith in this most comfortable doctrine of Immortality, must begin by cutting my way through the serried hosts of objections, arguments, and cavils by which it is hemmed in and almost overwhelmed!”

Then the preacher, continuing his military metaphor, proceeded to pass in review the arguments of the opponents he had come to defeat.

The materialists and men of science falsely so-called — he began — often denied the separate existence of the soul, because it escaped the cognisance of the senses. When death had composed the limbs into dreadful stillness, and the flesh had dissolved under the tooth of decay, all outward appearances of life vanished, and the savants hastened to conclude that life had ceased to exist. They did not so conclude for electricity, or magnetism, or chemical affinities, when such forces became hidden from the senses; they called them latent, and reckoned confidently upon their reappearance. Nor were they less reliant upon the reality of these solid fleshly bodies, because these also had once existed in a state inappreciable by any sense whatever—invisible potencies scarcely clothed with the thinnest film of material substance. We are told that scientific belief is

accorded in these cases, because at some time or another the invisible force became associated with material phenomena; electricity is revealed in lightning, the imperceptible germ develops to the full-grown animal. Inasmuch as spiritual force had been manifested in a material body before it became latent again,—so should hereafter be revealed the full-grown soul, developed from the germ fecundated by death. A seed is cast into the ground, into the bowels of darkness, and lies concealed in the womb of mystery. Who should therefore dare to assert that it was lost? Short-sighted, miserable guides these senses, who had already dawdled thousands of years in ignorance of the most elementary material phenomena, until their natural feebleness could be supplemented by instruments devised by the more far-reaching soul. One day she should turn the scrutiny upon herself—perhaps invent means for even seeing what was now unseen. Till then let the faithless senses, already convinced of countless inabilities, keep silent before the unlifted veil.

But even supposing that the spiritual life should never become demonstrated to the senses by other than its present material manifestations: was its nullity thereby proved? Infinitely far from it. Already, in full exercise of the flesh, the realities which moved us and which we served, were completely suprasensual. Ambition, and honour, and love, before which the

lips of strong men grew pale—said the liberal priest—who had seen or heard or tasted of them? Whose fingers had pressed the wounds in the body of Truth, for whose sake, nevertheless, thousands had cheerfully died? The gross solidities which made up the material world were more fragile than cobwebs, more airy than moonlight, in comparison with the tremendous spiritual realities by which alone they were invested with temporary significance. The mere body was as meaningless during life as after death. Already souls held direct communication with one another, unheeding the eyes for the smile, the lips for the word, the face for the thought by which it is illuminated. The medium of communication was indifferent—speech, writing, looks, gestures, actions—anything that served to express the hidden power of life. The power that uses indifferently any medium of expression, cannot be identified with either. Were the materialists consistent, they would confound the soul with the spectacles as well as with the eyes, with the pen as with the fingers, with the speaking-trumpet as with the lips. The grossest among them recoiled from such absurdity, and, in so doing, tacitly confessed the kindred absurdity of the theory, which had been vaunted as the culminating achievement of science. Others had tried to immesh the soul in the diseases of the body, and to find such

exact correlation between mental and physical infirmity, as should prove the identity of matter and spirit. They omitted, however, the reckoning of those cases where the correlation was wanting, where the intellect preserved its freedom amidst the slavery of the entire body, where patience gained sublime triumph over pain, and the unshaken soul maintained its mastery over flesh perishing in corruption. Notwithstanding the intimacy of their earthly union, the soul and its material fellow already often lived separate lives—sinned, sorrowed, suffered, and rejoiced apart. The fairest and cleanest body might be the temple of the foulest mind, and souls washed white from sin disdained not to abide in bodies loathsome with the physical wickedness of disease. So had saints often tarried in narrow prison-houses, awaiting the day of their redemption.

This spiritual independence of the full-grown human nature furnishes the argument to refute those quibblers who seek to ensnare us with vain talk concerning the immortality of brute beasts. Grant that in them the life had begun to germinate, it was yet thickly buried in earthly soil, it had not yet reached such perfection as should enable it to dispense with the scaffolding of the flesh. In animals every mental manifestation *was* directly linked to physical condition; they were nothing but animated bodies. Per-

haps this was also true of the unborn or very young child, of idiots, or of those lowest savage tribes upon whom the thought of immortality had never dawned. Nature was crowded with abortions even for this life: it were reasonable to believe that below a certain degree of development the soul could not be born alive into the life to come, and aborted—painlessly—because in ignorance of the destiny it had failed to achieve. But as the capacity for certain elementary knowledge was accepted as proof that the material brain was fitted for this world, so the capacity to believe in its own immortality might be considered as a warrant that the soul had grown strong enough to bear the weight of a world to come.

For nature worked with nice prevision, and continually wove together prophecy and fulfilment, forethought and occasion. When the fig-tree putteth forth her leaves, it is certain that summer draweth nigh; the swallows return in the spring; the sap retreats to the ground in winter; the clouds withdraw from the face of the sun when the grain and fruit are to be ripened. Was the heart of man alone deceitful and untrustworthy? No; here also new instincts thronged to herald new opportunities and new duties. The blood stirred in the spring-tide of youth, when the time of love came near; undefined ardours fired the heart of the boy, unbidden blushes

mantled the cheek of the girl; nature warned them by many sweet prophecies of what she had in store. So the mother yearned with feeling already maternal over her unborn babe; so the unfledged genius thrilled with strange presentiments of future fame. So humanity, for countless ages, has throbbed with vast presentiments of a future life, flushing in its dreams, like an uneasy sleeper who stirs in his sleep as morning approaches.

Innumerable the souls who have been sustained by the faith in immortality, who, amidst all woes and privations, have counted themselves rich with the doctrine that the earnestness of their own lives has enriched. In India as in Europe, in Africa as in Greenland, in the forests of America and on the steppes of Asia, amid countless diversities of life and belief, this faith has grown spontaneously as the natural heritage of the race. There were those who had been indifferent or scornful, and here and there one whose full-orbed life contained no unsatisfied desire to be fulfilled in Heaven. Let such a one take his portion as it pleaseth him, and eat his husks with the swine at last. But to the unhappy, the miserable,—who had walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death stayed and comforted by this hope,—those who had been sustained in unspeakable tribulations by anticipation of the glory to be revealed,—those, more noble than all, who had

defied death and despised shame, pouring out their lives like water for the sake of right and truth,—whose mighty wrongs should be avenged in the future kingdom of Heaven;—who should dare to declare to these that their strong faith was an empty delusion? How could these lives have been so mighty, whose kernal was rottenness and dust? Dust and ashes themselves, ignoble dupes, cheated by nature and life and God, who could believe in any truth, when the whole world, during all time, had been resting in the shadow of such a monstrous lie?

What shallow mockery were all attempts at human justice if Divine Providence itself were contented with the frightful inequalities of this world, and had provided no righting of wrongs, no punishment of triumphant crime in another life! Why, in that case, the self-sacrificing man, the philanthropist, the hero, were a fool, a madman, and the admiration accorded by the world to his virtue, the most insensate folly. To throw away the one life possible to him, without any hope of compensation! To refuse earthly pleasure, uncheered by any high vision of heavenly joy! To Charenton with the imbecile! The world to the Epicureans, who alone knew how to use it wisely, and to lustily drain its sweetness. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Place a skull at the banquet, not to remind us of the nothingness of time, but the nothingness of

approaching eternity! So shall the revel wax deeper, maddened by despair.

For all morality, justice, virtue, is rooted in the hope of immortality; and should that be taken away, society would degenerate into a discordant herd of swine, each member intent on the sensual gratification of the moment, heedless of his fellows and of to-morrow. That society existed, that sensuality and egotism were condemned by the universal conscience, was already sufficient proof that human destiny sought its fulfilment beyond the limits of the grave.

But such proof abounded. Like an oak planted in a narrow vase, the human soul pressed urgently on all sides against its temporal boundaries; and the crack of doom, that rent its tenement of clay; came as the natural consequence of its restless expansion. Driven by a divine discontent, the soul pursued its wistful search after perfection, eternally wandering like Ió stung by the gadfly of Juno. Or as Æneas, torn from the arms of Dido, to meet the greater fortunes awaiting him at Rome, so repeated disappointments wrenched the soul from earthly attachments, forcing her to fix her affections on things above. Everywhere defeated hopes, defaced ideals, disenchanted illusions, only the broken arcs of the rainbow interrupted by recurring clouds, and with span too vast to be contained within the limits of terrestrial existence. Use-

less to enlarge the boundaries; the soul over-leaped the widest enclosure, and only breathed freely when confronting the Infinite. All the round world, the whole solar system, were insufficient; it must lose itself in the universe of the stars. It reeled beneath the weight of the known, unless supported by the fathomless depths of the unknown, of the unknowable. Philosophers strove to ignore these regions of high speculation, to concentrate all thought on themes of immediate practical utility. If God were of no use to them in their demonstrations, they rejected God as superfluous; if the doctrine of immortality revealed no new theory of exchange, they sneered at the doctrine as useless. Yet it was evident that the compass of the future life must outreach the necessities of this, and could not be reduced to the proportions of practical application; otherwise it were only this life, and not the future. This surplus energy in man, that found no field of action in this world, and hence seemed as useless as the lungs of a fœtus, was the germ of faculties that should unfold at the second birth, the evidence of a life lying outside the womb of time. Woe, then, to those conceited dullards who would cripple the soul of its future powers on the pretence of enabling it to better accomplish its present functions ! As well clip the wings of a butterfly to facilitate the creeping of the worm !

It had been said that these high presentiments, these lofty warnings, belonged not to the individual but the race. Or that the consciousness of eternity linked the manifold forms of individual existence in parentage to universal being,—but belonged to that immortal parent, not to themselves. Life remained, but lives perished, like the leaves shed annually by a long-enduring tree. As the babble of little brooks approaching the ocean blend with its mighty roar, so the murmur of individual feeling assumes grand proportions from the nearness of the awful life into which it is about to be engulfed. False imagery, presumptuous metaphor! The material phenomena did not exist which could be compared to the spiritual phenomena of self-consciousness. No one could ever figure to himself the meaning of his words, when he spoke of a blending of individual consciousness with universal life. A destruction of separate form, did they say? and union of similar substance? But who had ever seen, who could even imagine, a destruction of the form of the soul! In using these terms, the mind was unconsciously fettered by the experience of material catastrophes, and impressed by the spectacle of the dissolution of the body into its primitive elements. But the soul, which was simple, could not be resolved into elements; the term dissolution was a non-sense when so applied. Again, a simple substance could not

blend with another of the same nature, save on the condition of preserving all its essential characteristics: and so one soul could never really blend with another, for each, in losing its individuality and separate consciousness, would lose its most essential characteristics, and cease to be that which was supposed to be blended. And the supposition of a general spiritual substance, into which spirits sank as the waves into the ocean, was a most fanciful hypothesis. We knew nothing of spirit, only spirits, who, once engendered, pursued their upward course in eternal isolation, like sparks smitten from an anvil. Everywhere, in their eternal voyages, they multiplied life to the utmost circumference of possibility. Should they return to be engulfed, like the children of Saturn, in the unity which had given them birth, that unity would have failed of its purpose to become multiple, and the whole evolution of life be but a gigantic phantom, a lying unreality.

But a truce to these arid metaphysics—truce to the painful task of discussing, in cold blood, questions so awful and deep-rooted as these. Our enemies accused us of bringing too much passion and personal feeling into such discussion. Could we do otherwise? Is it with indifference that a man defends the life of his father or wife or children—with impartiality that a nation does desperate battle for its own exist-

ence? But what strife for existence so terrible as this? A battle, not for time, but for eternity; not for a family or a people, but for all human beings who had lived since the world began, or should be born up to the eve of the day of judgment. Multitude upon multitude they seemed to throng the hall where their cause was being tried—the suit that sought to disinherit them of their immortality—to thrust them out from the endless regions of vast and populous life, down into fathomless abysses of nothing.

It was this dreadful personal interest that had rallied you together in this vast assembly, resolved to make a desperate stand for the life of your own souls. It was the passionate longing for the beloved dead, for the touch of vanished hands and the sound of stilled voices, that had brought you here to defend the glorious hope of immortality. Death has already hollowed out your lives in many places; many hearts have followed their treasure laid up in Heaven; many among you only live here in the anticipation of meeting your lost ones hereafter. Without that hope, you yourselves were already perished, your life consumed with sick and fruitless desire, your souls eaten away in the deceitful fantasies engendered by despair. Oh, that I had the tongue of an angel—said the preacher—to bear conviction and comfort to your aching hearts! Lift them up, lift them up, and let the

King of Glory enter in! Lift them up to the Consolation, to this influx of divine grace, that at this moment is upbearing us all towards the heavenly vision—the vision of an immortal life, supreme above the accidents of time, unshaken by calamity, unmoved by many deaths. For from death to death as from life to life climbs the soul, now tarrying long, now shaking off the dust from its feet as it hasteth from one city of the universe to another. What stillness, what profound calm and blessedness of peace to those who have become inwardly penetrated by this faith! They see the infidels rage idly together; it disturbs them not. Far removed from the turmoil, the misery, the wretchedness of actual existence, in the world but not of the world, they are like mountains, at whose feet cities rise and fall, and armies are marshalled to battle, and around whom gather darkness and tempest, but whose heads rise above into regions of perpetual light. To such, how idle to preach courage, endurance, patience! How idle to exhort to purity, justice, truth! These were the natural breathings of the immortal life already begun on earth, and which should continue in increasing glory throughout the endless ages of Heaven. Upon this world the light fell faintly, like that now streaming through the coloured widows of the cathedral, where we sit together in gloom. But presently, passing out of yonder portal, we

shall emerge into the full blaze of the sunlight. So one day shall each and all of us, passing through the low portal of death, emerge into unspeakable glory—glory to endure forever and ever. Amen.

I have given a meagre outline of the sermon, but not the effect of the preacher's trained and beautifully modulated voice, his eloquent gesture, his skilful alternation of logic and feeling, of assurance and pathos. He riveted the attention of his vast audience, subdued out of their light curiosity into unusual solemnity. Their hearts were softened for a moment; their imaginations kindled; they suffered themselves to be upborne into a sweet and mystical exaltation of feeling, most rare to their easy and lissome natures. For a second the belle forgot her toilette, the minister his intrigues; the pencils lay idle in open note-books, and musing heads leaned thoughtfully upon upraised hands. Though the preacher had ceased speaking, the spell remained unbroken; in silence, as though held by a lovely trance, the congregation bowed their heads to the benediction. Then rose the anthem from the great organ, bearing heavenward the unspoken aspirations of that great, still multitude; and slowly, in reverent hush, the people moved out of church.

Once in the open air, tongues became un-

loosed again, and on every side began chattering, voluble criticism, and admiration until the portal of the Catholic cathedral seemed to have been transformed into the doorstep of a dissenting meeting-house. Then the recollection of the priest gave way to anticipation of the Emperor, and the crowd scattered to right and left, to secure places for a good view of the Imperial *cortège* when it should pass by.

Presently, in one corner of the square, appeared signs of confusion, that threatened to increase to a tumult. The boys perched on a railing near the church-door instantly surrendered their present prospects for the more exciting chances of a scuffle, and rushed over to see what was the matter. Two or three policemen had laid hands upon as many young men, of whom each carried under his arm a bundle of paper placards, that he had attempted to paste on an adjoining wall. The policemen had interrupted this proceeding, and were now endeavouring to get the placards into their possession without any display of violence that should attract the attention of the bystanders. They were so exceedingly anxious to avoid this attention, that when one of the prisoners attempted to proclaim aloud the contents of the forbidden advertisement, his guard clapped a powerful hand upon his mouth, and prevented him from uttering a word.

The affair was at this crisis when the Minister

of Public Instruction, who had finished congratulating the Emperor upon the opportune glory accruing to the reign which had raised up such a preacher, came to the church-door to signal his carriage. Observing the tumult, and scenting sedition in such unauthorised demonstrations, he walked over to the spot to make inquiries of the policemen.

“We have strict orders, your Excellency, to prevent these placards from being posted; and these unmannerly rascals are complaining of tyranny because we do our duty.”

“Let us see one of the placards,” said the Minister.

The prisoner, who had jealously defended his bundle from the policeman, readily surrendered it at the demand of the Minister, relying upon his favourable intervention. His Excellency unrolled a sheet, and read the following announcement, printed in large capitals:

“CHOLERA !!!

“Citizens, the plague has again broken out in our midst. For a week it has been ravaging the city, and is continually on the increase, but the police have kept it secret to avoid alarming the people. Such precautions are puerile and worse than useless, for they prevent the adoption of measures really efficacious to arrest the disease. The undersigned have formed themselves into a Volunteer Board of Health, and are now deliberating upon a plan, which can only be carried into effect by the hearty co-operation of the entire populace. The result of

these deliberations will be made known this evening by public placards. Let every one hold himself in readiness.

“Signed, etc.”

Then followed twenty names from among the most eminent physicians of the city. The Minister shivered a little at this startling news, whose veracity seemed guaranteed by the official exertions for its suppression. He remembered his daughter at home, who had seemed a little ailing that very morning: what if she were even now in the clutch of the horrid pestilence? A hundred possibilities flashed through his mind,—and out again,—for, after all, the Minister was no coward, and was, moreover, too accustomed to fulfilling with dignity all sorts of duties devolving upon his position, to allow himself to be seriously disconcerted by the most unexpected emergency. He was about, therefore, to recommend a decent submission to the authorities on the part of the emissaries of the Board of Health, when a terrible shriek arose from the crowd behind him. In unrolling the bundle of placards the Minister had dropped two or three upon the ground, and some bystanders, eager to gratify their irritated curiosity, had picked them up and distributed them for circulation. The dreadful news spread like wildfire, and fell with tremendous effect upon the people. Their recent meditations on the immortality of the soul had served to excite their imaginations and render their nerves more

sensitive to impressions, but had by no means fortified their minds to resist the fear of sudden death, which now rushed in upon them like a chill and bitter flood. So complete had been their fancied security, that its sudden interruption was as startling as a thunderbolt launched from a clear sky. Exclamations, queries, ejaculations of horror and terror at a danger whose veiled, vague form loomed awfully in the obscurity, burst from a thousand lips, and the crowd rocked hither and thither in blind agitation, like a sea upheaved by a blackening wind.

But the excitement reached its climax when a robust man, standing in the midst, was seen to turn pale and drop down as if dead. Yes, it was true; the plague was among them—here, there, everywhere—its foul breath in every face; no one but might already be unconsciously stricken and marked for the prey. And men looked in one another's eyes for fear. A pregnant woman, who had seen the fall of the first victim, fainted, and another near by shrieked aloud. It was her voice that had interrupted the deliberations of the Minister, and proclaimed the futility of all further attempts at secrecy. And panic, fully awakened by the awful sound of human shrieking, stalked at great strides among the serried ranks of the people, touching their breasts with clammy fingers, and turning their hearts to ice.

“There, you devil's foundlings,” cried an irate

policeman to the prisoners, "I hope you are satisfied with your infernal mischief-making. If I were the Emperor I would hang you all at the nearest lamp-post."

What was to be done? Half an hour of such demoralising terror were more than sufficient to fan the latent epidemic to a full blaze. The perplexed Minister, revolving ways and means, retreated towards the church, and encountered the Emperor getting into his carriage. The sight of the tumult had considerably paled the cheek of valiant Majesty,—one could never be sure of this fickle people,—and a sermon on immortality might serve as well as many another pretext for upsetting Imperialism. So the Emperor was hurrying off quite as fast as was consistent with dignity, when the Minister put his head in at the carriage door.

"Ah, my dear fellow," cried the Emperor, "much relieved to see you with your head on your shoulders. Is it a revolt or a revolution?"

"Neither, your Majesty. It is the cholera."

"God bless my soul! It is high time we were out of the city, then. Tell the man to hurry. I shall leave with the Empress to-morrow."

"A wise precaution. But in the meantime the people are in a regular panic, and something must be done to allay the excitement. If your Majesty would make a little speech before driving away——"

“And expose myself to the infection! And the Prince not yet of age! My dear minister, you are really too inconsiderate.”

“Your Majesty has not forgotten the immense popularity acquired by his famous ancestor, when he visited the plague-hospitals at Jaffa. And there it was really dangerous; while here——”

“The devil take my famous ancestor!” exclaimed the Emperor, hastily.

“Heaven forbid,” ejaculated the minister, “for what would then become of your Majesty?”

“True, true,” said the Emperor, recovering himself; “but the cases are not in the least parallel, and there is such a thing as buying popularity too dear to be able to enjoy it. I thank you, however, for the suggestion, Minister; it was ingenious, and shall be remembered to your account, but now I must really be off.”

And the Imperial carriage whirled away, splendid in all the liveries with which it had turned out to honour the sermon on the immortality of the soul.

Deserted by the chief-of-state, the Minister disconsolately re-entered the cathedral. Not half an hour had elapsed since he had left it, plunged in venerable calm, whose surface had just been stirred by revived faith and illumined by the glow of new devotion. Yet the half hour had sufficed to effect a complete revolution. The crowd swayed to and fro, anxious

to escape from the place, yet held there as if fascinated, broken up into scattered and excited groups. The seats were overturned, the holy-water brush lay on the floor where the sacristan had dropped it in taking flight. People passed sacrilegiously in front of the altar, forgetting to kneel or even cross themselves, and a number had taken refuge in the great organ-loft, as a sort of remote asylum against infection. In the side aisles some foreign travellers, visiting the cathedral to examine its pictures and stained glass, continued their business with stolid determination, occasionally condescending to wonder at the excitement that, from their ignorance of the language, they failed to understand. A dozen medical students had invaded the pulpit, and, seated indifferently on cushion or missal or Bible, discussed the chances of the epidemic, and the agreeable prospects of new places for undergraduates in the provisional hospitals that would doubtless be opened by the Government. Only the crucified Christ still hung in mute agony, as if, amid the overturning of all earthly things, suffering and death alone remained immovable and unchanged.

On the dais raised for the Imperial family had collected a number of men, whose prominent social positions especially charged them with the welfare of society, and who were seriously endeavouring to hit upon some plan adapted to

the present extraordinary emergency. The Ministers of the Interior and of Finance; the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, supported by several eminent professors; the Rector of the Academy; the Members of the Institute; several lawyers, of whom some had distinguished themselves in the legislature; one infirm Senator; the Professor of Rhetoric at the Faculty of Belles-Lettres; the Imperial astronomer; two or three poets, popular or dynastic; a translator of Chinese romances, who also gave lessons in elementary Sanscrit; the Archbishop of the city, and a few priests, who stood a little apart, as if unable to mingle with the other men, even under the pressure of such a common calamity,—all these, removed above the influence of vulgar panic or habit, or character, or pride, or the possession of safe retreats in the country, were trying in sober earnest to devise some means for quieting the affrighted people. To them came the Minister of Public Instruction, but without an expedient in his ingenious brain, and only able to mingle his own perplexity with that of the others. Presently, a side door opened, and the preacher, who had so lately held the multitude captive by his eloquence, passed hastily across the angle of the church, followed by several subordinates. A new idea occurred to the Minister of Public Instruction, and he immediately summoned the rather reluctant priest before the impromptu council.

"You are the very man to save us," exclaimed the Minister, with flattering unction; "come out into the square and make a speech to the people that shall reassure them; remind them of their immortality, and so forth. Nothing could be so admirably calculated to allay this exaggerated terror of dying which is now more likely to kill them than the cholera."

The priest was a tall, thin, pale man, with black hair, black eyes set rather near together, and mobile, nervous lips. In the reaction of fatigue consequent upon his own recent eloquence, it was natural that the inspired glow reflected from visions of immortality should have already faded from his forehead. But as the minister spoke there passed a spasm of such ashen paleness over his face, that its livid contrast of black and white seemed only to suggest—whimsically but irresistibly—plumed hearses and white crape.

"Sermons on immortality," answered the priest, "are of course extremely desirable in these shameful days of failing faith, and constitute a powerful weapon in the hands of the church militant. But my dulness is unable to appreciate their utility as a means of arresting the cholera."

"They should at least elevate the people above the fear of it. Just think of all the beautiful things to which we have been listening this

morning, and for which your reverence really deserves to be decorated,—how the eternal soul is superior to all the accidents of time, how death is but the portal to a new life, and all the rest, with which your reverence is certainly much better acquainted than a poor layman can pretend to be.”

“Yes,” observed the Professor of Rhetoric, “at this moment no idea could be insisted upon with more splendid effect than that of the immortality of the soul.”

“The immortality of the soul,” repeated the priest, mechanically. But as he spoke he looked at the Minister of Rituals and the Professor of Rhetoric, at the learned and polite assembly before which he had been summoned on purpose to invoke the influence of a serene and heavenly faith. A long-repressed truth leapt up violently to his eyes, and called its fellow from the other eyes that were looking blankly upon one another. *Each recognised at that moment that no one of them believed in the Immortality of the Soul!*

The mutual recognition was so subtle and complete, that it was as if a fathomless abyss of emptiness had suddenly yawned open at the feet of the smooth champions of a pasteboard creed, and they shrank back instinctively from the brink. In silence they fell apart from one another, for the common infidelity, whose secret

ravages had been concealed by the carefully preserved shell of expediency, had, like corroding acid, eaten away all ties which might bind them together. Without further hindrance the priest made good his escape, and was presently followed by the Archbishop, who hastened to devour his vexation over his own failure to utter an effective word at the critical moment. But the moment was past and could not return, the avowal had been made and could not be recalled. The council was dissolved by its own impotence, and its members melted quietly away, each feeling that, for the present, good taste forbade further deliberation.

Out in the square the panic continued to increase, fed by new rumours and incidents, which justified the wildest alarms. Whether under the influence of the excitement, or because the cholera-poison had really reached such a deadly pitch of concentration as to slay its victims suddenly in the midst of health, three other persons had fallen, of whom one was reported already dead. In a momentary access of frenzy, a portion of the crowd swept backwards over the narrow bridge which spanned the river, trying to escape the focus of infection. In the press, a child fell into the water and was drowned. Its mother screamed, but no one pitied her: was she not rather to be congratulated that her boy had escaped the cholera? And the human flood rolled

back again into the empty space, as a wave returning upon a shore from which the sea has been driven by an earthquake. A man with stooping shoulders, and shaggy eye-brows, and deep-set troubled eyes—a Protestant from a distant land—took up the wail of the people into his own heart, and re-echoed it in hollow tones, and with waving arms as of a man who drowns in an engulfing sea.

“Woe, woe, woe to Jerusalem! Two men shall be working in a field; one shall be taken and the other shall be left! Two women shall be grinding at a mill; one shall be taken and the other shall be left!”

And upon the Catholic ears the words fell unfamiliar, and with all the force of a new and solemn prophecy, to confirm their shuddering apprehensions.

On the other side of the square, but still in the shadow of the house of God (according to stipulation), the Emperor had begun to build a splendid white marble hospital, that promised to be, one day, an even greater ornament to the city than the new opera. In front of the building lay a pile of stones, which had been recently occupied by a crowd of boys, but was now deserted. A man who had hitherto stood quietly apart, now mounted this pile, and turned toward the people, as if to claim their hearing for some message he was commissioned to repeat.

"Friends," he said.

Something in the voice, the word, arrested the attention of the near bystanders, and their expectant hush awakened the curiosity of those farther off, so that a hundred eyes turned at once upon the speaker.

He was a small, slight man, with no beauty save in his lofty forehead and fair, floating hair. At first glance he might appear almost insignificant, but the second discovered a peculiar charm in the very absence of any egotistic and overpowering personality, which left his nature a transparent medium for vaster influences than would have sprung from himself alone. And in the full, sweet voice was directly revealed a soul, strong, complete, and fiery, burning brightly through the frail body, like a lamp set in a translucent vase.

"Friends, dear friends," said the speaker, "do you know that your terror at this moment reminds me of that of a boy who has been sent on some errand into the dark? He returns scared and trembling, not knowing whether he has seen a bear or a ghost, but only terribly frightened, because—he is afraid!"

The simple, homely words came to the people in their overstrained tension of feeling as soothingly as the touch of a hand to a child crying from nightmare. They drew nearer and listened, and the shaggy-browed Protestant drew near also.

"So the darkness is woful to all of us, and we see phantoms and hobgoblins at night in the very fields where we have been plucking daises and clover-blossoms a few hours ago. Come into the light, and let us look at this terror of yours together. You have heard that an epidemic has broken out in the city, and you are afraid of dying?"

"Three persons have died here in the last hour," said a bystander, and quaked as he said it.

"I know it. When this hospital is built, more than three persons will die in it every day."

"But not of the cholera."

"No, but they will die, and become very still, and be buried, and we shall see them no more; and neither when they are dying nor when they are dead will they know any difference because it is not the cholera. It is not death that you are afraid of."

"But death is dreadful," said a young woman standing near the speaker: she had full red lips and wore a white lace-bonnet set jauntily upon rippling hair—a bride, and scarcely yet accustomed to the pressure of the husband's arm upon which she leant.

"No," said the speaker firmly, "death is not dreadful. At this moment, if you heard the blast of a trumpet and the roar of artillery, and learned that the enemy had forced the fortifica-

tions and taken possession of the heart of the city, who among you men would not spring to arms? who among you women would not bid husband and son confront death to save the country from eternal shame?"

The blood that had curdled around panic-stricken hearts bounded forwards again for a moment in a free pulsation.

"But it is dreadful to die, mown down passively like sheep by the murrain,—uselessly, under the tyranny of a plague, like miserable slaves flogged by their masters. It is this that you are afraid of, this the terror which chills you into dismay. And so long as that fear exists merely for yourselves, it is a panic; but should you begin to be afraid for the people in other quarters of the city—in the next street—here, standing at your side—do you know what would become of your fear? You would no longer recognise it, for it would have become courage,—just as when you fight to the death from fear of the enemy."

A woman sitting on the curbstone, with a baby in her arms, and who had stopped sobbing to listen to the speaker, here began to cry afresh.

"I thought you had come to comfort us," she exclaimed; "but like all the rest, you keep saying that we must die!"

"Have you not just been told that you will live for ever?" said the speaker, with a strange smile.

The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

“Ah, life in Eternity is more intolerable than death in Time!” she cried.

“Death is not always intolerable,” said the speaker. “There are many among you who have longed for it for years as the only escape from miseries grown too heavy to be borne: and others, whose life has been so full and perfect that they have already achieved all earthly blessedness, and may willingly step aside to give others place, before the evil days come upon them. But it is not so with a poor watchmaker whom I saw this morning, who for ten years has been working to free himself from heavy debt, and whose hair has grown grey with harrowing anxiety. This week he touched the goal, the last chain was stricken off, he lifted himself straight up for the first time; to-day he lies stricken with the cholera. So a widow-woman, who has struggled against famine and despair to gain a standing-place in the world for four little ones. They have just grown strong enough to help themselves, and make life a little sweet for their careworn mother. But there is little they can do, for she was seized with the cholera yesterday. And I know another whose life has been rendered a living death by a drunken husband. He died of the cholera the other morning—but she died at night. And two

lovers, whose years have been consumed in fruitless longing for each other, and who at last have been clasped in each other's arms—for a moment,—and the next, the bride was cold, and the bridegroom driven out from his first joy by an endless desolation more cruel than the cholera. And there are little children for whose birth the whole creation has travailed in pain together,—and over whose graves the whole creation weeps bitter, useless tears. Friends, we should not suffer these untimely deaths."

So strangely had the people been soothed by the first words of the speaker, bringing them back from grotesque and shapeless horrors into the region of familiar things, that their fears seemed to be rather diminished than increased by the assurance of the formidable reality of the epidemic; and at the concluding sentence, with its suggestion of voluntary escape from the calamity by practical exertion, a slight cheerful movement ran through the multitude, as when a little wind stirs the air, long time heavy and lurid with impending storm.

"It is shameful to succumb passively ourselves; it is unutterably wicked to give over our fellows to death to pay our ransom. We steal their lives when we save our own at their expense—in indifference to them. Steal! We murder them, and should be henceforth counted

as felons, who, though escaped from the galleys, remain indelibly branded with the insignia of their crime. For whence comes this cholera? From the hovels of the poor. And who are to be its victims? The miserable poor. And we, who have built their hovels, who have left them in their misery, have we not entered into a pact with the cholera, and taken the powers of darkness for our allies?"

"I have heard of a company of men who travelled across a wilderness, and lost their way. They wandered about in vain for days; the stock of provision ran low; the feeble in the party fainted and fell by the road. Finally it was decided to leave these latter, while the stronger should push forward rapidly to find assistance. They set out, promising to return, and by forced marches at length succeeded in reaching the seashore. But once in safety, the wilderness from which they had escaped seemed more and more dreadful to them. They loathed the very thought of returning. They argued that their companions must have already starved; that they could not be found; that a second journey would only cost another useless sacrifice of life. In a word, they abandoned their fellows who had put their trust in them, and years afterwards other travellers found the skeletons of the deserted wretches bleaching in the wilderness, eternal witnesses to the cowardly treachery.

But *you*, you would rather go back into the wilderness, would you not?"

The strong, tender heart of the man vibrated so powerfully in the pleading tones that every heart in that vast multitude vibrated in unison. The Protestant preacher came still nearer, until he almost brushed the speaker's arm, extended in entreaty.

"Oh, if you knew the frenzy, the despair of those who have been thus abandoned!—how they wander hither and thither in their vast prison-house, until their limbs fail them and their eyes grow dim in watching for the help that never comes! And the famine that wastes their bodies, and the fever that burns in their veins, are less terrible than the agony that wrings their hearts, and the blind, wild, heart-fury that begins to rage against the human beings that have thrust them out into outer darkness, and barred the cruel door.

"There are some among us who have always been thrust out. From all eternity they waited to be born, and when their moment of life had come and they hastened to the feast, we have put them off with miserable scraps, or even cups of poison, to rid ourselves of their importunity. Do you know how terrible it is to have been always unhappy?—to suffer, not from the grief of an hour, a day, that passes like a thunder-storm and leaves the air clearer, but from thick, constant, impenetrable gloom, shutting in the whole jour-

ney from the cradle to the grave? Not a day of sunlight, not a moment in which to breathe and say, 'I live, I enjoy.' Yet such woful lives exist; they swarm like unhealthy fungi in your great city, turning to lividness the white marble of your hospitals and cathedrals. O that you could feel these lives! You see them, you talk about them, but you do not feel them, otherwise your whole society would long ago have been convulsed with such a mighty shudder as should have roused it from its lethargy. You are like a paralyzed man, who imagines that his feet no longer form part of his body, and abandons them heedlessly to gangrene, trusting to save himself by amputation. Miserable imbeciles! are you not afraid that the gangrene will spread, and reach your cold heart and indifferent brain? You sit in sumptuous ease, and listen to the dull roaring of the multitude at your gates, like sheltered householders who sleep more luxuriously when the roof rattles with the pelting storm. You weary yourselves for occupation, while millions are bent double with toil. You tickle your dainty fancies with tragic verses, and leave the ground thirsty for your unfallen tears. You waste your strength in dreams and aspirations, and faint at the mere thought of lifting the burden from the world. Shame on you, dullards and unnatural egotists! Shame on you, delicate women, who dare not adventure the sole of your

foot to the ground for delicateness, yet suffer others to wade through the furrows carrying unborn children in their womb! Shame on you, skilful men, whose intellects have sounded the heavens for fame, and the earth for riches, yet are impotent to deliver those sitting in the gloom that shall presently blot out your own stars! What are all your achievements while this remains undone? your greatness, which stands confessed so infinitely little? These hours of elegant leisure, when the floods are upon us, and the dykes have given way? Why, we cannot afford to pause, to breathe, till the deliverance be accomplished. Insensate our playthings, our bonbons, our petty pastimes, while this hydra of human misery remains unslain! It is as if a boy should continue to spin his top though enfolded in the embrace of a boa constrictor, or a prisoner to play at chess in the cart that was hurrying him to the scaffold. Our seriousness is laughable, our labour puerile, in view of the task to be accomplished. We are hirelings to work by the day, and have no heart in our work. Like stranger mercenaries, newly charged with the defence of a foreign city, we confound our friends and our foes, and, from sheer ignorance, open the gates to miseries, hatreds, famine, pestilence, battle, murder, and sudden death. And then idly bemoan the feebleness of the walls in which our own hands have made the breach!

“When will this end? When shall we cease to fold our arms in expectation of some divine recompense for self-inflicted woes, some righting of the wrongs of which we have been guilty? It is easy, we are told, for those who have faith, to sit quietly in patience, looking for the day of judgment and the millennium that shall follow. I know not,—but I know that it is terribly difficult, that it is impossible, for those into whose souls the iron has entered, whose eyes run rivers of water because of the dishonoured law, whose hearts burn with sacred passion over the wounds of humanity,—it is impossible for them to keep silence. They will wait no longer for the slow purpose that waits upon them; they are sick of the tedious revolution of eternities; they have done with chaos, and spoken a great word, Let there be light!

“And you, who stand here to-day with your loins girded for battle, you who have resolved this time to roll back the huge weight that threatens to crush you, the fire is kindled in your hearts also. If you are now penetrated by the Faith which can move mountains, by the Courage which can despise death, by the Love which can enfold the world in resistless tenderness, you may yourselves arrest the march of the cholera, and save the city from perishing.”

The speaker had touched the goal, but its inertia repelled him again for a moment. A

thick-set man, over whose round face conflicting emotions of good-nature and personal anxiety had been for some time chasing each other in rapid succession, interrupted the pause.

"After all, it is not so agreeable to catch the cholera for the sake of saving the shoemaker next door."

"I have read," said the speaker, again with that strange smile, "in the history of a people to whom an ark of the Lord had been confided, that when the priests who carried it came to the river, the waters rose up on either hand, so that they passed over dry-shod.

"And," continued the speaker, "there is really no alternative. We are shut up between two possible deaths, from which we can only escape by creating our lives anew. He who flies alone to escape the cholera is none the less dead, for he who saveth his life shall lose it; and the death that we shall encounter presently, when we set about our work, is no death, but the culmination of our lives, to which we mount by the unshackled strength of our free wills. Only, if we fall, let our bodies be unshamed by wounds in the back!"

"Now," said the Protestant, "it only remains for you to tell us what you yourself believe."

The slight frame of the speaker dilated with sudden energy.

"I believe in Life," he cried, "because I am

alive; and I believe in Death, because it is crouching at our doors; and I believe in the immortal conflict between Life and Death; and to this conflict, friends, I invite you!"

The people lifted up their voices as a single mighty voice, for they had become one.

"Show us the way," they cried; "we will follow you!"

Then the speaker unfolded the plan, the gigantic plan for arresting the cholera: to depopulate the city, to carry off the human masses from their holes and lurking-places, where their own bodies bred the pestilence, and scatter them in the country for miles along the river; thus to let the plague die out for want of fuel. To realise this plan, strength, labour, money, must be lavished like water, the whole machinery of society stopped, and a thousand barriers, physical and spiritual, burned to the ground, in the all-devouring flame of a tremendous and universal enthusiasm. All fixed institutions, once created by free human activity, must be loosened from their immobilised foundations by the flood-tide of that activity risen again to its original freedom. Life alone, intense, mobile, overflowing, could resist the threatened stagnation and paralysis of death.

The flame was kindled, the people entered upon their transfiguration. Out from the cathedral square they thronged, following the

fair-haired speaker. Through the open sunlit streets, down into the shameful alleys and reeking lanes, all along the splendid boulevards, poured the mighty host, and at each step gathered in volume and snatched new victims from the jaws of the destroyer. Society seemed to have suddenly sprung into individual self-consciousness, and become everywhere animated by a single thought and single will. Innumerable committees organised spontaneously for different sections of the work, with as much effective precision as organs shape themselves out of the fluid mass of an embryonic body. Some superintended the transportation, pressing into the service all forces of man or beast or steam by which to advance the emigrants that streamed out through the hundred gates of the city. Others pitched tents in the fields, far down the river, as for a new Feast of the Tabernacles, and erected storehouses for supplies of food during the period of exile. Many tended the sick or buried in silence the bodies of those who had fallen by the way, and whose places were instantly filled by new volunteers. All joined in the work; merchants brought clothing and stores from the closed markets, waggoners lent their teams, labourers sealed up houses and strong boxes until the return of their owners. Men carried the feeble on their backs, women took babies clinging to their dead mothers and

nursed them at their own bosoms, children ran back for the playthings of their comrades or guarded the little ones from danger. It was a new Elevation of the Host.

For seven days and seven nights that great multitude swept through the city, and its streets ceased not to re-echo the tramp of hurrying feet, nor its walls to vibrate with the passion of human enthusiasm. And at last, in the early dawn of the morning, the people paused again at the great square before the cathedral. The plague was stayed, and, before the miracle of their own power, they stood hushed in awe. The dawn grew brighter and brighter upon the uplifted brows, and presently, from across the river, streamed the slant rays of the morning sun. And, as if the warm brightness had touched that exalted hush into conscious life and music, the people, standing there before the cathedral, bowed the head, and then lifted up the voices with one accord and sang a new hymn.

What was the new hymn sung by the people in the dawn of the morning?

Ah! that I cannot tell. For mine eyes followed the fair-haired speaker, who had already wandered far away down the river. No man has more than one word,—he had uttered his, and now had no part in the singing.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE

MY brief residence at Rome sufficed to destroy my illusions.

A Frenchman, a student of medicine, I had, nevertheless, remained an ardent disciple of Catholicism,—the faith in which I had been brought up by a devout mother. She was an Italian, and from her I had inherited an intense, passionate nature, and capacity for belief, which my father's nationality failed to neutralise. From him, on the other hand, I had received my education, my profession, and a certain large habit of thought, which, disdaining all lesser interests, personal or national, occupied itself exclusively with themes of universal humanity. This habit, extremely characteristic of French intellect, concurred,—perhaps as much as anything else,—in making me an ultra-montanist. As an Italian, I believed in the Church with ardour,—because I believed; as a Frenchman, I demanded a church universal, as alone worthy of attaching my belief. The cause of the Pope was for me identified with the spiritual cause of the world, and the lukewariness of so-called Liberal Catholics

enraged me. I could understand the opposition of materialists, of atheists, or even Protestants. These all occupied a radically different base, and their eyes were turned toward a different horizon. But that a man could face Truth, and voluntarily scrimp his vision to a miserable corner of her robe,—could embrace a principle coldly, with the mere touch of a distant finger,—could pause to balance motives, and haggle over the price of devotion,—this was as incomprehensible to me as repugnant. My own sentiments were equally incomprehensible to the society by which I was surrounded, and the opposition which I constantly encountered served not a little to rivet my convictions, and fan my enthusiasm to passion.

My father died almost immediately after launching me on my medical career,—and my darling mother, two years later. In my unutterable loneliness, I lost all heart for my studies, and breaking away from école and hospitals, wandered in Italy, seeking to quench a quenchless grief. There I married an Italian girl, whose hair and eyes reminded me of my mother, but who expended on the dream of Italian unity such enthusiasm as my mother had lavished for the temporal power of the Pope. I think I was unconsciously attracted by this very difference. Valeria's opposition to the Pope was so serious and whole-souled, that it seemed to invest his

cause with new dignity, and in argument with her I acquired increased respect for my own theories and for myself as capable of sustaining them. Moreover, at the very moment that our intellects were most at variance, we were each conscious of a subtle sympathy of nature; we were animated by the same feeling, though working in different directions. Her antagonism, therefore, never irritated me, but,—when the more profound union had once been established,—fascinated me by a peculiar charm, and led me, by a healthful transition, back to the ruder antagonisms of practical life. For, deprived of the support of my mother's lofty confidence, and in the weakness following excessive sorrow, I had begun to secretly despair of an ideal, which seemed buried in her all-devouring grave. At the same time I clung to it the more intensely, precisely because it seemed unattainable,—from a sort of morbid craving for whatever had become as unattainable as my mother's presence. I loathed action, even for the realisation of my dreams, and over-concentrated thought threatened to degenerate into a sickly reverie that should presently exhaust the forces of my life, like an unnaturally prolonged sleep. New influence added in this direction might have driven me insane, while the diversion afforded by Valeria's counter-enthusiasm and the necessity of making an active defence of my own, roused

me, and brought back the blood to the surface of my life. It was, therefore, partly an instinct of self-preservation which led me to Valeria,—and she saved me—my noble wife saved me for other destinies.

We returned to Paris, where I resumed and completed my medical studies, and I had just graduated when the war broke out in Italy.

Four happy, healthful years had completely restored my mental equilibrium. I was no longer an extravagant fanatic, prepared for a cloister or a crusade,—but still a tolerably ardent ultra-montanist, pivoted upon the theory of the temporal power of the Pope. Valeria's influence, in modifying the superficial exuberance of my enthusiasm, had only rendered its energy more practical, more eager for an opportunity to incarnate its ideal in vigorous facts. Now the opportunity had arrived, and the enthusiasm blazed forth afresh; all interest, all consciousness of other ties were absorbed in devotion to the Church of which I felt myself a not unimportant member. My fortune, my time, my life, were all too little to place at its disposal, and I hastened to enrol myself on the medical staff of a regiment of Papal Zouaves. Valeria, who had always reasoned against my theories, was too consistent herself to oppose me in putting them into practice, but she insisted on accompanying me to Italy. We parted at Civita Vecchia, I to

go to Rome, she, with our two children, to Naples, where her family had formerly resided. She wrote to me every day, but after several weeks came a blank of three days without a letter. At the same moment arrived the news that the cholera was raging at Naples—news which rendered most ominous this sudden interruption of the correspondence. I obtained leave of absence and hurried south, to learn that my wife and babies were dead—fallen among the very first victims of the pestilence.

Stunned and heart-sick, I returned to Rome, anxious to devote myself to the cause with the more desperate earnestness that it was the only living interest left to me in the world. I arrived just before the battle of Montana, and regretted that fortune had not assigned me a rôle among the soldiers of the cross, among those who might embrace a welcome death, in exchange for the glory of serving the Church. Resolved to approach this honour as nearly as possible, I contrived to obtain an appointment in the ambulance corps, and accompanied the troops to the field. I have no distinct recollection of that day,—the third after Valeria's funeral,—and which, as my first experience of a battle, assumed to me the magnificent proportions of an Austerlitz or Waterloo. I only know that, intoxicated by the novel excitement of the scene, perhaps by the mere smell of the gunpowder, I

forgot the duties to which I was assigned, snatched a musket from a Zouave who had just expired at my feet, and rushed into the heart of the conflict. I received a slight wound in the forehead, staggered, fell, and fainted away. I suppose I must, at the same time, have received the shock from a larger ball than that which grazed my temple, and experienced some concussion of the brain, for I did not fully recover consciousness until I had been transported to the military hospital.

Here I stayed a week, and came, for the first time, into near contact with my fellow-defenders of the faith. The contact, instead of warming, chilled me inexplicably. Instead of belief, I discovered scepticism; instead of enthusiasm, persiflage and eternal quizzing, intolerable in professed martyrs to a sacred cause.

"Que voulez-vous?" they said, shrugging their shoulders at my indignant remonstrances. "The ass who carries all his panniers on the same side stumbles on his nose. To each man his business; those who believe, don't fight; and we who fight cannot be expected to believe."

I was surprised to find that my own loyalty became affected by this indifference, much more than by any influence to which I had hitherto been submitted. Others had sneered because they did not know; but these men precisely

because they knew too well. The cause which depended so exclusively on their bravado was belittled in their own eyes, and presently in mine also. I felt somewhat ashamed of the drops of blood I had lavished so heroically at Montana, and when the gazettes began to flourish the fame of the victory, repeat the dying speeches of fallen braves, and enrol rascally Zouaves on saintly calendars, I could have blushed in the dark—everywhere a little martyrdom, a little battle, and innumerable little apotheoses. I began to doubt the greatness of the cause made up of such infinitesimals. It is easy to serve ideas in which we have ceased to heartily believe, but it is impossible to fight for those that have become to us the least in the world ridiculous. Perhaps Valeria's death had unconsciously disheartened me for an enterprise which had been, however remotely, its occasion. Perhaps many of her words, whose force I had successfully resisted during her lifetime, now re-echoed from her grave with more profound significance. But it is certain that, for the first time, I wavered in affection for my life-long ideal. Alarmed at myself, and determined, if possible, to reinvigorate my failing faith, I went back to Rome, trusting that the Holy City would inspire me afresh. Appointed to a civil office of considerable importance, I was soon introduced into the midst of the Papal Court, and behind

the scenes of the magnificent theatrical display that had so long dazzled my imagination. I was initiated into the shameful mysteries of cabal and intrigue, and taught the precious secrets of Pope and Cardinals. On every side I saw falsehood, treachery, and duplicity welcomed as the ablest servitors of truth, the grandest professions assumed as an excuse for the most vulgar villainy, ambition glozed over by degrading humility, and sensuality all the more disgusting from the saintly robes in which it was paraded and but half concealed. My faith, already enfeebled, died of rapid decline, stifled by these monstrous fooleries. Disenchanted, revolted, disgusted, I resigned my position, and abandoned the Pope and his cause forever.

I did not, therefore, enlist under Garibaldi. A tenacious loyalty to the memory of ideas I had once served would always prevent me from more actively attacking them, or from desecrating their graves. Moreover, the revulsion of feeling consequent upon my disillusion was so tremendous, that I was swept entirely out of the region of the questions at issue, and both sides became indifferent to me, both camps dim and shadowy in the distance.

I returned, therefore, to France, and settled down in a remote corner of the provinces, to exercise my profession as a country physician. After the accumulated anguish of the last few

months, the quiet dulness of the place was infinitely grateful to me. I was like a bruised swimmer, tossed upon a monotonous sandbank, who only asks to be left there in peace, until long repose has rested the aching limbs, and blunted the harrowing recollections of the shipwreck. The incessant excitement of Paris was intolerable to me, and scarcely less so the idea of revisiting its troops of sympathetic friends. They would proffer venal consolation for the loss of my wife and children; they would congratulate me maliciously on my conversion from ultramontaniam. I shrank from their curious eyes and voluble tongues, as a wounded man from the glittering apparatus of the surgeon, and like him turned over my face to the wall, to sleep.

Two years thus passed away—two years of mornings and evenings, following one another in calm succession, like a row of stolid peasant gleaners going to the fields. I became inexpressibly soothed by their calm, and by the nice tact and exquisite courtesy of Nature, with whom I had done well to take refuge. She is never astonished, she asks no impertinent questions, but welcomes her guests with even suavity, like a liberal host, throwing open to them drawing-room or garret, as may best please their fancy. The growing trees had no time to turn round to look at me; the contented

hills embraced me in their arms, and let me pass without a word; the grain ripened in the mel-low autumn days, unheeding the little shadow that I threw across its sunshine. This preoccu-pied indifference of all living things, which would initiate a mere vexation, clamorous for sympathy, is like blessed balm to the sufferer from a profound grief or mortification. Counsel is good, friendliness precious, while any thing remains to be done to avert an impending calam-ity. But pitying words over an accomplished and irremediable misfortune, serve only to re-vive a useless pain, and blunder, like a man who should try to force open the eyelids of a corpse. Nature, wiser than officious human tender-ness, takes the sorrow coolly, as a matter of course, and in silence buries it out of sight among a million others, already thickly strewn with withered leaves. And, in the presence of her imperturbable serenity during the blackest days of frost and winter, the sufferer becomes insensibly inspired with her unspoken confi-dence in the final return of spring. The people of the village and the farms, rooted as their own beeches, reflected back upon Nature the same immovable calm. They did not disturb them-selves about me, because my rôle in society was so evident, respectable, and satisfactory, that I offered no foothold for either curiosity or scan-dal. I had been sent by Providence and the

Faculty of Medicine to cure their not too frequent rheumatisms and catarrhs; I acquitted myself not ill of my business,—they asked no more,—and neither offered nor expected personal interest or friendship.

As the months rolled on, I became more interested than formerly in medical reading. Absorbed entirely in my books, I even fancied that the healing apathy which sheltered my life was growing more profound. This was a mistake; the thickening of the vapours that shut out the external world, really denoted that they were about to condense and precipitate themselves into a new creation. New interests were preparing, that should presently claim from my nature all the energy, enthusiasm, and passion which had once been devoted to the old. Of this I became aware in the following manner. One day, among a package of books sent to me from Paris, arrived a pamphlet just written in defence of a new theory concerning the movements of the human heart. My curiosity was excited by the idea of a new theory on such a famous subject, and my interest was by no means abated after perusal of the pamphlet. Exposition of this theory would demand a crowd of technical details, unintelligible to the general reader, and therefore inappropriate in this place. But let such a one take the trouble to listen for a moment to the ticking of a heart, seemingly

so monotonous, simple, and easy to understand, and then reflect that the slight elements discoverable in this little sound, have been forced by human intellect into at least twenty different combinations, and afforded ground for as many theories, each defended with impassioned earnestness by a different observer. He may then realise something of the interest which attaches to the explanation of this phenomenon—may even experience a sort of mental vertigo, as if he had witnessed the evolution of a world out of nothing. Owing to the paucity of the facts to be observed, the finesse requisite for the observation, and the intellectual dexterity needed to retain such minute circumstances before the mind long enough to think about them, the problem is one of the most delicate and intricate offered by physiological science. Once engaged in its discussion, the mind becomes hopelessly fascinated, and continues to pirouette about an invisible point, that is neither a thought nor a material phenomenon, but, as it were, a refined essence of both.

As in all series of vital actions, each item of the phenomenon in question is so interlinked with the rest, that an explanation of a part can never be considered final, so long as any problem remains unresolved. The latest experimentator, brooding over hitherto neglected details, may always hope to light upon some

clue that shall unravel the entire entanglement in a different manner, and reform, upon a new basis, ideas now grouped in pretended fixity. The excitement caused by this possibility is amply sufficient to stimulate research. And there is no need to discover an immediate practical application for the theory, in order to bait the interest of vulgar minds. These would always be incapable of such difficult investigations, while really competent students were supremely indifferent to all lesser advantages attached to the discovery of truth. As for me, I had been so long removed from active life and its necessities (for my professional career had as yet been too facile and commonplace to arouse me to them), that the impractical character of the subject constituted for me an additional charm. I recognised that it belonged, for the present at least, to the region of pure thought, pure science, accessible only to intelligences refined by nature, and enriched by superior culture. In addition, therefore, to the intrinsic interest of the problem, and the solid satisfaction arising from acute intellectual activity, I could, in pursuit of this theme, experience all the subtle pleasure derived from a consciousness of personal superiority—pleasure as attainable in solitude as elsewhere, since the superiority was too real and unquestionable to require the confirmatory suffrage of the crowd.

I abandoned all other studies, and threw myself impetuously into the current of these newly received ideas. I ransacked my library, from Herophilus to Haller, from Galen to Helmholtz. England, Germany, Italy, France yielded up their tribute to my excited curiosity. And the theme, shifted, retracted from intellect to intellect, multiplied itself by bewildering complexity.

Not content with reading, I performed experiments, repeating those of my predecessors, and inventing new to control their conclusions. "With my own hands I stirred the soil, fetid and palpitating with life," and in this inmost intimacy with Nature felt myself grow strong, as Antæus by contact with the mother Earth. Thus roused from my long torpor into the most intense activity,—for all activity is slack in comparison with that of thought,—I became dissatisfied with the facility of my present surroundings. I was anxious to pit myself against the world of Paris. I wanted opposition, contradiction, in order to vanquish them, and absorb their force into the glory of my triumph. Moreover, my studies had now reached a point where they required the assistance that could only be obtained in a great city; in a word, I resolved to return to the capital, for a longer or shorter time, as the sequel should prove desirable. My means rendered me independent of my *clientèle*, and I left my patients without regret to the care of an easily procured

substitute. It is so rare to alight upon an interesting case in the country! Nothing but rheumatism and measles, measles and rheumatism, and never an autopsy,—it is as monotonous as the treatment of fever and ague. I longed for the vast metropolitan hospitals, containing specimens of every shade of disease, and affording unlimited opportunities for auscultation. Of these I stood especially in need, for the train of thought suggested by physiological experiment must be completed by pathological researches, which could only be carried on at Paris.

To Paris, therefore, I came, as to a new world, so completely had I been separated from it during the two last years. It was as if one of the spirits in the metempsychosis imagined by Fourier, had returned to the brilliant sphere from which death had driven him in temporary exile. I was at first enchanted, intoxicated. The mental activity which had seemed so intense in the sluggish province, needed to be quickened fourfold to keep abreast of the intellects with which I entered into relation, and the consciousness of the quickening affected me as with new wine. But, as I grew accustomed to my new medium, I became again subtly dissatisfied. It was not enough to be abreast of the world, I wanted to be a little ahead. In my solitude it was easy to cherish illusions concerning the value of my own work, to picture myself as a mighty and triumph-

ant wrestler with Nature, capable, by his single strength, of forcing her reluctant secrets, to reveal them afterwards to an admiring world. But at Paris, with its enormous condensation of intellectual force, I could not flatter myself on the solitary greatness of my achievements, nor ignore the collective action of society. Whatever my attainment, I should be forced to share its fame with a hundred other workers, who had lent me, unasked, their aid. The distance between the person who uttered the last word, and him who said the next to the last, was infinitesimal, and this close proximity annoyed me. I longed for some brilliant occasion to surpass all my contemporaries in one grand bound; an opportunity to bestow on science and humanity some unique benefit that could never be compared with those accumulated by lesser men. One day, revolving many things in my mind, I entered the Bibliothèque Impériale. Strolling idly past the grated bookcases, my attention was attracted by the title of a thin folio, wedged in between Lavater and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. An inexplicable impulse led me to demand this book, the *History of Vesalius and His Times*. I had no particular reason, that I know of, to be interested in Vesalius; I merely followed an idle whim, suggested rather by the peculiar shape and position of the folio, than by any solid reason; and this whim did not hurry me out of my lounging

mood. I settled myself in one of the windows, and leisurely turned over the leaves of my book, reading a line here and a phrase there, until I alighted and settled upon the following passage:

“So the rumour spread abroad that Vesalius had opened the chest of a living man to see his heart beat. And upon that the people were in a fury and the court hissed with rage, and Vesalius was obliged to flee from Spain before the power of the Inquisition; and some say that he then made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But on his return he was shipwrecked on a desolate island and perished miserably. Hubert, in his *Vindiciæ contra tyrannus*, reports this history to the eternal shame of the Jesuits.”

The world often describes with minuteness the material framework of such noisy events as have impressed its coarse sensibilities. But it commonly neglects, because ignoring, the scenes wherein have taken place the crises of thought, or occurred the birth of new, indomitable ideas. To the thinker, however, such outer scenes remain inextricably associated with the thought that has sprung to life in their midst. To this day I preserve a vivid recollection of every item of the place where I read the story of Vesalius; the lofty reading-room, with its confused lining of many-coloured books, the tables crowded by eager students, the broad, deep windows through which the sun streamed, and from which I, sitting with open folio on my lap, watched the shifting fountain and the swaying trees and the

long, untrimmed grass in the courtyard below. For the story seemed to have laid hold of my inmost soul, and touched the spring of a long-hidden desire. Why I was so moved, I could not tell. What issue would open to this whirlpool of vague excitement in which I had fallen, I had no idea. But I was profoundly conscious both of the excitement and the emotion, and, with that refined epicureanism of which intellectual people alone are capable, I abandoned myself, for a time, to the subtle luxury of their enjoyment.

My reverie was interrupted by the clanging of the great clock and the scarcely less harsh voice of the *gardien* as he announced the hour for closing the library. Still wrapped in fantastic meditation, I descended the stairs to the street, and followed the rue Richelieu to the boulevard, there to mingle with the human stream that endlessly encircled the city like a new army of Gideon. Drifting in the current, I reached the Bastille, crossed the Pont d'Austerlitz, gained the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, and continued walking to the Invalides, to the avenues Jena and Wagram, and from the Place des Ternes, all along the exterior rampart. And as I walked, my entangled thoughts gradually disengaged themselves into clearness and precision.

The biographer of Vesalius, who evidently shared the prejudices of the people, had exerted

himself strenuously to disprove the calumny attached to the name of the great anatomist. He, like the rest, was blinded by that vulgar egotism which clamorously prefers the interests of individuals to those of society,—egotism no less short-sighted than vulgar, for the large and abstract interests cared for by science are precisely those which shall ultimately affect the greatest number of individuals; and no less inconsequent than short-sighted, since no one hesitates to ruin entire hosts of individuals upon the faintest chance of promoting the material interests of society. A stock company may immolate hundreds during the construction of a Panama railroad—a sovereign sacrifice thousands in the contest for a Crimean peninsula; the hue and cry only begins when the savant modestly begs permission to utilise a single life for the advancement of science. He is execrated as a monster, and burned alive in expiation of his crime. Absurd inconsistency, trivial superstition! from which it is time that at least the scientific world were emancipated. Long enough has the ignorant rabble exercised brute tyranny over intellects towering above its comprehension. The time for concession is past, the moment has arrived for the savant to assume the sway that rightfully devolves upon him, and declare the confiscation of all claims to the supreme interest of the search after truth.

For my part, therefore, so far from blaming Vesalius because he had dissected a living man, I should have accorded him most profound reverence for this proof of elevation above ordinary prejudice. And the more I thought over the matter, the more I became convinced that the accusation was well founded, that the deed had really been performed, which moral cowardice alone induced the glorious criminal to disavow.

My brooding fancy, satiated with the image of the great anatomist, began to occupy itself with his so-called victim. Who was he? what motive had induced him to surrender his body to the scalpel of the master, his life to the realisation of the master's idea? A slave, a debtor, from whom the ingenious savant had thus exacted a pound of flesh? a trembling poltroon, forced to the sacrifice more reluctantly than Isaac to the altar? I preferred rather to believe that it was a favourite pupil, burning with enthusiasm for the master, joyful to participate in his mighty labours at the cheap expense of his own lesser life. Had Vesalius been a general, and he an aide-de-camp before a rampart, all the world would have applauded him, rushing upon death at the word of command. I myself had known, by a brief experience, the thrilling impulse to fight, to die, in behalf of a cause. Rivers of blood had been shed for honour, for loyalty, for patriotism. Was the desire for truth less ardent than these worn-

out passions! Could it not rather supply their place in the new world about to be created by science? What could produce a greater impression upon the entire world, and more forcibly announce the inauguration of a new era, than the voice of a man who should declare, "I refuse to draw my sword for the hideous folly of war; to surrender my life at the absurd caprice of princes; but I offer myself cheerfully, unreservedly, as the instrument of Science, in her majestic schemes for the discovery of truth!"

My recent studies on the problem of the heart's movements brought me into peculiar sympathy with the object of Vesalius' researches. The tantalising results as often obtained by experiments on lower animals, the uncertainty of the inferences that could be deduced from them to form a theory of the human organism, had often excited in me a lively desire for a direct experiment upon man. This desire had hitherto been smothered beneath the mass of conventional ideas, which so frequently overwhelm our timidity and enslave our feebleness in endless routine. But the daring word of genius had now struck the chains from my intellect, and emancipated me from the slavery of that hesitation. I—I would follow in the path already traced by that bolder mind; I would redeem that calumniated memory from disgrace, and enrich its glory by the surpassing realisation

of the original conception. I would inaugurate the new era; I would set the example of supreme heroism in science; and all the world, and all future ages, should preserve my name with reverent homage, and enwreath it with laurels of undying fame. For, that the purity of my motives might be above suspicion, I would perform the experiment, not as Vesalius in the capacity of anatomist, but as the victim, voluntarily devoting himself to the transcendent interest of an ideal cause.

And as my mind leaped up into this grand thought, I felt cheek and brow flush with violent emotion. Carried along by the first impetus of the idea, I walked as rapidly as in a dream, unseeing, unhearing everything that surrounded me. Before I knew whither I had come, I felt a cool wind blow over me, as if, after a feverish journey on a heated road, I had suddenly stepped into a cool, dark cavern. And, looking out from the brilliant visions in which I was plunged, I found myself already entered within the gates of Père la Chaise,—the city of the dead, of the vast majority to which I was to go over in fulfilment of my great idea. I wandered among the graves, and read the epitaphs, the reiterated dreary expressions of disappointment and despair, that the deceased had been passively torn from a world to which every fibre of their heart was clinging. Not so would read *my*

epitaph, and I began to compose it, less as a witty amusement than as a device for resisting an insidious chill that had begun to creep over me like a damp exhalation from the graves. For my imagination suddenly pictured to itself the heavy tombstone pressing down, down forever, on the cruel coffin-lid beneath which I should be lying. I shuddered at the picture, I shuddered at death, and, leaning on an iron rail which girt in a tomb, hid my face in my arms to shut out the signs of decay and the more ghastly emblems of immortality with which the populous *cimetière* was crowded.

Raising my head after a brief struggle, I perceived that I was standing in front of the famous tomb of Abelard and Heloise. The sculptured forms of the unhappy lovers reposed side by side on the lid of the stone mausoleum, as they had lain for six centuries, and immortalised the mingling of their mortal dust below. Tears sprang to my eyes as I looked at their still, peaceful faces, for I remembered my dead wife, and then, my lost children. Death, that contained them in its hollow caverns, could not be frightful to me. It was rather the treasure-house of all I possessed most precious, and which I should now hasten to reclaim. All the loneliness and longing which had been dulled by habit, and lately covered over by mental activity, awoke, and cried out passionately within me,

repelling the slight pleasures of this world, as a child crying for its mother dashes aside an offered toy. What was left to me in life that I should cling to it? What ties bound me to this perfidious, slippery earth? To whom owed I any duties? whose pillow would moisten with tears because I had passed out of sight? Destitute of personal interests, I could only devote myself to those of humanity, and that by some method that should concentrate in a single moment both the achievement and its reward. For small were the enjoyment to survive for fame, with whose report I could return laden to no fireside, for whose sake I could watch no eyes brighten in sweet pride of sympathy. I should sicken of it in half an hour, and my hard-earned laurels would become as dusty and lifeless as those ghastly leaves of immortelles hanging around Heloise's tomb. So desolated love joined itself to restless ambition and ideal enthusiasm, to consecrate my life to the purpose from which, since then, it has never swerved.

Thus resolved upon self-devotion, I set about the task of finding a colleague to share the risks and glory of my enterprise. I did not conceal from myself that upon him would devolve a rôle far more difficult and complicated than my own. From me, the subject of the proposed experiment, was only required sublime heroism for the sacrifice. But the man who should perform the

operation, must possess moral courage to face public criticism, perhaps opprobrium; a trained intellect, already habituated to discussion of the problem in question, and impassioned for its solution; great practical skill and finesse, able to appreciate and profit by every detail of the phenomena that would unroll themselves before his observation; iron nerve, that should remain unmoved by any startling peculiarities of the case in hand.

The necessity for uniting so many characteristics, compelled me to abandon my first hope of forming a committee for the experiment; for as soon as I began to sound physiologists on the subject, I landed knee-deep in a mass of invincible prejudices and prepossessions. The scheme was too new, too daring for the capacity of the mediocrities which constitute the bulk of even the scientific world. I must discover some exceptional solitary enthusiast like myself, able to appreciate and embrace with joy the grand opportunity I offered him. To the search for this enthusiast, therefore, I bent all my energies, and knocked at many doors, wherever, through the windows, I believed to have detected on the hearth the upleaping of an inner flame.

It was astonishing how often I knocked in vain! How often my insinuations, my suggestions, my direct propositions were repulsed! I appealed to a professor who had consecrated

the best years of his life to the problem I proposed to solve,—he pooh-poohed my scheme. In vain I tried to explain my methods for overcoming its practical difficulties; he decried them all, I am convinced, from pure jealousy.

“And you ought to know by this time,” he added, with a scarcely disguised sneer, “that a single experiment on a human subject would be of little value until its results were controlled by a dozen others. And I doubt that your enthusiasm would prove sufficiently contagious to furnish the supply for the dissecting table.” And he obstinately shut his ears to any further argument.

I disclosed my plan to a struggling physician, ready for any adventure that should thrust him into notoriety, bring his name before the public, and thus open the way to a prosperous *clientèle*. Yet he recoiled from a project fraught with promise so sure and magnificent as mine. A hospital *interne*, flushed with enthusiasm for his first practical studies, started with horror when I divulged my ideas. Many, true Parisian *railleurs*, regarded my proposition as an excellent joke.

“Allons donc, c’est une vieille blague que tu nous fais là.”

And all my protestations served only to increase their amusement, and their determination not to be taken in.

A few eyed me suspiciously, as if they imagined

I were insane, and one old bourgeois doctor had the impertinence to administer to me a moral lecture. "Young man," he said, "you are possessed by the same preposterous vanity which induced Empedocles to throw himself into Vesuvius, and Erostratus to fire the temple of Diana. I recommend a course of dry cupping to the nape of the neck, to relieve your congested and over-excited brain, and, in the meantime, a decent seclusion from society, that you insult with your absurdities." I flushed red with anger, but this last rebuff warned me that I must change my tactics. Like all reformers, I found the world too stiff and rigid for my purposes, and only harmed myself with kicking against the bristling pricks. I must turn to a new generation, to early youth, and find some mind still unformed and flexible, that I could myself submit to a far-sighted training, and cast into the mould of my own ideas. The opportunities of which my contemporaries were unworthy, I would reserve as a gracious boon for a well-initiated pupil.

Two years had elapsed since my arrival at Paris, and the untiring energy with which I pursued physiological researches had begun to bring my name into notice. When, therefore, I proposed to open a course of lectures upon experimental physiology, my friends all encouraged me with flattering assurances.

"*A la bonne heure,*" exclaimed the student to

whom I had once addressed my secret plans, "something sensible at last. I trust such rational occupation will purge your head of its maggots, and satisfy your aspirations for fame ——"

I smiled stealthily to myself. It is thus that the light world always measures the austerity of our resolutions by its own lightness!

I obtained the requisite official permission, and opened the course at the École Pratique under the best auspices. The lectures were thronged from the beginning, and the interest by no means abated as the weeks rolled on. Enthusiastic myself, I possessed in no small degree the gift of communicating (on all ordinary subjects) my enthusiasm to others. I aimed less at imparting solid instruction to my pupils than at impressing their imagination by a series of skillfully arranged effects. My experiments, therefore, were governed by a dramatic unity, rarely sought in the confused and arid expositions of official professors. Now I led my auditors into the inmost laboratories of Nature, and revealed, in plant and animal, the fine affinity that regulated her processes of nutrition. Now I traced some delicate nervous filament from the spinal column of the amphioxus to the cerebral hemisphere of the mammifer. Now I disclosed the ramifying canals in the vast system of circulation, mounting from the spongy network of the mollusk and the

sluggish lymphatic of the reptile to the brilliant, bounding arteries of the double-hearted vertebrates. And always, beyond the last disclosure, after the most complete revelation, I hinted at something yet to come, some higher, unveiled mystery, to which all this grand series was but the prelude. As a priest who volubly initiates the neophytes into the service of the temple, but points in silence to the inner court containing the Deity for whom the service is performed, so I, after the most magnificent display of animal life, silently indicated a concealed hereafter, a culmination in the human body, hitherto withheld from our curious gaze. I thus strove to suggest an ideal, left for a time incomplete; to foster an impetuous impatience, that, stimulated by the great acquisitions of the past, should reach forward irresistibly for the greater prize of the future. I trusted that among all my auditors would be found one that should divine the cipher, and quicken over its subtle secret—one intellect, that, carried unconsciously along the current of my thought, should finally arrive at my unrevealed goal.

Among the most constant attendants on the lectures, I had long noticed one young man about twenty-two years old, who always occupied the same seat close to my operating table. He was thin, shabbily dressed, with full, intense forehead, ravenous face, and brilliant eyes. His

poverty was indicated not only by his toilette, and that special form of unfed expression peculiar to the studious hungry, but also by his absence from all the private classes, and redoubled assiduity at the public lectures. His intelligence was evident from the absorbed attention with which he followed the experiments, and from his manner of taking notes,—not at random, like most of the students, but at well-chosen points perceptible only to a person already in possession of a commanding view of the whole subject. By a little stratagem, I contrived one day to get hold of his note-book, and was surprised at the accurate observations, the acute suggestions, and range of information indicated by the marginal queries. Those who have ever experienced the delight of discovering an intellect—discovery more precious than that of a gold mine—can appreciate the eagerness with which I devoured these pages, finding everywhere the stamp of the mind I sought. And my satisfaction was redoubled by reflecting how greatly the youth and poverty of the writer, might increase my facilities for obtaining complete possession of him. I was not long in devising a scheme for forcing the intimacy of the young man, who, like most poor students, was evidently as shy and proud as he was poor.

One day, at the close of the lecture, I touched my student on the arm.

“Be kind enough to wait a moment,” I said, “I have something to say to you.”

The boy flushed and drew back a little with all the haughtiness of a sensitive person ill at ease with the world, and expecting from it nothing but rebuffs and insolence. I fancied that an anxious suspicion crossed his mind that I was about to lay claim to some payment for lessons, of which he had hitherto ignored the necessity. I waited till the greater part of the crowd had squeezed through the narrow door of the amphitheatre, dismissed the loiterers, and then turned to my companion with a frank air of relief, as to an equal with whom I could refresh myself after the fatigue of teaching lesser minds. I saw that I had already won his heart before I began to speak.

“I find that I require another assistant,” I said. “The man that I have at present, is, as you know, a mere machine. I need some one interested, enthusiastic, capable of seconding me intelligently. I want, in short, a pupil. Will you fill the place?”

Surprised, overwhelmed with an honour which he could so keenly appreciate, the young man flushed again, hesitated, stammered, and finally only succeeded in answering me with his beautiful eyes, for his tongue refused to speak. I already loved the boy ; alas ! how he has repaid my love !

“It will be a mutual exchange of service,” I continued. “You will be of great use to me in my preparations, and, in return, I may be able to initiate you into the mysteries of our art, somewhat more thoroughly than can be done in a public lecture.”

“I thank you, sir,” said Guy. He tried to speak coldly, but he looked as if he longed to throw himself at my feet and cover my hand with kisses. To relieve his emotion, in which I secretly exulted, I patted him friendlily on the shoulder, and began immediately to discuss the programme for the following lecture.

I had every reason to congratulate myself on my new assistant. His zeal and ingenuity not only seconded my researches, but often supplemented them when overfatigue persuaded me to repose. And Guy's personal character proved as winning as his intellect keen and reliable. Before long, I contrived that he should come and live with me, and I invented for him some light literary employment, by which he could pay me for his board and lodging, with an insignificant sacrifice of his time. He acceded to this arrangement upon its apparent terms, but none the less did he pierce its transparent motive, and tacitly devote to me his whole soul in acknowledgment of what he considered my delicate generosity. These unfledged souls are apt to throw themselves thus away in exchange for the most trifling pecuniary

service, and torment themselves, moreover, that the compensation is so mean. I smiled at Guy's naïveté, but none the less turned it to account. From the foothold thus gained, I rapidly extended my influence over his entire nature. My larger experience enabled me to complete his unfinished thoughts, to sympathise with his scarcely conscious feelings, to subtly impress his principles and co-ordinate them to my own scheme. Having begun by forestalling his material necessities, I continued to supply the finer wants of heart and intellect so completely that he became habituated to turn to me for everything, and to receive everything that came from me with implicit faith. I fed him, taught him, loved him, and all with such artfulness, that he felt my presence in his life only as a plant feels the sunshine in its calyx, conscious of no intrusion to be resented, or tyranny to be repelled. It is so easy to make the conquest of a young, ingenuous nature ! so easy to fix its impetuous, unsuspecting enthusiasm ! I marvel that these exquisite relations between master and pupil are so generally left uncultivated, or their charm wasted. I almost marvel that I did not rest completely satisfied with my life at that time ; with its arduous study, and its growing fame, and Guy, with the delicious task of educating his supple intellect to my ideas, and penetrating his nature with my personality. Only the loftiness of my ideal

saved it from making womanish shipwreck on this episode in its austere voyage towards the realisation.

As Guy became more and more competent, I delegated more and more into his hands the preparation for the lectures. The first excitement for getting them into train was past, the first keen interest dulled by habit; and when the second winter began, with repetition of all that had gone before, I went through the business almost mechanically. Often I left everything to my assistant, and shut myself up alone to dream over the project that secretly absorbed my soul. Guy fancied I was ill, and, as my exertions slackened, redoubled his own, consuming heart and brain in the resolve to maintain the course at the level of its original popularity. I was inwardly amused at his devotion to such secondary considerations, but did not interfere, for it helped to serve my purpose.

Finally, I believed my pupil to be fully prepared, and decided that the moment had come for the complete revelation of myself.

One evening,—I selected the evening advisedly, since at that time the imagination is more susceptible to impressions and further removed from the vulgar influences of every-day life,—I entered our study. Guy was seated at a table, and working in his usual intense fashion, and I threw myself on a sofa beside him.

"Guy," I exclaimed, "it tires me to look at you. For eight hours you have not stirred from those books. You will kill yourself."

"Great loss," he answered, "so that it were in your service, and during the pursuit of knowledge."

"You love me then, Guy?"

"Love you!" He rose from the table, and coming to the sofa, kneeled and kissed my forehead without shame, as in France men *can* kiss each other.

"My master, my friend!" he said; and I felt that he was mine, bound to me by a love passing the love of women. I drew him before me, and ran my fingers through his clustering hair. His affection was pleasant to me, independent of the use I meant to make of it; and I almost experienced a feminine desire to trifle with it for a moment, as one shifts a diamond from one hand to the other to watch its changing flame.

"How much do you love me? as the children say. What would you do for me?"

"I would die for you!" he answered, vehemently.

That is the first thing youth ever thinks of. From very fulness of life, it can afford to be on familiar terms with death.

"Tut; that is unnecessary. But would you do any thing I asked of you as a personal favour?"

“Only try me. I would go to the ends of the earth for you.”

“*Tenez!* suppose that I was dying King Arthur and you my squire. Would you hesitate to fling away Excalibur at my command?”

“The paltry bauble! What thought could I have to waste upon it while you were dying?”

“But suppose this obedience did not suffice to release me. Suppose that, in my agony, I prayed you to drive your own sword into my heart to set me free. Would you do it?”

He hesitated a moment. “That would be a terrible prayer; yet if you were suffering, and I knew that you must die, I would do even that for you.”

“You have said it,” I cried, and leaped to my feet in uncontrollable excitement. “I have a request to make you, I have a prayer that you only can fulfil. Swear that you will grant it—swear by all your love for me, by all the gratitude which you profess, and for which I shall never claim other return—swear that you will do what I am about to bid you!”

I saw that Guy was disquieted by my words and manner. Instead of replying with the bold confidence I had a right to expect, he recoiled from the revelation that pressed urgently on my lips.

“Take care,” he said. “Your eyes are glitter-

ing as if you had a fever. Let us stop talking about this till to-morrow."

The upstart boy thus to dare to patronise me with his foresight and protection—*me*, who had taught him all he knew, and who was about to offer him a place on my giddy pinnacle of immortal fame ! I was intensely angry, but succeeded in controlling myself, for I felt that an untimely explosion of violence might ruin all. I passed my hand over my eyes, as if to blur the glitter that had alarmed Guy's scrupulous feebleness, and sat down quietly again.

"The fact is, my dear Guy," I said, "I have been waiting so long for an opportunity to execute a certain scheme of mine, that I cannot help being a little excited when this opportunity seems at last within my reach."

"What kind of a scheme?" asked Guy.

"A scheme for the advancement of the science in which we are both so interested."

"Oh," said Guy, with an air of relief, "you know how you can rely upon me for any undertaking in that direction."

"I should think so, especially when it concerns the problem upon which we have both been so long engaged—the movements of the heart."

"What!" he exclaimed with delight. "You have discovered something new for that! Shall I ever cease to admire your masterly ingenuity?"

What is to be done? You want to send me to Africa to capture a live rhinoceros? I will set out to-morrow."

"What would be the use! All the information that can be gained by experiment on the higher mammals is already ours. Since the problem derives the greatest part of its interest from its application to man, it is on man that the new experiment should be performed."

"Ah, yes," sighed Guy; "we are always tripping up against this impossibility."

"Nothing is impossible," I answered. "I am resolved that the experiment shall be performed on man."

Guy started, then laughed. "Oh! you are joking," he said.

"Not the least in the world. I have even selected the subject."

"Eh! well, since you are so determined, you may dissect me when you choose. Only I warn you of difficulties with the tribunals afterwards."

"I leave you to settle with them. It is not you, but myself, who is to be the subject; and you must perform the experiment."

I was surprised at the calmness with which I made this momentous revelation of my purpose. But we are always on the level of the circumstances to which we have attained, and they do not seem as awful as when viewed from the distance.

Guy did not at all believe that I was in earnest, and half an hour's impetuous talking was needed to convince him of the reality and fixedness of my resolve. Then he tried to reason with me.

"Your experiment will be utterly useless," he said; "because death will ensue almost immediately after the chest is opened. And during the few seconds that might intervene for observation, the heart would beat too rapidly to render observation possible."

"I have devised means for palliating all these difficulties," I answered eagerly. "In the first place, the last act of the experiment must be preceded by the administration of woorara, to slacken the rapidity of the heart's action. In the second place, I do not propose to open the chest with the bistoury. The operation, even though aided by chloroform, would cause too violent a shock to the nervous system. But I intend to burn through gradually, by successive applications of caustic, as in the procedure for opening hepatic cysts. Deep-seated adhesions would form and shut out the lungs securely, and thus probably obviate the necessity for artificial respiration. The pericardium would be reached with comparatively little disturbance, and once exposed, the operator would be able to make a first and important series of observations, before proceeding farther. Finally, he would

rend the pericardium, and arrive directly at the heart itself."

"And kill you!" cried Guy.

"I should die," I answered composedly, "as men have died after inoculating themselves with the plague; only my death would be more glorious, because incurred for pure science, and in face of a certainty. It is precisely on this account that the act will insure to our names the honour and reverence of all future generations."

"Nonsense. You will be pitied as a suicide and madman, and I shall be hung at the next assizes."

"Coward! traitor!" I burst forth in ungovernable passion. "*This* is the extent of your devotion, then! *These* your narrow calculations and sordid reckonings! You, the one soul in whom I trusted, the one friend I had in the world capable of appreciating me! Oh, shame on such ingratitude! Oh, miserable me, doomed to such disappointment!"

He was deeply hurt. I saw that I had made some impression upon the hard skepticism with which the world had incased a naturally generous nature, and pressed my advantage. I poured out a torrent of eloquence, reasoning, prayers, entreaty. I wrestled with him as for the salvation of a soul; the night waned on our hot conversation, and finally, towards three o'clock, when the grey dawn began to point weirdly in

the East, I gained the victory. Guy promised to fulfil my wish, at whatever risks to himself, and with the certainty of sacrificing my life in the experiment. On the spot, I drew up a paper testifying that the operation should have been performed at my express command, and stated the reasons in full. To this document, I trusted to obtain in the country the signature of two witnesses sufficiently incurious to sign without reading.

For it was decided that, for the sake of greater secrecy and convenience, we should withdraw to the country, and I selected a locality about four hours' distance from Paris, where we were both unknown. These details settled, we separated for sleep.

But I think neither of us closed our eyes that night; and Guy was so pale and haggard the next morning, that I hardly knew him. During the week that we remained at Paris, making preparations for our departure, he hardly ate, or slept, or spoke, but seemed to waste and droop like a man in the clutch of a fiend. I became anxious. I was afraid he would fall ill, and thus be incapacitated for the performance of his duty.

However, we managed to leave the city without accident, and installed ourselves in the lonely dwelling I had rented. We hired an old woman from the village to take charge of our house-keeping, and then devoted ourselves to our

work. We engaged in a preliminary series of experiments through which, as through a suite of lesser apartments, leading up to the throne-room, we were to approach the act that should crown them all.

For the first time since he had been my pupil, I found Guy nervous, *maladroit*. He turned pale at the sight of blood. The struggling of a pigeon, or the yelp of a dog, seemed to make him sick, and a hundred times he laid down his scalpel as if unable to proceed. He was like a neophyte, and a prey to the sentimental horrors of which, up to this time, his absorbed intellect had been quite unconscious. I trembled. If his nerve should fail him when it became *my* turn, and the whole costly experiment be thrown away through some awkwardness on his part! I was furious at the very idea, and told him so.

"I will haunt you forever if you fail," I said, savagely.

"You will in any case," answered Guy, sighing heavily.

But at my instances, he tried to rouse himself from this inexplicable languor, and to drill hand and eye to exquisite precision. I watched him severely. I refused to pardon the least blunder. I trained him for this last trial, as men train horses for the winning race. Guy was really an able physiologist, and his skill only needed finishing touches to be as effective as was pos-

sible in the actual condition of science. After two or three weeks I was satisfied, and bade him prepare the next day to begin the last experiment.

I shall never forget that day, the supreme moment of my life. I sat at the windows of an inner room, waiting for Guy, and looked out over the valley that basked in the afternoon sunshine. It was the beginning of September—one of those perfect days at the prime of the year, when life has reached its culmination, and pauses in the fulness of its own content. The air, ripe and balmy, purged of the rawness of spring and the violent heat of summer, was as yet untouched by the faintest frost, and restored to such perfection as mortals might breathe after the regeneration of the earth. The grain had been gathered in, but the unfallen fruit still weighed down the orchards, and absorbed the sunlight for its mellowing juices. The first press of the harvest season was over, the second had not yet begun; for one precious moment man and nature paused together, and surveyed the long ascent by which the year had climbed to these high table-lands of peace—not innocent peace, ignorant of action, but the peace of victory after conflict, of repose after strife, of maturity entering upon its rewards. In the perfection of these sunful days, all possibility of change seemed to have been outgrown, left far behind

in an old, wearisome existence of long ago. The world had entered upon an eternal blessedness, and the jasper walls of heaven shut it out from harm forever, like coral reefs encircling a lagoon in the Pacific seas. Only by remembering the years that had been before, and the years that should follow after, could the reluctant mind convince itself that this seeming eternity was frail; that whoso lingered too long among the splendours of September, would be surely overtaken by treacherous frost, and biting winter winds; that there were but one way to escape the revolting decline from this pinnacle of life—to die. That was my secret. I alone, of all who shivered at approaching winter, had learned how to escape. For me, not only the year, but life itself, should cease at its pinnacle, refusing to go down to a lower place, as a dethroned being prefers death to miserable exile. And with these thoughts, I felt myself possessed by an unutterable calm, such as comes to fever-patients when they are dying.

The first day of the experiment little was to be done. I called Guy, who lingered in the laboratory, and bade him apply the first layer of caustic to my breast over the heart. The little operation required small skill, and this was fortunate, for Guy's hand trembled so violently, that a delicate manipulation would have been ruined. A drop of the paste fell on my coat-

sleeve, and in a few minutes had burned a hole entirely through.

"Look, Guy," I exclaimed, "through such a window shall you soon gaze at the central mystery of life. I almost envy you the opportunity."

"Oh!" he cried, "if you would but take it! If you would but use me for your experiment, and spare me this dreadful trial!"

He had urged this exchange from the beginning, but of course I would not consent. What! give up my great chance for immortality, surrender my unique place in the history of science and the world? No, indeed; I was already generous in sharing my achievement, in trusting the preservation of my fame to even my most loyal friend. Beyond that it were folly, madness, to go.

"Nonsense," I replied therefore to this senseless entreaty. "That question has already been sufficiently discussed. Bah! that caustic burns."

It was necessary to wait three or four days before renewing the caustic to deepen the eschar made by the first application. This delay gradually became intolerable to me,—the more, that Guy prolonged it on a multitude of trivial pretexts. I was finally obliged to resume the direction of affairs, and order him to proceed.

He began to prepare some Vienna paste, but in a slow, dawdling manner that irritated my

nerves to the last degree. I snatched the cup from his hand and stirred the caustic myself.

"How many centuries have admired Socrates," I remarked, "for his theatrical pretence of drinking the hemlock voluntarily. In future ages men will remember with greater admiration how I, with my own hand, prepared the instrument of my death. Do not forget to mention the circumstance in your notes, and add that my hand did not tremble."

I gave the caustic to Guy; but at the same moment the door opened behind us, and he sprang forward with a sudden cry, dashing the cup in pieces on the floor. I turned in angry surprise at the interruption, and saw two men standing in the room. They were perfect strangers to me, but came forward immediately and saluted me with the friendly courtesy of old acquaintance. I even fancied that I detected an intolerable softness in their manner, such as physicians sometimes assume in speaking to sick people. One of the intruders took my passive hand in his, and shook it with unnecessary cordiality, contriving, I think, at the same time to slip his fingers on my wrist, just over the pulse.

My instinct was decidedly in favour of kicking these impertinent fellows down-stairs. But so strong is the influence of civilised habit, that I restrained myself to a freezing politeness, in-

quiring to what I might be indebted for the honour, etc.

“These gentlemen are friends of mine, interposed Guy, who had stooped on the floor to pick up the broken fragments of the cup, and who did not look at me as he spoke. “They are amateurs in our science, and would be much interested in examining the laboratory that we have installed here. But since they have taken a long journey, and must be hungry, I think we had better first order the *déjeuner*.”

“The devil!” I muttered inwardly. But at the same moment I reflected that these visitors with their congenial tastes might serve opportunity as witnesses to the experiment—even be useful in correcting any possible awkwardness in Guy’s manipulation. I therefore addressed them in a tone of cordial hospitality.

“We are at this moment engaged in some researches,” I said, “that cannot fail to interest you, and where, perhaps, you may be of signal service, if you will consent to stay with us awhile and put up with our modest accommodations.”

“You honour our poor abilities,” returned the first stranger, with a bland smile. “We shall be most happy to accept your amiable invitation.”

So we four sat down to the *déjeuner*, in the most cheerful possible humour. The black stain that burned on my breast stimulated me to a

secret exultation; I felt a secret pride in anticipating the wonder of these men, when they should hereafter recall the gayety of my demeanour on this occasion. They, on the other hand, seconded me bravely in the conversation. Not for years had I met with companions so brilliant, witty, and sympathetic. They listened to me with the closest attention, and seemed to find a peculiar charm in the freaks of my fancy, to which, for the moment, I gave the rein.

"These men are capable of appreciating me," I said to myself, and congratulated my good fortune which had sent them thither.

Then I rose. "Gentlemen," I said, "I cannot express to you the pleasure that I have derived from your society. Before we adjourn to the laboratory, allow me, in English fashion, to propose a toast."

"Wait a moment," said Guy, breaking the sullen silence he had hitherto maintained. "I ordered some Burgundy from Paris the other day, and it arrived this morning."

He left the room, and presently returned with an uncorked bottle in his hand, which he set before me. I fancied, as he did so, that he looked rather significantly at the two strangers, but politeness forbade me to express my suspicion. I poured out the wine, and pushed the glasses to my companions.

"Drink," I cried, "to the experiment that shall

open a new era in science, and to the man that shall inaugurate a new revolution in the world." And I drained my glass.

Whether or no the others followed my example I cannot tell; for almost immediately I felt a subtle fire course through my veins, followed by a delicious languor that crept inwards to my heart, and seemed to arrest its pulsation by an irresistible persuasiveness to repose. Probably I swooned, for I lost all consciousness, and all recollection of time and place for many hours.

When I came to myself, I was a prisoner in this cursed asylum at Charenton.

—Guy had betrayed me,—the false friend,—the poltroon,—and I, who trusted him too much, had fallen a victim to his stratagems. Whether he had been true to me at the beginning, and then had faltered at the last, or whether he had deceived me all along with affected complaisance, I never knew. For when he came to see me one day, my just resentment excited me to such a paroxysm of fury that the people here recommended him not to return, and I have never seen him since. So here I sit, in forced idleness, waiting for the arrival of some one who shall appreciate my great idea, and release me for its accomplishment. The people by whom I am surrounded are kind enough, but ignorant; they admire me, but are unable to understand me. So

they bind me in silken chains, and clasp them
with honeyed words, and I remain a prisoner.
It is thus that the world regards its great
benefactors!

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE AT HOME

“IF you will dine with us to-morrow,” said Mrs. Lauderdale,” as she kissed Charlotte good-bye, “you will have a chance to see Mr. Lauderdale’s new pet, Mr. Allston.”

Mrs. Lauderdale was rich, and her handsome grounds adjoined those of Charlotte, who was also rich. In other respects, she and her neighbour were as similar as a pumpkin and a melon reposing in the same garden mould,—a happy comparison, of which the reader may perhaps be again reminded in the course of this history.

Charlotte as yet had married nobody; but Mrs. Lauderdale had married Mr. Lauderdale. I speak advisedly when I use this form of expression to describe the marriage contract. Every one knew that it was the lady who had become first enamoured, and anxious to exchange her acres and her liberty against Henry Lauderdale’s beauty and talent. The profits of this exchange were, however, in themselves, insufficient to tempt a romantic youth, just embarked on a minor lit-

erary career. But when he had been informed by officious friends, that the heiress was dying of love for him, and growing thin under the ravages of unrequited passion, he was overwhelmed with pity and remorse. A practical mind would have consoled itself with the reflection that thinness was more becoming than flounces to the unhappy fair, and that the agent of such a change in her *personnel* might justly be considered as her greatest benefactor. Henry, however, had not a practical mind, but, on the contrary, all the sensibility and all the vanity characteristic of young literary men. His imagination was familiar with broken hearts, and with consumptions consequent upon unreturned affection. Only a brute could be indifferent to such woful possibilities, and Henry flattered himself he was no brute. In proof thereof, he resigned certain airy fancies hovering in a distant ideal, and suffered himself to be married to Mrs. Lauderdale. She was immensely proud of her acquisition, and sported her husband like a new diamond. And,—evidence perhaps of some sterling qualities in the good dame's character,—she continued to be just as proud of Henry after ten years' married life, as at the beginning. She never missed an opportunity to show off his taste, his refinement, his culture, and seemed to derive an odd satisfaction from the contrast that the world drew between her husband

and herself in these respects. The more valuable a person he, the more adroit she to have succeeded in capturing him. So egotism tempered by loyalty, or loyalty stimulated by egotism, kept Mrs. Lauderdale a faithful and attentive wife, and Henry lived, if not in happiness, at least in clover. I am inclined to think that this was all he really deserved.

I am thus particular in describing the antecedents of Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale, — precisely because they have very little to do with my story. I imitate a host who dresses in conspicuous brocade the valets that shall open the door for his guests, while he and they retreat together into undistinguishable broadcloth.

“Who is Mr. Allston?” asked Charlotte.

“He is a political exile,” replied Mr. Lauderdale; “a man whose entire life has been expended in heroic enterprises. He played a conspicuous part during the revolution in X——, and for a time held a position in the Provisional Government. When the reaction occurred, he was exiled, and since that time has lived in this country, supporting himself by his pen, which he wields with great ability. While here, he married a poor seamstress, whom hard work and privation were driving into a decline. The girl was pretty, but uneducated, and entirely below Allston’s level. However, as his only object was to take care of her, his marriage might be

considered a perfect success. His own means were very small at the time, but he pinched himself narrowly, and often lived upon bread and water, to be able to procure luxuries for his sick wife. She lingered three years, and died eighteen months ago. I am daily expecting to hear that Allston has married some factory-girl, now that his hands are a little free."

"Mr. Lauderdale," observed his better half, "always manages to find out something romantic about people. I don't believe any one else ever heard that story, or would take the trouble to remember it so well. I must confess that *I* don't see anything so remarkable in Mr. Allston; but since Mr. Lauderdale likes to patronise him, of course I have nothing to say."

"*Patronise Allston!*" exclaimed Mr. Lauderdale.

"That is Mr. Lauderdale's delicacy," continued the wife in a confidential aside, "and I fall in with it to please him; but we all know what it means."

"Well," said Charlotte, "do you want me to dine with you to-morrow?"

Mrs. Lauderdale beamed hospitality from every corner of her ample face.

"My dearest Charlotte, you know we are always delighted to have you. Pot-luck or grandiose, you are always welcome; and I would

mention that it is grandiose to-morrow, on account of the Stebbinses."

"How thoughtful you are," observed Charlotte. "I know now that I must come in my good clothes."

Mrs. Lauderdale looked a little solemn at this speech. She felt, with vague alarm, that dinner-silks had been alluded to with levity; and on such subjects, levity was dreadfully unbecoming. Unable, however, to fix the offence precisely with her fat forefinger, she was obliged to pass it over in silence. Embracing Charlotte again, though a little more coldly than before, she took leave.

Charlotte stood on the piazza, and watched her guests walk down the lawn. Mrs. Lauderdale kept the middle of the path, tugging stoutly at the folds of her riding-skirt. Mr. Lauderdale strayed nonchalantly on the grass, striking at the shrubs with his whip. Presently Mrs. Lauderdale called him to her side, gathered her troublesome skirt on one arm, and placed the other in that of her husband, and thus in most conjugal fashion the pair disappeared in the shrubbery.

Charlotte, observing this manœuvre, laughed maliciously.

"A sweet domestic tableaux, and got up at the most effective moment!" she said to herself.

Among all the contrivances for accomplishing the ends of justice that have been devised by

man, it is astonishing no one has yet thought of handing over female culprits to the mercies of feminine juries. The chances of escape would be diminished seventy-five per cent.

The hall-clock struck half-past six, but the July day was still wide awake, and the reapers still at work in the rye-fields. Charlotte's house faced the lawn, but the piazza in the rear commanded a view of a large part of the farm that belonged to the property, the orchards and fields of many-coloured grain, from the rye, already yellow for the harvest, to the fall-wheat, still green as the lush grass in the meadows. Charlotte, who had a strong instinct of property, rather preferred this view to that of the lawn, for she liked to be reminded of her possessions, and of the responsibilities and powers thereto appertaining. She superintended the farm herself, and now, when the afternoon shadows had sufficiently tempered the sunlight, she resolved to go down into the fields, and see what the reapers had accomplished that day.

Taking her hat from the peg in the hall, Charlotte traversed the garden, crossed the brook that encircled it, and was presently standing amidst the fallen rye. At some distance, the men whetted their scythes for a final onslaught, and the women bound in sheaves the grain already reaped. The corner of the field close to the brook lay in the shadow of some walnut-

trees, and a woman had availed herself of the grateful shelter, to leave her baby asleep on a pile of dry straw. As Charlotte approached, the baby awoke and began to cry, after the imperious fashion of babies. She kneeled, and took the little one in her arms. To his hungry instincts, all women represented but one possibility, and his hand immediately began tugging at Charlotte's bosom, in anticipation of his accustomed refreshment.

In face of this naïve confidence, Charlotte felt a sudden contempt for her useless, maiden breasts, and a whimsical sympathy for the disappointment of the poor baby, whose sobs, for a moment arrested by a glimmer of hope, now broke forth afresh.

"I might as well be a man!" she exclaimed, angrily. Fortunately, succour was not far distant. Charlotte espied the mother at the end of the field, and carried the child to her, to be overwhelmed with thanks for her facile complaisance.

She exchanged a few words with the labourers, inquired about the day's work and the calculations for to-morrow, herself assisted to bind some sheaves, and then continued her walk through the odorous meadows.

On arriving again at the brook, Charlotte encountered an old woman about to cross the plank, and tottering under the weight of a great bundle she carried on her back. Charlotte

helped her over, and then exclaimed in pity of a heavy burden for such aged shoulders:

“Please let me carry it for you,” she said.

“It is too heavy.”

“If it is too heavy for me, what must it be for you? I entreat you, let me at least try.”

“Well,” said the other, you may try; but you’ll soon sicken of your bargain; fine ladies do not like such work.”

“I am not a fine lady,” said Charlotte, and heaved the bundle on her back.

Charlotte was strong, but naturally — (that is, as the world is arranged) — unaccustomed to this kind of work, and she staggered not a little under the burden. The old woman walked by her side, eyeing her with more malice than gratitude.

“You feel very grand now, don’t you?” she remarked, presently.

“Grand!” returned Charlotte, gently. “I feel ashamed to think that you, who are old and poor, must also suffer from all the hardships of labour, while I, who am young and strong, have nothing to do but amuse myself.”

“Don’t tell me,” repeated the dame with obstinate conviction. “I know how you’ll boast to your sweetheart about having helped an old woman, and entice him on to think you’re such a pink of perfection.”

The blood flared up into Charlotte’s face, and she dashed the bundle on the ground. “Carry

your load yourself, old lady," she exclaimed, "and next time learn how to be decently civil to people"; and she strode off in great wrath, of which, to do her justice, she was presently extremely ashamed.

The other watched her for awhile, and then, resuming her bundle, trudged homewards, chuckling as she went over her own smartness, which had proved so poignantly effective.

Charlotte arrested her indignant steps in a grove of beech-trees, near the brook. These trees were dearer to her than any living thing on the farm. When a child she had sought them as her most constant playmates in moments of sunshine, her most steadfast friends in the frequent storms that darkened the infantile horizon. Here she had nursed her doll, here she had trained her dog, here she had studied her lessons, or pored over marvellous romances, till the grove grew peopled with imaginary friends. An hour in the calm society of these trees had never failed to soothe the most passionate grief or woful despair of that restless childhood. Charlotte remembered those days at that moment, and clasping an arm around the smooth bole of a noble beech, and pressing her forehead against its fine cool rind, she laughed over the ridiculous impertinence which had been able to so ruffle her equanimity.

"I would climb this tree this minute, just

as I used to," she thought, "if I had not a muslin dress in the way. When the world has outgrown its present wretched civilisation, it will reckon clothes as its most dreadful Limbo of Vanity."

From the beeches to the kitchen-garden, to see if the lettuce had gone to seed, and thence to the stable to pat the white forehead of her saddle-horse, and finally to the house again, when the night had begun to embrace the earth with dewy kisses, and above the darkness the July heavens brightened with golden stars.

After tea, Charlotte settled herself luxuriously in the parlour to read.

(There was, of course, a housekeeper, or retired governess, or *dame de compagnie*, who lived with Charlotte, and preserved the proprieties. As, however, I have no use for her except in connection with the proprieties, I prefer not to charge myself with her description. But I seize this opportunity to beg my readers, who are undoubtedly more posted in such matters than I am, to themselves introduce this needful personage into any scene, or at any juncture that their finer instincts may deem desirable. I am persuaded that by this device we shall all be better satisfied; I shall avoid the risk of blundering, and innumerable tediums, and my courteous readers, having assumed the responsibility, must blame themselves if the situations are not arranged to

their liking, and in accordance with their highest principles.)

The book selected for this evening's perusal was *Wilhelm Meister*. Charlotte always derived singular enjoyment from Goethe, whose vast, calm mind, composed in such unfathomable serenity, never failed to open to her endless fascinations. The serenity arises, not from indifference, but from the perfect balance of all conceivable elements, that, isolated, might have tended to excess. Every thing is there, and each detail tends to harmonise the rest, as in a broad landscape that reposes in the mellow sunshine of an autumn day—frowning mountain and placid valley, sombre forests peopled with hobgoblins, and bourgeois villages whose mugs of ale froth incessantly on inn-signs,—nothing omitted, nothing out of place, the whole perfectly combined as the strains in an orchestral symphony.

There is no comfort like that arising from communion with these universal minds,—no thought, or feeling, or passion, that they cannot understand, explain, and soothe. We yield ourselves to them with the same confidence as we follow Nature, knowing that any momentary antagonism will be balanced further on by some new, profound sympathy. It was in this way that Charlotte read Goethe.

The volume opened of itself at the charming description of Theresa, her orderly house, and

the well-scoured tubs ranged before the door. Charlotte had read the chapter many times, but this evening it struck her in a new light.

"I believe I am just like Theresa," she said to herself. "Only I am afraid my tubs are not quite as brilliantly clean."

She read on, through the Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, the history of Nathalie, and into the Second Part, in whose mysterious depths she finally lost herself, and—no offence to Goethe—fell asleep.

She slept comfortably for several hours, and was at last awakened by a crackling sound and the smell of something burning. A great light filled the room and dazzled her eyes, so that it was several seconds before she was clearly aware that the window curtains were on fire. They had caught from the lamp, as its flame flared up just before being extinguished.

The clock pointed to one, the household was therefore certainly in bed, and the mistress resolved to leave well-earned slumbers undisturbed, and rely upon her own exertions for mastering the fire. She pushed a table against the wall, mounted upon it, and tried to wrench the curtains from their fastenings. They came away in fragments, which she threw out of the window, not daring to trust them to the floor covered with summer matting. Once, however, some burning pieces dropped, and set the matting on fire.

Charlotte was obliged to abandon the curtains, and busy herself in treading out the new flame. Then a pile of newspapers caught, and the whole room seemed to be endangered. Charlotte turned over on the floor the table which held the combustible material, and beat upon the fire until the papers had been reduced to a mass of charred cinders; then to work again at the curtains, now nearly consumed, but falling in glowing drops that incessantly menaced destruction. Charlotte worked furiously, she burned her dress, her hands, even her hair was on fire for a moment. A wild exultation animated her in this struggle with the beautiful writhing flame, and shut out the faintest whisper of terror. On this account she was stronger than the elements, and prevailed against them, and finally stood victor,—in rags—amidst a heap of ashes,—and before a blackened wall.

“This is what all victories amount to,” thought Charlotte. “They leave you alive,—in the midst of desolation.”

She could not abandon such desolation without attempt at relief. Pulling off her shoes to tread more softly, she searched pantry and kitchen for candles and matches, for broom, dustpan, basin, soap and water, and set to work to sweep and scrub with immense energy—energy entirely superfluous, since the whole work could have been done rather better the next morning by the housemaid. But Charlotte was

so roused and wide-awake after the excitement of putting out the fire, that she could not bear the thought of sleep. She measured the necessities of the case, not by what was to be done, but by the surplus activity at her disposal for doing it,—and which devoured the material elements placed before it, with scarcely less impetuosity than the flame had done the hour before.

At last all was finished and in order, the broom and other implements scrupulously restored to their places, and Charlotte leaned on the partially renovated window-sill, to watch the coming dawn. It was half-past three o'clock; the greater number of the stars had faded, but those that remained were large and bright, as they always are at that hour in summer, like the eyes of children who listen to fairy tales. The darkness had thinned to a silver mist, resting on the lowlands watered by the brook; a little breeze stirred in the shrubbery and heralded the morning.

The compass of a single day is wide enough for almost all possibilities of thought or freaks of imagination. Like a woman who resumes many women in herself to fix the fickle fancy of her lover, the day, having offered all varieties of reality during its hours of sunshine, encompasses the vaster regions of unreality during the hours wasted by the world in sleep. At this strangest moment between darkness and dawn, all life be-

comes weird and fantastic, the solidest foundations of things waver like cobwebs hanging on the rosebushes, the most unquestionable truths look as grotesque to our irreverence as the shadows lying on the lawn. People inclined to skepticism should avoid this hour like poison. But others, rather too firmly planted amidst the goods of this life, amidst irreproachable principles and unquestionable truths,—it were not ill for them to hold an occasional vigil at half-past three o'clock on a summer morning.

Charlotte, still haunted by the memory of Theresa and her well-scoured tubs, was dimly aware of the advantages of such a vigil, and still more keenly alive to the enjoyment of being awake at that time of the morning.

"I never sat up all night before," she said. "It is delightful. I wish the curtains would catch fire every evening."

And she watched the dawn until the East had reddened like a country milkmaid, and everything returned to commonplace. Then she washed her face, and went to bed, to recruit decent energies for Mrs. Lauderdale's dinner that afternoon.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

When Charlotte awoke, late in the day, she discovered that her left hand had been badly

burned, and was by this time swollen with inflammation. The pain, at first rather severe, yielded to soothing topics, but the hand was helpless—must be enclosed in wrappings—and stood decidedly in the way of due enjoyment of the dinner-party. But Charlotte, whose very latent friendship for the Stebbinses seemed to have been suddenly fanned to flame, could not refuse herself the opportunity offered for meeting them. She therefore threw a light scarf over her dress, concealed her burned hand in its folds, and in this fashion presented herself, not unpresentably, at Mrs. Lauderdale's.

As she entered the room a handsome youth came forward eagerly to greet her.

"Mrs. Lauderdale has commissioned me to take you to dinner," said he immediately.

"Ingenious Mrs. Lauderdale! I trust that masterly manœuvre did not cost her many hours' sleep last night?"

"I did not ask her, and did not care. I only know that she has made me supremely happy, and relieved my mind of a load under which it has been groaning all day."

"Poor boy! If it is not an indiscretion, may I inquire *what* load? Have you been helping Canton carry potatoes? But, no, you never would have engaged in anything half so useful."

"Now, Charlotte! Don't begin to be vicious

already. You know well enough I had every reason to fear that you would be assigned to some one else—this Allston, for instance, about whom Lauderdale talks so much.”

Charlotte bit her lip. “Oh, Gerald! how profound is the selfishness of human nature! Have you no sympathy for Mr. Allston, whom you have thus cruelly deprived of the pleasure?”

“Not a bit. Every one for himself in cases like this. Let my conscience alone, will you? I am perfectly happy this moment, and don’t want to be troubled, especially just before dinner. It spoils the digestion.”

As Charlotte suspected, Mrs. Lauderdale *did* pride herself on remarkable ingenuity in the assortment of this pair of guests,—and that for a reason.

Gerald was suitor to Charlotte.

Had he not been, Charlotte would probably have fallen in love with him long ago, for he was handsome, graceful, charming in every respect. As it was, she could not quite make up her mind whether to accept or reject him. She was quite indifferent to him when he was hot, and quite fond of him when he was cold, and never could strike an average sentiment sufficiently reliable to form the basis of a matrimonial alliance. In the meantime there was no hurry,—Gerald was young—just her own age,—and, as Charlotte observed to him, could not have lighted

upon a more fascinating employment than that of making love to her.

"There is therefore no harm in prolonging it," she added. "I am convinced it is the most serious business in which you have ever been concerned. In the course of time it is probable that your attentions will have produced the requisite effect, and then I will marry you."

"But don't you love me a little, just a little now, to start with?" urged poor Gerald.

"Ah, well! I really don't know. That is your business to find out. If you are ever bored with the effort, you are always at liberty to resign,—and on my part, I promise you, should I come spontaneously to any conclusion, I will tell you at once."

"How is it possible for a person not to know whether they love another or not?"

"How is it possible for a well behaved young woman to know what she thinks about a gentleman until he has asked her?"

"Well, I *have* asked you."

"Precisely,—and so I am beginning to think about it. But these things take time. Don't imitate the children, and pull up the seeds as soon as planted, to see if they have taken root."

Faute de mieux, Gerald accepted this provisory arrangement, and, as Charlotte had predicted, found it to be not destitute of charm. He saw Charlotte frequently, and she always enjoyed his

society, except on the rare occasions when it interfered with something else. Gerald's last remark, as he handed her to dinner, now restored her to thorough appreciation of him.

"I do not believe Allston has come, after all. Lauderdale would have been introducing him to everybody."

At table, Charlotte became seriously embarrassed by the helplessness of her burnt hand. The soup and fish were easily discussed, but when the roast was served, the difficulty grew insurmountable,—and unable to resolve it, she left her plate untouched. This Gerald did not fail to notice.

"Why don't you eat?" asked he.

"I am not hungry."

"Oh, are you ill?" he exclaimed, this time in a tone of extreme anxiety.

"Yes."

"Oh, Charlotte, what is the matter?" repeated Gerald, turning pale and laying down his fork in consternation. "I should not have supposed you were ill."

"That is just like men's thoughtlessness. How can you look in my face, and not perceive there the stamp of suffering."

"But," hesitated Gerald, looking at her in perplexity, "your lips are red."

"That is the fever."

"And your eyes are bright."

"That is delirium."

"Charlotte," said Gerald, solemnly, "you make me miserable by such suspense. I entreat you to tell me, on your word of honour, are you ill?"

"Gerald," returned Charlotte in the same tone, "I perceive that your sensibilities must not be trifled with. On my word of honour, then,—no."

"Then why don't you eat your dinner?"

As Charlotte beat her brains for some new excuse, she happened to drop her handkerchief. Gerald stooped to pick it up, and in so doing caught sight of the wounded hand, which Charlotte, trusting to the concealment of the table, had disentangled from her scarf. Light dawned upon him.

"Ah, I see what is the matter. You have hurt your hand. Poor little hand!"

"Nonsense, you know that my hands are not little."

"They seem so to me when they suffer. What has happened to you?"

"I burned myself."

"Good heavens! How? What were you doing?"

"Roasting chestnuts."

"How could you do that?"

"I had no cat's paw to get them out of the fire for me."

“But, Charlotte, there are no chestnuts at this season?”

“Gerald, your rural knowledge will soon be overwhelming. Before long you will be convinced that tomatoes do not grow out of doors in December.”

“Tell me honestly, Charlotte, how you burned yourself?”

“I will. But prepare your nerves for another shock. First, which way did you come here this afternoon?”

“By the Crofton road.”

“Then you did not pass by my house. Otherwise, you would have noticed (casually) that it is a mass of blackened ruins.”

“Charlotte!”

“I assure you. The curtains in the parlour took fire, — the woodwork caught, — presently the whole house was in a blaze. I have lost everything, furniture, clothing, jewelry, — not to speak of a large sum of money in the wooden secretary. I am nearly beggared.”

“And you sit there so quietly and tell me that!”

“Three months ago I read Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius, all at once. I knew something would come of it. But that is the reason I am so calm.”

“I hardly know whether to believe you or not. Is there nothing I can do for you?”

“Yes, you may cut up this chicken for me. I am half starved.”

Gerald readily accepted the charge. But to get possession of Charlotte’s plate, without attracting the attention of the other guests, was a feat that required rather complicated manœuvres. To such manœuvres, renewed with every course, the two friends addressed themselves in ridiculous earnestness and profound enjoyment. Several times they were nearly swept out of all table proprieties, by a suppressed gale of laughter at their own absurdities.

“Gerald, you are delicious,” said Charlotte.

“And you are a sugarplum from heaven, to say so. To what else can I help you?”

“Nothing for the moment. It is astonishing how the appetite is stimulated by the possession of some one ready to do all the hard work for you. You ought to sigh for the pudding as for Elysian fields.”

“I don’t see why.”

“Because that is eaten with a spoon, my brilliant friend. And think of the raisins and the nuts!—which you shall crack for me,—bonbons! I will give you all my prettiest, with the most touching mottoes, as a slight acknowledgment of your inestimable services.”

“Do not insult Mrs. Lauderdale, or her house-keeper, by the supposition that there will be

bonbons. I should think you had not been out to dinner since you were ten years old."

"So should I. I wish I were no more now. However, I have my wish whenever you are at my elbow, for you are a very fountain of eternal youth."

"I wish you would consent to rejuvenate yourself with me eternally," said Gerald in a low tone.

"I will—when I am thirty," answered Charlotte.

During the monotonous interim that Anglo-Saxon civilisation places between the excitement of dinner and the excitement of the "gentlemen" afterwards, Charlotte sat in a sandbank, covered with artificial flowers, and composed chiefly of Stebbinses. Just as eyes, mouth, nose, and ears were becoming choked with flying sand, dusty and gritty as is its nature so to be, there fell a shower of pure cool rain, and laid the dust. This refreshing effect belonged more to the voice than the words, which were as follows:

"No, Lauderdale, this is only another of the prejudices by which you Anglo-Saxons shut yourselves out from communion with humanity. You cannot imagine that anything which is not *you*, has any claim to serious consideration. If you are narrow-minded, you hate; if you are liberal, you regard with superb pity all wretches lying in the outer darkness, beyond the sacred

influence of your regulation broadcloth, condemned to bearskin or pigtails. That the Chinese *like* their pigtails, that they have as good reason for maintaining them as you have for shaving your faces, — *that* never enters your practical imaginations. You send missionaries to these benighted heathen to convert them from their absurdities to your own; you poison them with opium, and try to outcheat them in trading. But as to calling the Chinese men, — as to admitting the Celestial Empire into the Federation of the World, — you would as soon extend your fellowship to the man in the moon.”

The diction of the speaker was so rapid, that Charlotte would have supposed English to be his native language, except for the slight foreign accent and the extreme vivacity of the tone. He had entered the room with Mr. Lauderdale, and the host now led him directly toward Charlotte.

“Allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Ethelbert Allston,” said Mr. Lauderdale.

“Ethelbert Allston, Ethelbert Allston,” repeated Charlotte to herself as she looked at the stranger. And from that moment she was never able to dissociate the name from him, or himself from the name.

“We have been discussing the merits of the Chinese,” continued Lauderdale, “whom Mr.

Allston seems to have taken under his special protection. Perhaps Mr. Allston only uses the Chinese to defend a general theory."

"The doctrine is certainly general," answered Mr. Allston. "But you cannot fail to see how specially it applies to these outrageously abused Chinamen. Here is an Empire that has subsisted for centuries, and developed an elaborate and polished civilisation; whose political economy has solved the problem of supporting the densest population on the smallest territory; whose administration, a marvel of ingenious mechanism, has preserved order and stability on an immense scale, and for immense periods of time; whose learned societies have furnished the model for European institutes, and whose learned men have given the *ton* to European savants; whose commerce rivals Liverpool, and whose industry throws Manchester into the shade; whose religion is among the most moral ever invented, and whose ecclesiastical system is as skilfully balanced as that of Catholicism or the Church of England. *This* is the people reckoned as a deadweight among the nations of the world! Socialists devise systems that ignore China; thinkers proclaim philosophies that despise China; moralists castigate their countrymen with the dread of imitating China; all Europe, this speck on the face of the world, this moment in the history of time, this *parvenu*, big with its own

conceit, never misses an opportunity to belabour, to calumniate, to sneer at China."

"So, in chivalrous opposition to the rest of the world, Mr. Allston uses every opportunity to defend—China."

"Quite true, Charlotte," said Mr. Lauderdale. "And I confess, Allston, I hardly understand such quixotic chivalry. You, of all men, with your passion for movement and progress and liberty, should be stifled by the eternal fixity and monotony and ingenious despotism of China."

"I do not admire either monotony or despotism," answered Allston. "But I claim that those who admire them in Europe have no right to despise them in China. Mandarins, and state religions, and intellectual aristocracies, and public assemblies, are as respectable there as in France. And I doubt if the fixity be as eternal as you suppose. These internal revolutions, this invasion of Taepings, this emigration to California, this alliance with America, these demands for Coolie naturalisation, all this has its significance. But it is easier for us to analyse the atmosphere of the sun, than the nature of human beings that have had the bad taste to settle at the Altai Mountains instead of the Alps. It becomes us well to talk about barbarism!"

How much further might have proceeded the rehabilitation of Chinese character I cannot say, not being well posted on all its possible claims to

respectful consideration. But at that juncture somebody came along and swept off in another direction the champion of humanity in the Celestial Empire, and Charlotte was left alone.

She did not, therefore, fall back into the sand-bank, for its hour was over. Various companions and varied conversations beguiled the time agreeably, until the advent of one of her neighbours, a farmer, a most worthy man but slow talker, and in regard to whom even Charlotte's inventive mind foreboded difficulties. She had, however, prepared herself for heroic enterprises; had previously discussed servants with the lady on her right in a tone as animated as the subject admitted; and now plunged with good heart into beets and turnips. But in spite of the most conscientious efforts, the conversation languished. At a critical moment, Charlotte observed Mr. Allston approach, and seat himself on an adjoining sofa. Inspired by a new idea, she addressed her companion in a different key.

"After all, Mr. Fenton, we must acknowledge that farming is slow work. Here you and I vegetate in the country, like ferns before the pre-Adamite deluge, and instead of growing richer, we sink all our money into machines that don't work, and into drains that don't pay. Agriculture is a syren, a cheat. Commerce alone opens to the enterprising, agreeable, and profitable means of getting their living."

“How?”

“In the first place, the mental satisfaction of the merchant is infinitely superior to that of the farmer. Instead of poking away over his own miserable potato-patch, he busies himself with distributing potatoes to the entire globe, and thus accomplishes work for humanity. The Chinese, our forerunners in civilisation, and from whom we have derived everything that we have worth speaking about, have long ago divined this moral superiority. They have made themselves masters of all the arts of commerce, cheating included, and on the most sublime scale. Why, I have read that in China a merchant is allowed by law to keep three balances, one for selling too light, one for buying too heavy, and one for private correction of his own operations; that grocers cover blocks of wood with layers of meat and sell them for Westphalian hams, as fresh from the pig as is compatible with irreproachable salting in material obtained from the *débris* of Lot’s wife. You know the Dead Sea is more accessible from Pekin than from London. On the whole, I cannot sufficiently admire this wonderful people for the wonderful use they have made of the most wonderful institution of modern society—commerce. I think I shall sell my farm, and emigrate to Hong Kong to engage in silk-worms or the tea-trade. Which do you advise, Mr. Fenton?”

Before that gentleman could collect his pon-

derous wits for a reply, Mr. Allston had drawn nearer, as if to join in the conversation. The worthy farmer availed himself of the opportunity to beat a retreat, and Allston installed himself in his place.

"I did not expect to have so soon the privilege of hearing such an able defence of China," said he, with a smile that would have been mischievous in a more personal kind of person.

"I suppose not," answered Charlotte gravely. "If you have a proselytising disposition, you must be enchanted with your rapid success in bringing over to your theories even so insignificant a convert as myself."

"No person is insignificant when their relations to truth are concerned," replied Allston, with entire seriousness, and completely ignoring the opportunity for gallantry afforded by Charlotte's remark,—a fact of which she took due notice. "And I am sorry to perceive that you share the ordinary delusion in regard to the majesty of commerce. I know you were jesting, yet you seemed partly in earnest when you spoke of the services rendered by commerce to humanity. Is it possible that you also do reverence to this monstrous Baal,—this overgrown parasite that drains the strength from our sinews,—this gigantic tissue of fraud, lies, cheating, superstition and oppression?"

"To tell the truth," said Charlotte, "I have

never thought much about it, except when my butcher sells me stale meat or my grocer falsifies the butter. But I should be most happy to hear your exposition of the subject. Iconoclasm is always exciting,—and profitable,—for the bystanders can steal the stones from the ruins, and use them to build up their own barns.”

“No, I will not bore you with two harangues in one evening. Besides, I came to ask you a question. Who is that young lady sitting alone in the corner?”

“With the heliotrope in her hair?”

“Now you mention it, I perceive that she has one.”

“It is the only flower she ever wears. It is Margaret Burnham, governess to Mrs. Lauderdale’s children. She is a very lovely person, and one of my best friends.”

“She does not seem to know many people here.”

“No,—or at least she is shy and diffident about talking in company.”

“Would you be so very kind as to introduce me to her?”

“With the greatest pleasure.”

They crossed the room to Margaret, rousing her from the dream in which she had been absorbed, to complete oblivion of everything around her. As Charlotte introduced Mr. Allston, she coloured faintly, but apparently more from

embarrassment than pleasure. But a quarter of an hour later, Charlotte, looking from the other side of the room, was astonished to see her engaged in animated conversation with the stranger. He, not only by his words, but in every tone of his flexible voice, every graceful swaying gesture that accompanied his fluent speech, seemed to adapt himself with such friendly tact to the shy thoughts of his companion, that he elicited their expression, almost unconsciously to herself. Her colour rose, her eyes sparkled softly.

"Can that be Margaret!" thought Charlotte, wonderingly.

When Charlotte entered the dressing-room for her shawl, preparatory to departure, Margaret followed to interchange a friendly salutation.

"How well you look," said Charlotte, "Really happy, Madgeling."

"I feel quite happy to-night," answered Margaret. "I hardly know why."

"Little goose," said Charlotte, taking Margaret's chin in her hand and kissing her forehead, "I know why. It is because you have enjoyed the refreshment of talking to a person bright and intelligent, and able to appreciate and sympathise with you."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Margaret, shrinking; "I hope I am not so egotistical as to be affected by such a circumstance!"

"My dear Margaret," observed Charlotte, wisely, "when you are as old as I am, you will have learned the true value of occasional egotisms."

"I am a good deal older than you now."

"By the calendar, yes; but any one properly informed concerning the pre-existence of the soul must perceive in an instant that I have sojourned several ages in other planets, and arrived in this world already ripened by experience."

"What planet do you come from?"

"First, I believe, from Mars, but my latest residence was in Jupiter, so that my original combative instincts have been overmastered by instincts for domination. But *you*, little friend,—you sprang to life all at once—and not long ago—from a conjunction of moonshine and silvery cobwebs."

"Nonsense! do not talk about such fantasies just before going to bed. It will trouble your sleep."

"I shall go home and sleep like a top, while you will lie awake half the night from the excitement of talking to Mr. Allston."

A MODEL SCHOOL

The next day Mr. Lauderdale brought Ethelbert to call upon Charlotte.

"Miss Burnham has been telling Allston about

your model school," said he, "and we have come to ask permission to visit it this afternoon."

"From what I hear," said Ethelbert, "the plan is admirable, and realises ideas for which I have the most profound sympathy. Please take me to see your school."

"The plan is not original," answered Charlotte, "as you must have already perceived from Margaret's description. I have tried to put in practice the theories of several eminent thinkers, only occasionally adding a detail of my own. The school is at present my most rampant hobby, and I shall be only too much delighted to show it off to you."

Charlotte left the room to prepare for the walk. When she returned, she found Ethelbert absorbed in contemplation of a vase of flowers that Gerald had brought fresh that morning. As she approached, he pulled a heliotrope from the bouquet, and examined it minutely.

"This flower reminds me of your friend, Margaret Burnham," he observed. "She has precisely the grave delicacy and patient strength which characterise the heliotrope."

"He divined that," thought Charlotte, "and did not know that she wore a heliotrope in her hair!" Aloud she said:

"When you know her better, you will add,—the aromatic fragrance of nature, that diffuses itself only for intimate friends, but which fully

compensates the absence of rich colouring of the exterior."

"I do not see anything so interesting in Margaret," observed Mr. Lauderdale. "She always seems to me as cold as an icicle and stiff as a ramrod."

"And always will," returned Charlotte, coolly. "Heliotropes are a little beyond you, my dear neighbour. I will make you a bouquet of roses and lilies, with here and there a marigold."

Mr. Lauderdale opened his lips to protest in defence of his own penetration, but Charlotte declined to listen, and hurried her guests, laughing, out of the house.

On the road, she explained to Ethelbert the circumstances which led to founding the school. "Three years ago, when I first came of age, I was exceedingly bored by the exhortations of my neighbours, who wanted me to found a ragged-school or an orphan asylum, or perpetrate some other benefit to society. I had no objection to orphans, and rather a partiality for rags; but I was frightened at the monotonous prospect of a horde of crop-headed children, in blue-checked aprons, heaped together in white-washed rooms to learn their Catechism and duty to their neighbours. Besides, I hated philanthropy, and revolted at the idea of taking it up as an occupation, because I had left school, and was supposed to have nothing to do. Distracted

between prejudices and principles, I was rapidly growing morbid, even rabid, when a blessed uncle of mine happened to die, and left me all his fortune, including a prosperous farm. As my bread and butter was already amply secured, I had no personal need of this windfall, and resolved to devote it to the luxury of having my own way."

"Charlotte calls that a luxury," observed Mr. Lauderdale. "I should rather style it the first necessity of her existence."

"It is the first necessity of every existence capable of having a way of its own," said Ethelbert.

"Mr. Allston, accept my gratitude. I am a born despot, and, I believe, founded this school in order to have a kingdom to rule over. With the cunning of my tribe, I veiled my inexorable purpose in honeyed words. I collected my philanthropic neighbours, and proposed to consecrate the entire fortune of my uncle to the evolution of their ideas. In exchange for so considerable a donation, I should be left in absolute control of the whole concern. Other friends of the cause might contribute by means of annual subscriptions, and whenever they were dissatisfied with my proceedings they could remonstrate with me, and in case of contumacy, cut off their share of my supplies. But I trusted to be able to satisfy them so completely, that they would

continue their cordial support of an institution which would owe its existence to their benevolent initiative. It was dreadful to these good people to resign a Board of Managers, and all the intrigues and cabals thereto appertaining. Nevertheless, they agreed, seeing I would agree to nothing else; so the matter was left in my hands, and I set to work. The buildings on the farm were enlarged to accommodate three hundred children, the number actually living there. During the year of preparation, I selected my pupils by means of an extensive correspondence, recruiting them chiefly among the poor and orphans, but securing also a certain number of well-to-do paying scholars, who, I need not assure you, are placed on precisely the same footing as the rest."

"The school opened well, with the full three hundred, ranked as follows: twenty-five are babies under a year old; twenty-five more under three years; fifty, between three and six; and the remaining two hundred from seven to fourteen."

"What are the reasons for this classification?"

"The elder two hundred work the farm, so that the school is nearly self-supporting, and I could not afford at first to have too many little ones. But by-and-bye I trust that the nursery will become one of the most important parts of the establishment."

“Why did you receive paying scholars if the school was designed for charitable purposes?”

“But it was *not*,” said Charlotte with great energy; “and I was determined to prevent any stigma of pauperism from attaching to my children. I did not want to do good, or to be good, but simply to engage in the most natural and charming occupation possible to human beings. Does a child cease to be interesting because it has not had the misfortune to be born in a gutter?”

Ethelbert smiled brightly,—his smile was always pure and bright, as his voice was pure and cool,—but had no time to answer, for at this moment the party arrived at the gates of the institution.

It had not, however, in the least the air of an institution, merely of a very large rambling farmhouse. The building was shaded by great walnut-trees, and surrounded by grass too irregular to be called a lawn, and upon which a flock of geese were feeding. The path from the gate was narrow, and entirely devoid of trimness, and Mr. Lauderdale proffered his usual criticism upon its careless condition.

“I should think, Charlotte,” he observed, “you would be ashamed to have left your school so long a time without a decent avenue. And when will you have some orderly grass-plats instead of this straggling common?”

"Never," returned Charlotte composedly. "Being happily disencumbered of a Manager's Board, I have been able to avoid all useless pomp of regularity and magnificence. It is worse than thrown away upon children, for they are chilled, and crushed, and stifled by it. They instinctively crave irregularity, even disorder, and I take special pains to satisfy them, for I remember my own childhood."

"I think," said Ethelbert, "that half the evils in the world are caused because people forget their childhood."

"And that children have but one life,—that of the imagination. They are infinitely more intellectual than we are, and to be perfectly happy need nothing but liberty for their ideas. Without such liberty, they either degenerate or die."

The visitors entered the nursery.

This was a large semicircular room, surrounded by a dozen smaller ones, where the babies slept apart. The sun streamed cheerfully through the broad windows, mattresses covered the floor, and on these were sprawling twenty-five babies, entirely naked, and rioting in the enjoyment of a sun-bath.

"No pains are spared to develop these small bodies," said Charlotte—"baths, and frictions, and carefully adapted food, and varied amusements, which they find chiefly in each other's society, thus saving herculean exertions on the

part of nurses. Twenty-five babies are infinitely more manageable, and more interesting, than one."

And she went in among the young children, like a gardener among his tender crocus-bulbs.

In a room adjoining the kitchen, a number of children, under six years old, were shelling peas and beans, and some elder ones scoured knives. From the window, the visitors saw a group of boys and girls bringing home a load of raspberries on a goat-wagon; another engaged in hoeing corn, and in the pigeon-house appeared some blond heads, around whom fluttered a cloud of cooing pigeons, eager for the corn that the children scattered to them.

The ample kitchen was thronged with chattering assistants, who, under the guidance of a single teacher, prepared their own dinners and learned how to cook,—as a most fascinating amusement. Charlotte explained that the range of diet was extremely varied, and every day a bill of fare was posted in the dining-room, from which each child made his selection, and handed a written order to the kitchen department. As all the domestic service was performed by the children, they were at liberty to modify it at pleasure, and form independent groups for dining, not only in the common hall, but in any room of the house, or suitable corner of the grounds. In summer the dinner constituted a series of pic-

tics, amplified to gorgeous feasts by the riotous imaginations of childhood.

In the laundry, the washing was done by machines, but the ironing was entrusted to the children.

Still another suite of rooms was devoted to handicrafts of various kinds. Sewing held the principal place, for the children made their own clothes on machines, after the work had been prepared for them by teachers. The elder pupils were also taught hand-sewing. Carpentry, shoe-making, cabinet-making, flower-work, etc., were also taught, and the trained abilities of the pupils turned to practical account for the necessities of the establishment.

The farm was devoted to the culture of fruit and vegetables, and the raising of poultry and pigeons, all for the market as well as home consumption. As many cows and goats were kept as the children could conveniently take care of. The goats were useful, not only for their milk, but also for draught instead of horses, the various farm-loads being divided up among innumerable little wagons, suited to their capacity and to that of the children.

This subdivision of labour, and the use of miniature instruments and apparatus to suit the Lilliputian work people constituted the first principle in the distribution of work. By this means, a multiplicity of small forces were able to accom-

plish as much, and as efficiently, as a smaller number of adult persons.

The second principle concerned itself with the happiness of the workers, and consisted in the subdivision of time. No child was expected to work more than an hour at any one employment, and being trained to aptitude in a great variety, was able to change from one to another many times during the day.

In obedience to the third principle, or liberty of attraction, all the children were left free to select their occupations according to their tastes. Every morning the teachers announced the tasks that must be performed that day, and various lists were opened on which the pupils might voluntarily enroll themselves. In the rare cases when the work failed to attract a sufficient number of tastes, there was always a sufficient number of volunteers, who enrolled themselves from motives of honour and friendship, and devotion to the public welfare.

According to the fourth principle, the children were initiated into the divers manipulations by their fellows just a little more advanced in age and ability than themselves. And no child was taught anything, until, mortified by his own ignorance and awkwardness, he had himself solicited instruction.

The boys and girls were employed together, and in all kinds of work, domestic and agricul-

tural. The boys learned how to sew and cook, the girls how to dig and hoe.

"My subscribers," observed Charlotte, "made a great fuss over this item of the system, which is as essential as the geese that I have left feeding on the lawn. I don't know which scandalised them the most, that boys should work the sewing-machines or that girls should wheel potatoes. But I wanted to uproot certain superstitions, and habituate my children to see no distinction in work but that between physical and mental, in both of which they must all necessarily engage."

"What is the use," said Mr. Lauderdale, "when they must encounter such distinctions as soon as they enter the world?"

"Perhaps my little phalanx will do something to efface them. Perhaps they will have learned to crave the social charm that is experienced when two different natures are engaged in the same pursuit, and which is entirely lost by the present stupid practice of shutting them up apart on account of their differences."

The visitors now entered the school-rooms.

"Prepare yourself," said Mr. Lauderdale to Allston, "for the most revolutionary system of instruction that you ever heard of. Charlotte, I believe you will be afraid to tell what you teach, and, above all, what you don't teach to these benighted children."

“The regular course of instruction,” said Charlotte, “embraces nothing but languages. Children who manifest any special taste are taught drawing and music, the latter on any instrument they may select. Each child, moreover, is obliged to keep accounts of the work in which he is engaged, and has opportunities of earning small sums of money for his own profit, and in these transactions he learns the rudiments of arithmetic. He is taught to read and write his own language, at the same time and in the same breath that he learns the vocabularies of a half-a-dozen others. The object of the entire system is to fill the child’s mind with vivid and accurate pictures. He is taught languages as a key to language, both because this constitutes the natural study of his age and that for which he has especial facility, and because in language, as in a mirror, he can see reflected the entire world, that he is not yet strong enough to explore. He studies words as images, translates them as much as possible into picturesque realities, and is finally taught to use them as signs, when his mind has become saturated with their real significance. The same natural significance and picturesque effect is sought in the syllables and the letters, and the A B C class is a little more advanced than that which is first taught how to read. You see them here at work.”

The class was engaged in filling up with blocks of wood a gigantic frame, which represented the letter B. Nearly a quarter of an hour was needed to complete this letter, and the duration and intensity of the effort involved, served to stamp the B indelibly on the memory.

"We aim," said Charlotte, "to produce single effects, clear, profound, and vivid, rather than fritter away the time and the attention by repeated haggings and nibblings and superficial chips of ideas."

By the side of the B, one of the pupils now placed a pair of gutta-percha lips, also mounted on a frame and movable by a wire.

"Pronounce this letter," said the teacher to the class; and the children shouted out the sound in chorus.

"What pronounces this letter?"

"The lips."

"Show me how."

The boy pulled the wire, the great lips opened and shut like the statue of Friar Bacon, and the rosy mouths of the children moved in unison.

"And the letter B is therefore ——?"

"A labial!" cried the class.

Charlotte explained to her guests that similar apparatus was brought into play for the illustration of gutturals, and dentals, and all the rest of the alphabet. They passed into another room, where a new class was reciting.

"Tell me about the word vanish," said the teacher to the boy at the head of the class.

"*Vanish, s'évanouir, vanus, vain, s'reuire, aphanizomai, fance*, root Van or Fan, composed of a labial and a liquid. The labial shows that the thing is mobile, is running up or running away, the liquid, that it is dissolved into nothingness."

"Show me how."

On the table in front of the class was placed a lump of brilliantly blue ammonia, sulphate of copper. The pupil poured acid on the mass, and it disappeared rapidly before the delighted children.

"What is the German for vanish?" asked the teacher of the next pupil, a girl.

"*Verschwinden*, like *twinkle*, like a flash which passes very quickly."

In illustration, the child swung a polished mirror into the sunbeam that streamed through the window, and the others clapped their hands as the flitting vision dazzled their eyes.

"The word stamp," demanded the teacher of the third scholar.

"Root st,—sto—stand, stable, stork, stark, *stampfen, stehen, stare, staoimos*. Dental, meaning immobility, fixity, preceded by a sibilant which shows how something has rushed down to its place, like a rocket, I suppose."

"Illustrate this root," said the teacher.

The entire class sprang to their feet, and stamped on the floor so vigorously that Mr. Lauderdale put his hands to his ears, and Charlotte laughing, led the way to another room.

“By the time these children are fourteen,” she said, “they will understand six different languages well, have become familiar with a multitude of facts that vulgar superstition relegates to professed scientific courses, and be in possession of trained, flexible intellects, capable of rapidly mastering any theme to which they may apply themselves. And the teachers of the national schools complain, that after five years’ drilling, their pupils cannot learn how to read and write!”

“In this room,” continued Charlotte, “the children reënact history.”

“Every one knows that in spite of all the parade that is made at school about teaching history and chronology, children really learn nothing but a few isolated stories, and forget the rest. Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Alfred burning his cakes, George Washington, who could n’t tell a lie, this constitutes their budget of historical information.

“Since this is all they will learn, this is all I attempt to teach them; only by intensifying each scene, I am able to impress upon them a great variety, without risk of confusion. I tell them stories, and they act them out afterwards, with all the appropriate scenery and costumes, and

some of the money saved from the lawn is expended in this necessary luxury."

Here the teacher approached, and whispered some secret communication.

"Ah!" exclaimed Charlotte. "We have now a case in point, that exactly illustrates the working of the system. The other day I related the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle, and it seems that the children who sleep in the tower have been reënacting the story. A whole party of them ran away last night, and were found this morning asleep in the barn. In the case of such escapades it is the rule to imprison the parties concerned, to await their trial before me and their fellows. Madam, you may release the prisoners."

The teacher opened a door which led into a small room, painted like a dungeon, and lighted by narrow-grated windows. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, between nine and twelve years old, filed out solemnly and seated themselves on the trial bench, with an air of heroic dignity.

"I do not quite understand this severity, this dungeon, in a system of liberty and attraction," said Ethelbert.

"It is the counterpoise," answered Charlotte. "The intellect is developed by attraction, the character by resistance. The children are stimulated to such a passionate interest in ideas, that they are prepared to dare all manner of hardship

in their defence, and to face the dangers which they must hereafter encounter in real life. These dangers result from the adoption of false ideas; and from failure to win the approbation of the world for those which are true. Since the dangers are real, and rooted in the nature of things, it is just that the children who have dared to originate new ideas should bear a certain amount of anxiety and suspense, before the ideas are accepted. They must learn to be heroes as well as thinkers, or their thoughts will always be stifled at their birth."

Turning to the culprits, Charlotte asked in a grave tone:

"Who is responsible for this affair?"

A beautiful boy of ten years old, with large steel-grey eyes, and fair curling hair, rose and bowed.

"It is I," he answered.

"And who are you?"

"Lord Douglas."

"Very good. You may tell your story."

"After you had told us about Queen Mary, we went down by the brook to think it over. The more we thought, the more we were indignant at her captivity, and the more we were determined to release her. She sleeps in the tower, you know, in the room above ours."

"Where is Queen Mary?"

Lord Douglas beckoned to a little girl some-

what younger, but as beautiful as himself. She came to his side timidly, but confident in his powers of protection.

"Just look at her," said Lord Douglas, with the quaint, deliberate admiration characteristic of boys of ten. "See what hair she has, and what eyes! Is it possible that we could have left her in that horrid castle, and with that hateful Lady Murray? We should have been pigs, worse than the followers of Ulysses."

"There is some truth in what you say," observed Charlotte.

"I should think there was. Well, we plotted together, Ronald, and Henry Seyton, and myself, and before supper we contrived to secretly warn Queen Mary's maids of honour, the girls who sleep in the same room with her, you know. We agreed to escape the same night, and at supper we could hardly eat for thinking about it."

"*I* did," interposed a chubby little fellow, "because I was not sure when we should have another chance."

"Oh, of course," returned Lord Douglas, with magnificent scorn. "You were only the page. You could not be expected to feel the crisis as we did."

"After supper we managed to grease the bolts of the front door, and to take a wax impression of the keys. We were in such a hurry that the impression was n't very good; but that did not

matter much, since the keys are always left in the door."

"Then what was the use of taking an impression?" asked Mr. Lauderdale.

"Oh, of course, we *had* to," answered Lord Douglas. "*They* did, you know. Well, while we did that, the ladies of honour stole the costumes from the wardrobe,—and I take pleasure in assuring you," said the little Lord, turning toward his feminine *confrères* with a superb gesture, "that they did their business admirably. No one suspected them, and they hid the costumes under the bed-clothes.

"We went to bed at nine. I, of course, did not sleep, but the other boys slept like logs."

"I bet I did," said the small positivist, who had before acknowledged his matter-of-fact supper. "Lord Douglas had talked to me so much, I was dead beat out. He's an *awful* fellow when he once get's going,"

"Well," said Lord Douglas, waving his hand in condescending acceptance of his comrade's valuable but inferior qualities, "it was best that he did sleep, for he was wide-awake like a good fellow when the time for action came.

"When the clock struck one, I roused the boys, we dressed and crept up-stairs to knock at Queen Mary's door. Her faithful ladies had prepared her, and I had the honour of taking her under my special protection."

"He is always real good to me," interposed Queen Mary, gratefully.

"Madam, it is my duty, and my privilege," said Lord Douglas, bowing. "We stole down stairs in silence, but our hearts beat so loudly that it seemed as if every one must hear them."

"Oh, I was terribly frightened," said the little queen, her blue eyes dilating at the recollection of the recent peril.

"That was quite natural, since it was she alone whose life was in danger from her wicked enemies.

"We had no difficulty in unbolting the door and passing out. But then for the first time," . . . and the boy coloured, hesitated, and cast down his eyes as if overwhelmed with shame.

"What was the matter?" asked Charlotte.

"Oh, it was too stupid! I hardly dare tell you. You know Lochleven Castle was on an island surrounded by water—and they brought a boat close up to the wall so that Queen Mary stepped into it and rowed off."

"Very true."

"Well, here it is not so at all—and we had to walk a quarter of a mile to reach the water!"

"That was extremely inaccurate," said Charlotte, infusing a tone of displeasure into her voice for the first time. "I am really ashamed that you could have undertaken to escape without remembering this insuperable difficulty."

"So am I," said Lord Douglas, quite subdued.

"But at that moment we could not retreat. We reached the lake, I spread my cloak on the ground that Queen Mary might step from it to the boat."

"Oh, for shame," cried the listening children.

"That was Raleigh with Queen Elizabeth !"

Convinced of error by the acclamation of his peers, the poor little lord lost all heart. His grey eyes filled with tears—he choked back his sobs with difficulty.

"Ronald may finish," said Charlotte, kindly.

"There is not much more to say. I could have told the whole in half the time that he has been at it. We rowed across the pond—he calls it a lake, and I suppose I ought to, but it sounds funny."

"Certainly you ought to call it a lake," said Charlotte. How could Lochleven Castle have been built in the middle of a pond ?

"Lake, then. When we got to the other side, we did n't know what to do next. Some fellows ought to have come after us, and that would have been splendid. Lord Douglas said we must find an inn, where Queen Mary must re—re—"

"Repose !" interrupted Lord Douglas, indignantly.

"Which means rest," continued the other.

"He never thought about us, and we were all as tired as she was."

"Clown!" cried Lord Douglas, with tragic vehemence. "How dare you speak of your petty trials in comparison to hers! A dethroned queen, insulted, threatened with the scaffold, stealing away in the dead of night, with a handful of faithful followers! Think how she must have felt, and be thankful that you were permitted to share her sufferings!"

"Oh yes, I felt awfully," said Queen Mary, and sighed. "I believe I was sleepy, too, for I was real glad when we came to the barn."

"Lord Douglas said that it was an inn," continued Ronald. "Only kept by a secret friend of the queen's."

"A *vassal*," corrected Lord Douglas, with emphasis.

"So we climbed up the ladder and crept into the hay, and pretty soon were all fast asleep. I believe Lord Douglas watched part of the night. He's a true beat, I'll say that for him."

The Douglas grasped his follower's hand. "I did n't mean to be rude to you just now," he whispered. "I'll give you my jackknife."

"It don't cut. I'll take your pencil instead, if you like. But don't be in a hurry. Wait till to-morrow to think about it."

"The party was found in the barn this morning," said the teacher, "and I sent them all to the dungeon immediately."

"Now," said Charlotte, "we must judge this

matter. You have noticed, children, that Bertram has been guilty of two gross inaccuracies. What does he deserve for this?"

"Disgrace!" cried several voices, and Bertram hung his head.

"On the other hand, we must acknowledge that he has shown both skill and courage in realising the history. Should we not set that against the disgrace?"

"Yes!" said the children.

"On account of the mistakes, therefore, we will count the affair a partial failure, and I wish you all to notice that it is impossible to avoid such mistakes where the circumstances are so very different, so nobody need try again to run away at night. I shall certainly consider it a *total* failure another time. In regard to Bertram, however, we will, after noticing the failures, accord him an honour."

"Agreed," shouted the children.

"Come here, Bertram." Charlotte drew the boy toward her, and imprinted a grave kiss on his forehead.

"You may write his name in large letters on the Board of Honours this evening," she said to the teacher, "and those of his companions in smaller letters. Good-bye, children."

And Charlotte led her guests away.

"Charlotte, you are perfectly crazy," said Mr. Lauderdale, when they had left the house. "You

have so excited those children that they will be all tumbling out of bed for the next fortnight."

"Not at all. I have restrained them by pointing out an impossibility in the nature of things, the only kind of restraint to which human beings can submit with dignity. Should, however, another escapade occur—which is extremely improbable—I shall so effectually wither it as a *total failure*, that no one will dare to try again, for fear of becoming the laughing-stock of the school."

MARGARET

That same afternoon, Margaret was seated with her two pupils in Mrs. Lauderdale's handsome school-room. The children were more than usually rude and restive, and Margaret's patience more than usually inefficacious. They were grained like their mother, and from their father had chiefly inherited an immense capacity for self-indulgence, which, deprived of his grace, showed greedy and coarse enough. The dignified patience of a shy, shrinking woman, was entirely thrown away upon such natures. They needed an active, bustling, jolly, quick-tempered person, who would occasionally cuff them on the ears, but tell them plenty of stories afterwards and often excuse their lessons. Margaret's conscientious determination to drive into their rebellious little heads, the stipulated amount of

arithmetic and geography, only irritated them,—and they had no scruple in venting their irritation against a person who never scolded, nor raised her voice, nor complained about them. They might have lavished boisterous affection upon any one sufficiently boisterous to amuse and control them at the same time. Margaret could do neither, and like Mr. Lauderdale the children found their governess cold and stiff and altogether uninteresting. She, keenly alive to their indifference and incessantly reproaching herself for it, was herself more profoundly irritated than she was aware, by their resemblance to their mother. This resemblance, or rather identity of nature, like a fatal prophecy, continually paralysed all her efforts either to love or improve the children,—as if they were already grown up and hardened into coarse clay.

To sunny, sympathetic natures, that assimilate without effort all the bitter and the sweet that comes in their way, retaining the sweet, and changing the bitter to mellowness, persons like Margaret are often incomprehensible. And coarse, overbearingly successful people,—though good-natured as cabbages,—are pitiless towards such glacial incapacities. Neither suspect the fountains of tenderness pent up behind these barriers of ice, the delicate talent crippled by these shy gaucheries. Mere kindness is insufficient to melt the barriers,

or to set the proud shrinking soul at ease. The words must be penetrating as well as bland, the sympathy, careful, profound,—or both are rejected, to the astonishment and irritation of well-meaning officiousness.

People rarely take the time or trouble necessary to understand characters. They prefer rather to regard the difficulties as a tacit insult to themselves, and an excuse for keeping at a distance. They will build green-houses for exotic heaths, they will foster early violets into bloom with lavished cares. But souls,—more precious than heaths, more tender than violets,—are reckoned unworthy of such costly pains; they are left to freeze unsheltered on biting winter nights, and to be thrown away carelessly among other withered refuse.

“Grace,” said Margaret, “you do not know your lesson at all. You must learn it over again.”

“I shan’t do it.”

Margaret, without further words, handed the child the book. Grace wrenched out the page, tore it into pieces, and laughed triumphantly in Margaret’s face.

“You may learn the next lesson, and I will hold the book for you,” said Margaret, coldly.

Upon this the child burst into a storm of tears, and threw herself upon the floor, where she lay drumming the carpet with the heel of her shoes.

The noise summoned the mamma to inquire into the cause of the not unusual disturbance.

“Goodness gracious, Miss Burnham, you are letting Grace spoil her new ten-dollar shoes in that manner ! I am astonished that you have not learned how to control these children. You will ruin their tempers.”

Grace, feeling that her cause was fortified by parental tenderness, stopped kicking, but yelled a little louder, as if to prove the vicious influence that the governess had already exercised over her angelic disposition. Margaret, far more deeply chagrined by the consciousness of her own ill-success than Mrs. Lauderdale’s words could make her, hesitated for a reply, when the footman entered the room and handed her a pencilled note.

“He ’s waiting,” said the man, jerking his finger over his shoulder in a free and easy manner upon which he would not have ventured in presence of Margaret alone. But the servants were always less respectful to her when Mrs. Lauderdale was by.”

Margaret glanced at the note, written in a foreign language, and started up hastily to leave the room.

“Stop a moment, Miss Burnham,” interposed her employer; “I hope you are not going to run off during school-hours in this harum-scarum manner. I pay you a good salary to teach my

children, and I cannot have them cheated out of their time."

At this remark, the waiter chuckled secretly as he closed the door. Margaret coloured for a moment, and then turned as white as steel.

"You are right, madam," she answered in a low voice, "I should wait,—and of course will do so. I only regret that you felt obliged to speak so openly before the servant and the children."

Had Margaret thrown back the words into Mrs. Lauderdale's face, and insisted upon seeing her visitor, the good dame would have been perfectly satisfied. A five minutes' hearty quarrel, would have opposed no obstacle to reconciliation and concession five minutes afterwards, and the atmosphere would have been cleared up by the storm.

"*I'm* a regular out-and-outer," Mrs. Lauderdale was accustomed to say. "I have my word quick and sharp as you please, and all is over. Give me an honest temper, and none of your sneaking sullenness."

But the dignity that refused to bandy words, and that could afford to acknowledge an error, profoundly annoyed this honest dame, because so mysterious and inexplicable. Such conduct could only be the cloak for some concealed impertinence. Margaret's immediate submission had removed too quickly all open pretext

for scolding,—but the unexpended displeasure launched itself helter-skelter in the dark.

“And who is this ‘He’ that is waiting? A lover under the rose, I’ll stake my head. I think it is high time I investigated this surreptitious correspondence. Let us see your letter, Miss Burnham.”

And with a broad laugh, and a gesture intended to be playful, Mrs. Lauderdale held out her hand to snatch the little note. But Margaret drew back and put it in her pocket.

“Excuse me,” she said, in distinct, cold tones, “I acknowledged the justice of your observation that I should not allow my own affairs to interrupt the duties I owe to you. But these affairs *are* my own, and I must beg leave to reserve them exclusively to myself.” Mrs. Lauderdale fumed a little, but presently withdrew, not before she had officially excused Grace from a repetition of the lesson.

“There is no comfort in life,” she said to herself, “with these sly, secretive people. A frank, outspoken girl I could love; but this Margaret, with her stealthy, obstinate ways, is like a cat. We shall never get along together.”

Mrs. Lauderdale did not do herself more than justice in asserting that she could love and be kind to a person more comprehensible than Margaret. But moral incompatibilities constitute obstacles to the best intentions, quite as insu-

perable as blindness, or deafness, or any other physical infirmity.

As soon as his mother's back was turned, Henry Lauderdale, junior, hurled his arithmetic up to the ceiling, whence it fell—minus the cover.

“Hurrah ! I bet Miss Burnham got a good scolding *this* time !” he cried exultingly.

“What will your father say to this arithmetic?” said Margaret, ignoring the boyish impertinence, at which nevertheless she quivered inwardly. “It is the third you have spoiled within a month.”

“I'll tell him you threw it at my head because I did not know my sums.”

The afternoon wore away slowly, the tasks were at last finished and the governess and pupils released, to the infinite content of all parties. Margaret waited with tingling impatience, until every book had been replaced, and the desks rolled back to precisely the requisite angle,—an operation which Henry contrived to prolong for a full quarter of an hour. Finally everything was in order, the children dismissed to their recreation, and Margaret, released, sped down the avenue to the park gate.

Under the hedge in the road was seated a man, whose face and hands seemed to belong to a gentleman, but whose coarse, ragged clothes rather indicated a common tramp. And the voice in

which he growled at Margaret as she approached, was that of a gentleman degenerated into a tramp, like the tones of a broken grand piano, pitched into the lumber room.

"You kept me waiting long enough!" said this agreeable personage.

"I could not help it, father," said Margaret, uttering the last word with difficulty, as if it stuck in her throat. "The children's lessons were not finished, and I could not leave them."

"Well,—you've brought the money, I hope."

"All I have for the moment," and she emptied her small purse into his outstretched hand.

"Bah! That is not worth shaking a stick at. I say—it's a shame that you did not stay at your uncle's, you might have managed to filch me much more than this."

"You know I left him, because he forbade me to have anything to do with you."

"Just like your romantic nonsense. It would have been far more practical both for yourself and for me, to stay and pick up the drippings from his fat table. He need never have known that you met me now and then by chance."

"What!" exclaimed Margaret, in indignant amazement, "You would have wished me to cheat the man who nourished me with his bounty, and eat at his table with a lie on my lips! My mother herself would not have done

that for you. Oh, do not suggest such infamy, or I shall begin to believe that you are ——”

She stopped short. Her step-father met her eyes with dogged assurance.

“That I am what? Guilty of the theft of which they accuse me?”

“Yes.”

“Well, suppose I am. Would you shake me off like a mangy cur, as all your virtuous friends have done?”

Margaret placed her hand on her bosom, as if to seek strength and inspiration of some concealed talisman.

“No, no,” she cried. “For *her* sake I will never forsake you.”

The man looked at her a moment as if debating whether or no to permit some words to pass that trembled on his lips. He evidently decided that further confidence was at the time inappropriate, and shut his jaws hard together, as if to force back into his muddy consciousness, whatever might be trying to escape. Then he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, and rose to go.

“These clothes,” said Margaret timidly, “can you not afford to wear any better? I will send you some more money soon.”

He laughed gruffly. “Thank you, girl. I dress better than this when I am at home and receiving company, but too much toilette would be rather unhealthy in this vicinity.” He strode

away, nodding a salutation, in which an ancient grace struggled through an acquired roughness of demeanour, like a golden curl escaping from beneath a fustian cap.

Margaret watched her step-father out of sight, then reëntered the park. But instead of returning to the house, she sought refuge behind a lilac bush, where, unseen, she could draw from her bosom the flat locket that held the precious miniature of her dead mother.

A fair, sweet face, with low, broad forehead and delicate eyebrows like Margaret's own, and drooping mouth, whose settled melancholy relaxed not a line of the forced purpose into which it had been composed. An heroic but deadly purpose, to which her life had been vainly sacrificed, the endeavour to rehabilitate the character of her husband. In him she had persistently believed, for him she had expended her energy and her fortune. Margaret had consented to accept her faith, Margaret had nursed her in the long, terrible illness that closed her clouded life, Margaret had taken up as a sacred heritage, her faith in a man whom she herself disliked, and had continued steadfastly at the post where her dying mother had left her. Alone in the world, with only this miniature between herself and dreariest desolation, often this frail barrier had proved all-sufficient. But to-day Margaret was depressed by the consciousness of failure in her easier

duties, depressed by a new suspicion of unworthiness in the object of her patient fidelity, and the desolation seemed to draw nearer.

The soul is less exigent than we suppose, and often, to sustain its strength, needs but a single friendly voice that shall say, "Thou art strong!" But when the voice fails, and all other comfort fails, the poor soul is sometimes very desolate. As Margaret looked at the face of her lost mother, tears sprang to her eyes, unaccustomed sobs choked her throat. For a moment the pent up longing and loneliness must have its way, and Margaret, crouched behind the lilac with her one treasure in her arms, broke down into an agony of weeping.

Short is the space left by the world for indulgence in solitary grief. In a few minutes Margaret heard the gate swing open, and the voices of Lauderdale and Allston returning from their walk. She instantly checked her sobbing, but not in time, for Ethelbert said:

"I thought I heard some one crying just now. Who can it be?"

"Oh, it is probably Grace," returned the father indifferently; "she is always in some kind of trouble. And Mr. Lauderdale walked on. He was quite alive to the pathos of tears in books, or in people for whom he was not responsible. But the troubles in which he might be compelled

to interfere, simply annoyed him, and he shirked them as much as possible.

Ethelbert lingered behind, and came directly towards Margaret's hiding-place, following the direction of the sound he had heard. Margaret made herself as small as possible, but, as Ethelbert passed the lilac, she saw by his scarcely perceptible start, that he had discovered her. In these circumstances an awkward person would have exclaimed aloud; any one timid or indifferent would have withdrawn at once, and in silence. Ethelbert did neither. Whatever might be the cause for Margaret's grief, she had probably cried long enough, and a little diversion could not fail to do her good. He walked straight on, therefore, toward a late flowering syringa, leisurely cut off a spray, turned and came back to Margaret.

Her habits of self-control had enabled her to recover her composure during this little interval, and as Ethelbert approached she rose to meet him.

"We have been visiting the school," he said directly. "I thank you very much for telling me about it."

"I need not ask if you were pleased?"

"I was delighted. The school is charming, and completely imbued with the imaginative vitality of its founder."

Then he described the visit, and the escapade

of the history class. His fluent description demanded but few interruptions from Margaret. He talked to her, rather than with her, and the bright, kindly speech first soothed, then interested, then cheered his companion, just as he probably intended that it should do.

ETHELBERT AND CHARLOTTE

After the visit to the school, Ethelbert came frequently to see Charlotte, sometimes with the Lauderdales, sometimes with Margaret, sometimes alone. They talked endlessly together, anywhere, everywhere, in the house or the garden, on the piazza, on the lawn, in any place that their floating fancies rooted, and which these soon covered with pleasant blooms. One day Charlotte led Ethelbert to her beech grove.

"The beech is my favourite tree," she said, "it reminds me of a man at once strong and flexible, polished and naïve."

"The beech is too refined for a man," returned Ethelbert, only in women ever occurs that rare union of free, unconscious strength and exquisite delicacy of texture."

"The union is certainly rare. Women are always either too strong or too feeble."

"How is it possible to be too strong?"

"Nothing easier," persisted Charlotte, with a touch of the perversity that always eminently distinguished her. 'Women's strength should

be as well covered as their bones. The appearance of either on the surface is extremely ungraceful and unbecoming."

"Women always malign their own sex," observed Ethelbert, with a puzzled air. "I cannot imagine why."

Charlotte looked at him sideways for a second, and then changed the conversation.

"I have been advised many times to fell some of my beeches, but I cannot do it. It cuts me to the heart to kill a tree."

"Oh, you are right," exclaimed Ethelbert, "you cannot tell how much they may suffer."

"Ah! now you go too far. I had no idea that the trees feel anything."

"Certainly they do. They are living beings, and who lives, feels, enjoys, and suffers. They do not speak to us, they are too dignified to complain aloud, but they look at us reproachfully as they fall, like the eyes of dumb deer stricken by the hunter."

"You have learned to understand the trees, then?"

"I dare not say that, but I recognise a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these dumb creatures, whose thoughts we must first divine and afterward defend. Brazen lungs and fluent lips can take care of themselves, and are therefore much less interesting."

"Oh, Mr. Allston," exclaimed Charlotte,

laughing, "you talk too much yourself to have a right to despise talkative people."

"Despise them! No, indeed,—only I do not attempt to take care of them. We must devote our tongues to the service of delicate natures, who hesitate to speak for themselves."

"You wish to do that, therefore you think you like it the best. Are your tastes always in such convenient accord with your duties?"

"I confess I cannot imagine myself seeing that one thing is right and best, and seriously wishing another."

"Do your ideas convert your sentiments or your sentiments sophisticate your ideas?"

"Neither," returned Ethelbert, a little impatiently. "I do not understand such anarchic divisions in the nature of the same person. I, like every one else, am attracted toward one thing or another, the whole of me—not one part this way and another that. What I believe I like; what I like I believe, I desire, I work for. Why, it is self-evident it is impossible to do otherwise."

"You are as single-natured as a diamond," thought Charlotte. But, aloud, she rallied Ethelbert on the facility of his virtue, until he forcibly changed the subject of conversation.

Gerald, who also came frequently to see Charlotte, did not fail to notice Ethelbert's visits.

"You seem to see a good deal of Allston," he

observed one day, with an air of extreme non-chalance.

Charlotte yawned before replying, then answered in a lifeless tone, "Yes, he comes here a good deal. He prefers my green-house to Mrs. Lauderdale's."

"I wish you would make him a present of your green-house and let him carry it away with him. I will give you another."

"Mr. Allston does not expect to leave at present. He is quite domiciled at the Lauderdale's, —even Madame is charmed with him. I believe he will stay there and finish his book."

"But the green-house might be an inducement to him to go away."

"Gerald," said Charlotte, icily, "I will thank you not to dispose of my green-house or of anything else belonging to me. I believe you said you expected to ride down the Crofton road this afternoon; I will trouble you to leave a letter for me on the way, and if you will excuse me I will write it now."

Gerald disposed of, Charlotte bent her steps toward her neighbour's hospitable mansion. On the avenue she met Grace Lauderdale, carrying a remarkably ugly doll in her arms. The imp that generally possessed the child, seemed to-day to be chained, or, rather, softened; she lavished on the doll many tender carresses.

"I thought you meant to throw that doll away?" said Charlotte.

"So I did. But Mr. Allston told me that if I had a little girl who was ugly and broken-nosed like this one I should want to love her all the more because other people might neglect her. He said I should comfort my doll for her ugliness, and not throw her away. I do love her now,—better than the crying baby."

Charlotte found Mrs. Lauderdale seated with her guest in the summer parlour near the open French window. She paused on the piazza.

"It has been said," she observed, "that the human race is not yet sufficiently advanced to carry on a conversation between three persons."

"But we always flatter ourselves that we are exceptions to such general rules," said Ethelbert, rising to let Charlotte pass and receive Mrs. Lauderdale's greeting.

"Charlotte," cried the good lady in her usual audible tones, "you always come just in time. You will help me scold Mr. Allston; and as you have more gift of the gab than I have, perhaps you may convince him."

"What is the matter? Has Mr. Allston been robbing the hen-roost?"

"I wish he had. But that is just the trouble. I cannot get him to eat enough, and I know it annoys Mr. Lauderdale. If he does not have

enough to eat at home, that is no reason why he should starve in the midst of abundance."

Charlotte coloured furiously at this speech and looked at the floor to avoid meeting Ethelbert's eyes. But he seemed to be not in the least disconcerted.

"Mrs. Lauderdale overwhelms me with her kindness," said Ethelbert, in his sincere, cordial voice. "My appetite would be prodigious indeed if it could respond to all the appeals of her bountiful table. There is a great difference in the amount of food required by different constitutions."

Mrs. Lauderdale opened her mouth for an energetic reply, when a servant summoned her away on some domestic business.

"Are you under a vow?" asked Charlotte, when she and Ethelbert were left alone.

He looked at her askance, with that naïve shyness so often seen in horses and so seldom in men. Charlotte, emboldened, persisted further.

"I begin to believe that you are. I wish you would tell me what it is. I will not betray you.

"*Vow* is too dignified; too absolute a term. But I acknowledge that some time ago I made a certain resolution, which I have kept until it has grown rather difficult to break."

"What is it?"

He hesitated again a moment, then answered :

“Mrs. Lauderdale's surmise, though wide of the truth at present, is correct as regards a certain period in the past. At one time I did not have enough to eat, and the circumstances made such an impression upon me, that I resolved henceforth never to eat a meal without furnishing its equivalent to another person. Owing to the narrowness of my means, this resolution obliged me for some time to live with considerable frugality; and even now, though I have all that is necessary, I could not afford to be an Apicius for two. Besides, habit has rendered an abundance of rich food really disagreeable to me, a fact that my kind hostess cannot understand. That is all.”

“All!” repeated Charlotte. She considered Ethelbert's stoicism scarcely less absurd than his theory about trees; but, at a certain stage of our relations with other people, nothing is so delicious to us as their absurdities.

Ethelbert, apparently relieved that Charlotte did not extend her inquiries, now proposed a walk, to which she readily assented, and allowed herself to be drifted away to impersonal topics. As they emerged from the park, she observed:

“What you said just now, reminds me of a sentence I read the other day in your book.”

“Ah!” said Ethelbert, in a tone of such unaffected indifference as would have effectually repelled most people from going further. But nothing ever stopped Charlotte when she was

once launched in the pursuit of an idea. She continued to talk about the book, and with feminine tact to insinuate praise and appreciation so skilfully, that the shy author was pleased and warmed in spite of himself. When he had begun to talk freely, Charlotte said :

“ One of the chapters that interested me the most, is that where you describe the sensations of a starving man. Is your analysis based upon a personal experience ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ When was that ? ”

“ During the first months of my exile, I remember that I once passed three days without food.”

“ Horrible! What did you do ? ”

“ I was very hungry.”

“ Of course; but what did you do ? People don't sit still and starve.”

“ That depends. I believe, I came very near doing so. I know I passed the first day in cudgelling my brains to hit upon a scheme for getting work and food. The second, I began to suffer from the abstinence, and it occurred to me I could best employ my time by recording the sensations experienced in so novel a situation. The third day, I suppose my head must have been affected; for I became perfectly apathetic to my fate, and even loathed the thought of food. I remember my astonishment when I discovered

how quickly the habit of eating, and even of living, could be broken up."

"What saved you?"

"A tract missionary, making his rounds in the house, knocked at my door. He must have been accustomed to deal with people in extremities, for, as he handed me one of his little pamphlets, he asked me if I had been out of work for a long time. I explained to him the position, though with some difficulty, for my head swam, and I had an absurd idea all the time I talked, that I was discussing the merits of the sermon he had given me. The missionary was a kind man, and expressed a concern that greatly surprised me, who had forgotten all concern for myself. He proposed that I should accept a position just left vacant, as assistant tract visitor, and which commanded a small monthly stipend. I declined this friendly offer.

" 'I fully appreciate your kindness,' I said, 'and sympathise with your efforts to enlighten people according to your belief. But I must frankly confess that it is not mine, and I cannot consent to earn my bread by working for ideas in which I do not believe.'

" 'I know you foreigners never believe anything,' he answered, 'and that is one reason I want you to take this place. By engaging in the work, you will become gently converted before you are aware of it.'

"I naturally insisted however that conversion must take place first.

"'But you will starve!' exclaimed the missionary.

"To this I had nothing to say, and so said nothing. The good man stood looking at me for several minutes in great perplexity, while I was impolite enough to sit down myself, for I was really too faint to stand. At last he said :

"'This is outrageous! A man must eat his dinner, what ever happens. Come home with me.'

"I went ; my friend had a wife and four children, to be fed and clothed out of a colporteur's salary. We ate herrings and dry bread for dinner, which I should have enjoyed supremely, had it not seemed to me that my host and his wife ate less than they needed, so as to leave more for the children and myself."

"Where did you dine the next day ?"

"At the same table, but this time I paid my board. For the colporteur, finding I was still obstinate on the missionary question, contrived to procure me a place as porter in a bookstore."

Charlotte glanced at Ethelbert's hands.

"You did not stay long in that position ?"

"No ; I was soon engaged as foreign correspondent, and from that time everything went smoothly enough. I continued to board in the family of my preserver, and we became most ex-

cellent friends. I know he secretly counted upon my conversion, up to the day I left, and I always feel an odd sort of remorse, that I was unable to requite the great kindness of the good man with the single reward he desired so fervently."

They had reached a cross-road in their walk, and just as Ethelbert ceased speaking, a boy rushed down the hill and ran up to them, crying, and volubly entreating assistance. Ethelbert laid his hand on the shaggy head:

"What is the matter? Do not be frightened, we will help you."

"The wagon—the horses—the driver—drunk," sobbed the child, jerking out his information with heaving breast."

"I will go back with you," said Ethelbert. "You will excuse me?" he added to Charlotte.

Now, Charlotte's instincts all tended to hurry her also to the scene of disaster. But on this occasion she was conscious that the pleasure of helping Ethelbert would decidedly predominate over the pleasure of helping the people in distress, and of this consciousness she was much ashamed. The ostrich-like impulse which teaches women to conceal whatever is nearest to them, from the belief that it is on that account most apparent to others, intervened therefore, and imposed passivity.

"I will wait for you here," answered Charlotte, and, as Ethelbert walked away, tormented herself

to decide whether or no he had seemed surprised at her indifference.

Seated on a well-shaded stone by the roadside, Charlotte had plenty of time to reflect over the story she had just heard, and upon which all her thoughts concentrated themselves, in complete oblivion of the neighbouring catastrophe.

There is a monotonous theory extremely current in modern novels, according to which love in women depends exclusively upon the recognition of superior force, by which they delight to acknowledge themselves mastered. This theory is a sort of refined sublimation of the history of William the Conqueror, who is said to have succeeded in his wooing by dint of vigorous fisticuffs, administered to his coy beloved. Like many other theories, it chiefly errs in being too exclusive. A person's loving constitutes the most powerful expression of the predominant bias of his character. It is determined, not only by his ruling taste, but by the opportunity offered to exercise his ruling energies and capacities. People who like to be taken care of, love those whom they instinctively feel to be the best suited for the purpose. But strength craves, as its first necessity, the opportunity to afford protection, and strong people, whether men or women, may be irresistibly attracted to loving a person whom they feel themselves particularly able to protect.

There is a certain matrimonial combination,

not unfrequently observed, and which occasions perhaps the happiest of all average marriages. In this the wife, conscious of great intellectual inferiority to her husband, is equally conscious of superior ability in practical affairs, of which, therefore, she wisely assumes the control. She has the greatest faith in the value of her husband's eloquence, but not the least in that of his theories, and carefully prevents their application to common life. She listens to his poems or his sermons, with contented lack of comprehension, but her solid reliance is placed on the glass of mulled wine to be taken after the preaching, or the well-warmed blankets that shall receive the exhausted scholar, fallen from soaring midnight meditations. Repeated experience has convinced her that the material, which constitutes her province, is the real base and substance of the ideal in which her husband's intellect is absorbed. By a curious double contradiction, she nevertheless continues to idealise the material that she manages in the interests of love, and to despise the impractical faculties which fills her heart with glory whenever she thinks of her husband. Him, it is the business of her life, to save, to look after, to protect. Not she, "a vine the oak has skaken off," but rather a sturdy barn, over which, by a happy chance, has grown a dark-green ivy.

This simple conception of things may be enlarged by successful scales of character, but it

will often be found where least expected, the snug nucleus of the most exalted of wifely affection. The weaknesses or caprices of women may lead them in a hundred directions; but their strength, as soon as developed, almost always tends toward the primitive maternal instinct, the most profound element of their natures. To them, therefore, protection means cherishing, fostering, with brooding individual care, such as the deep-bosomed Ceres bestowed on the children she met during her long wanderings after Proserpine.

This was the nucleus of Charlotte's thoughts, repeated many times in exactly these words:

"What a pleasure it would be, to provide such a man with plenty to eat for all the rest of his life!"

Around this nucleus presently clustered a host of ideas, wishes, whims, fancies, dreaming over which Charlotte beguiled an hour agreeably enough. But then she began to grow impatient for Ethelbert's return. She waited yet awhile longer, and finally walked off in a fit of indignation.

"He might at least have sent me word that he should not come back this side of midnight," she grumbled.

It had been agreed that Charlotte should take tea that evening with Mrs. Lauderdale. But when she reached the house, she found that the hostess

and her husband had gone out to drive, and had left a message begging her to make herself at home as usual. The intimacy of the relations between the neighbours quite justified such easy arrangements, and Charlotte, in her present disturbed mood, was glad enough to be alone. She settled herself in the drawing-room, at the window that looked down the avenue, and professed to read, but the leaves of the book remained unturned, uncut.

It was nearly sunset when Ethelbert made his appearance. Charlotte espied him far down the avenue, and noticed that he had taken off his coat, and that his head was bound up in a handkerchief. At some distance from the house, he stopped, took off the handkerchief, and wiped his forehead carefully, as if to remove traces of blood, then crossed the lawn to avoid the drawing-room window, and entered the house by a side door.

The dusk had begun to fall when Ethelbert finally came into the parlour, where Charlotte still sat alone. He bowed when he saw her, but instead of speaking, carried a book to the opposite window, and began to read by the fading light. Charlotte, much piqued at this behaviour, waited to hear some account of the accident, or explanation of Ethelbert's lengthened absence; but as neither were volunteered, she asked the question:

"Did you succeed in helping the people out of their difficulties?"

"Yes; I believe it is all right now."

Another silence.

"You stayed a long time."

"I know it. But it was absolutely necessary."

"If Gerald had been in your place, Mr. Allston," said Charlotte, pettishly, "he would have been overwhelmed with remorse that he had left me to walk home alone."

"Oh, I think not. You know you were perfectly able to do so; while that poor woman was quite helpless."

Charlotte made no further attempt to continue this conversation, but presently left the room and hunted for Margaret. To tell the truth, she felt rather lonely, and the twilight had become hateful to her.

"Well, your Mr. Allston is at least insufferably rude," she exclaimed. "He leaves me in the middle of the road in the most cavalier fashion, and then never vouchsafes an explanation, not to speak of an apology."

"Why," said Margaret surprised, "don't you know what detained him?"

"He has not condescended to tell me a word. For all I know he has been piping to Mr. Fenton's lame shepherdess. He said the woman was helpless."

"It is because he has done so much that he

says nothing about it. It seems that a man was bringing his sick wife from Reading, to consult a physician here. The driver drank at all the taverns on the road, until he became completely intoxicated, and frightened his horses, who ran away and upset the waggon in a ditch. The woman fainted; her husband in trying to extricate her from the waggon, was attacked by the driver in a drunken fury, and the two men were fighting desperately, when Mr. Allston came up. He succeeded in drawing off the aggressor—though not before he himself had received a wound in the forehead from the fellow's knife. He then assisted to right the waggon, and to carry the woman to the nearest farmhouse. The poor husband, relieved from his first alarm, was then in despair, because his new coat, in which he expected to call upon the doctor, was torn and covered with mud. Mr. Allston took off his own, and gave it to him to keep, as long as he had need of it. He might return it, he said, when he was ready to go home."

"How did you hear all this?"

"One of the men-servants here happened to pass the spot just as the fight was over, and took charge of the drunken bully. This was fortunate; for Mr. Allston is not very strong, and might have been vanquished in a prolonged encounter."

"I think he might have told me," said Char-

lotte. "He might have known that I should have been interested."

"I can, however, well understand why he did not. Are you not going down-stairs?"

"Yes; if you will come with me."

Charlotte stole into the drawing-room behind Margaret, half-afraid to encounter Ethelbert again. But the dusk had vanished, the Lauderdales had returned, the room was blazing with light,—and Ethelbert engaged in hot discussion with his host concerning the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the new expedition to the North Pole.

AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT

The ripe July days received each his bounty at the hands of generous Time, and departed, laden with unspeakable riches; August succeeded in the wealthy summer, and skies, slumberous with piled illuminous clouds, and golden hazes, that hushed the world in a warm trance, replaced the unshadowed brightness of July.

Human beings move and grow with the summer. Happy would it be at times, if they could be placed side by side, with the certainty of remaining in the same indifferent tranquillity at the end of months and years. But they are too active, too living, these troublesome human natures—they push forth roots, like seeds cast into a nourishing soil,—and in a week, in a day, may become identified for life or death with the spot

of ground upon which they have been thrown by accident or ill fortune, or caprice.

I have no intention of describing in greater detail the life led by Charlotte and Gerald, and Ethelbert and Margaret. I hasten by these weeks of ripening summer, as through a fragrant lawn, toward the goal to which it leads directly. Goal, however, ignored entirely by the unwary travellers at the moment that they were first allured into its winding pleasantnesses.

Late one afternoon, Gerald and Ethelbert took tea with Charlotte; and afterward the three sat together in the twilight, watching the slow arrival of the stars as they climbed, one by one, into the deep heavens. Gerald, as was often his habit in the twilight, amused himself at the piano, touching the keys so lightly that the strain, but half evoked, faded away at the moment. Charlotte and Ethelbert, in the bay window, talked of many things, of books, and finally of that strange book, Richter's *Titan*.

"In reading Richter," said Charlotte, "I believe it is necessary to forget all considerations of ordinary morality. The ease with which the hero of *Titan* passes from one of those unfortunate women to another, would be perfectly shocking but for the unconsciousness of the author. It never occurs to him that there is anything reprehensible in such philosophic indifference, or such facile adaptability to circumstances."

“Richter states facts, and does not concern himself about their moral. All experience teaches that the complete absorption of one person's life in that of another is, fortunately, very exceptional. That the most profound griefs may be healed, and even forgotten, and that a person who continues to live after the ruin of an old love, may be quite capable and quite worthy of a new. It is only boys and girls who imagine that an entire life can be expended at a single throw.”

“I am glad when you say that,” said Charlotte, rather shyly; “because I have often been ashamed of a secret consciousness that I myself could never be so concentrated as poetical theories deem necessary. Do you know, much as I blame the hero of *Titan*, I am not sure that, in his place I should not have acted in precisely the same manner? But I am much ashamed to feel so.”

“Ashamed to know that you never would die of a broken heart? That you have a sufficient force and vitality to renew your life after any disaster. Really I should consider that a great cause for congratulation.”

“Only that such a nature secures its happiness somewhat at the expense of its dignity and depth. I often compare myself to a river that has acquired breadth by overflowing the meadows on either side, but is extremely shallow to the line and plummet.”

"O Charlotte," cried Gerald, abandoning the piano, and running to the window; "do not say that you are shallow! That pains me too much! I cannot believe that it is true."

"Shallowness and depth," said Ethelbert, "are relative terms. On the meadow, the river is indeed shallower than itself in its own place; but there it may be infinitely deeper than many narrow streams, shut up immovably between adamant walls that prevent expanse."

Charlotte felt grateful toward Ethelbert, and proportionately cold to Gerald, who had not been ingenious enough to give this turn to her metaphor. He, however, was also relieved by the explanation.

"That is exactly true," he exclaimed. "And the streams between adamant walls represent such people as Margaret Burnham."

"She seems indeed to have been repressed all her life," observed Ethelbert.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlotte, "and perhaps never more than now. The Lauderdale's don't understand her,—the children hate her,—nobody in the house loves her,—and she freezes in an atmosphere at once averse and chilly."

Ethelbert sprang to his feet, and walked back and forth a few steps, as was his fashion when excited. A new idea seemed to sway him, body and soul.

"Now, how can any one look at Margaret

Burnham and not love her," he exclaimed, vehemently.

A keen pain shot through Charlotte's heart. She looked at Ethelbert's animated face, with indignation, but open and cool. No secret struggled for concealment or expression, no passion cloaked itself in friendly words.

"He does not love her," said Charlotte to herself, after a moment's jealous scrutiny. "But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

"But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

These words rang through Charlotte's brain after her visitors were gone, and deafened her as by some harsh metallic clanging. She went down into the garden, and paced restlessly in the dusk. But the words, instead of being deadened by the physical exercise, acquired fresh vitality every moment, and writhed viciously, like snakes warmed at the fire. Presently they gnawed away innumerable coverlids in which a secret lay concealed even from Charlotte's own consciousness,—and which, bare and bold, now looked straight up into her eyes, and forcibly claimed recognition.

Charlotte knew then, fully and irrecoverably, that she loved Ethelbert.

The first moment of this new knowledge, she was thoroughly frightened. She put her fingers in her ears, as if to shut out the intrud-

ing assertion, and ran so violently along the garden path as to arrest all thinking. But as soon as she stopped, out of breath, the assertion reappeared, like the face of a drowned man, when the troubled waters have calmed themselves.

Charlotte did not in the least doubt that it would be a good thing for Ethelbert to marry Margaret. She pictured to herself—as she imagined that Ethelbert might be doing at that very moment—how Margaret's pale life would brighten with rosy colour, embraced by his delicate tenderness, how all the tedious years of her youth would be forgotten in the safe happiness that for the first time would be her portion. Neither would Ethelbert be sacrificed. Instead of the factory girl predicted by Mr. Lauderdale, he would be matched by a refined, delicate, intelligent woman, capable of appreciating him, of seconding him in all his labours, of calling into play some of the noblest faculties of his nature. Charlotte felt that the very affluence of her own life subtly repelled Ethelbert from herself. He had so few things to give, that he was careful not to waste his love where it would not be needed. He reserved himself for the solitary, the dumb creatures, whose thoughts he must first divine and afterward defend. With him, love was an opportunity for exercising his predominant energies, it was less love than loving. He resembled Charlotte in

his fashion of reasoning in this matter, in the fact of reasoning, and in the manner in which he had hitherto conformed his life to his theory. And both these reasonable people, at this moment, still further acted in subtle unison, inasmuch as both unconsciously left Margaret's personality out of their calculations.

Charlotte did not envy Margaret because Ethelbert would marry her. She pitied, almost despised her for accepting—as she never doubted that Margaret would do—an even portion from Ethelbert's universal bounty.

“It is himself that *I* want,” said Charlotte, distinctly facing the thought that had at first terrified her. “Not his kindness, nor his esteem, nor even his loving. I would want him to love me, in spite of himself, as Gerald does. He spends his powers for the world as liberally, and with as little effort, as a king's almoner dispenses the treasury of the king. But I would not stand in the crowd and be blessed, though he should rain gold pieces upon me. It is just because his nature is so large and overflows on every side, that I have this strong desire to concentrate it, like the rays of the sun in a burning-glass. Margaret will never do that.”

And she exulted over the conviction, exulted over a sudden consciousness of power that, for a moment, drowned out of sight the conclusions at which her reasons had correctly arrived.

A red-red rose leaned over the garden walk, and glowed through the dusk. Charlotte clasped its thorny stem, and pressed her lips to its passionate heart.

"Rose, dear rose," she whispered; "tell me your secret, and I will tell you mine."

But the rose said never a word.

Only the strong can afford to be generous. Only the successful can resign the victory. In the sudden upleaping of that inward exultation, Charlotte felt as if she had conquered the object of her desire, and was, for the moment, completely satisfied. It mattered little whether or no Ethelbert loved her, he *could* love her; and the certainty that he would strenuously exert himself to avoid doing so, only increased the secret sense of triumph. And she felt quite willing to sacrifice the lesser good to Margaret, she resolved even to further Ethelbert's purpose, which, in truth, she had correctly divined.

Impetuous natures are often capable of self-sacrifice, provided that the occasion is urgent, and that the circumstances remain red-hot up to the very moment of consummation. But patience, delay, are intolerable to them. Could Charlotte, have married Ethelbert and Margaret on the spot, she would have done so without hesitation. But it was necessary to await the slow evolution of events, dependent upon other wills than her own. By an illusion common to imaginative people,

she already felt the full force of the suspense that she foresaw she should be obliged to feel. This she could not consent to bear. The matter must be decided, abruptly, at once; she must know exactly Ethelbert's intentions in regard to Margaret, and to obtain this knowledge she presently devised a scheme.

Charlotte possessed an odd, rudimentary taste for intrigue, that had remained undeveloped simply because she had always had her own way so completely, that she had never been obliged to resort to artifice in the attainment of her ends. On this occasion, however, when open force was unavailable, *manœuvre* immediately suggested itself; and the most romantic and far-fetched was precisely that best suited to Charlotte's present restless mood.

She resolved to give a masquerade party, and to assume a disguise in which Ethelbert should mistake her for Margaret, and talk to her under that impression. She and Margaret were just the same height, and Ethelbert had acknowledged himself always unable to distinguish people apart by their voices. And Charlotte, remembering Ethelbert's shyness in all personal expression of himself, believed that he would be whimsically encouraged, by the supposed Margaret's disguise, to speak to her with more freedom and intimacy than he had done hitherto. Margaret should lose nothing, for all would be faithfully repeated to

her afterward. But, as a compensation for the happiness that she was hereafter to enjoy at Charlotte's expense, the latter determined to intercept the one pleasure of Ethelbert's first words, and drain their sweetness, even though nothing but husks should be left for the person for whom they were intended.

That there was anything dishonourable in such a proceeding, any indelicacy in listening to the speech sacred to woman alone, any danger of compromising Margaret by such unwarranted proxy—such ideas never entered Charlotte's head. She was so absolute and wilful in her resolutions, so much accustomed to carry out plans over all external obstacles, that, in their absence, internal scruples never suggested themselves, at least during the first flush of a newly-imagined project. Besides, it is possible that, under all the esteem and affection she really entertained for Margaret, lay that little grain of contempt we are so apt to feel for people to whom we mean to be very kind. Margaret—Ethelbert himself, so far as his independent personality was concerned—were both swept down the current of the dominant will, that always embodied any passion once sprung to life in Charlotte's nature.

THE MASQUERADE

Inhabitants of country towns, satiated with rural blessedness, always welcome enthusiasti-

cally such exciting diversions as fancy balls. The neighbours and friends, therefore, eagerly accepted Charlotte's invitations, and instantly plunged into preparations that constituted a rather severe drain both on their cerebral and digital energies.

The occasion was accepted with the greater promptness that Charlotte's hospitality was known to be rather fitful. Sometimes, for weeks or months she kept open house, with visiting, feasting, gayeties of every description. Then, for another lengthened period, the doors were closed, and the mistress denied even to morning calls. So it behooved the world to make hay while the sun shone; and it addressed itself energetically to this agreeable business, elaborating Indians, shepherds, and Roman peasants, with all the luxuriant imagination characteristic of country towns.

Larger worlds have been overturned for motives akin to that which stirred up this delightful commotion.

The day before the party, Charlotte, who had kept jealous watch over Margaret during the fortnight necessary for its preparation, brought her two peculiar dresses, exactly alike.

"I propose," said she, "that you and I wear these dresses, and, for the greater mystification of people, occasionally pretend to reveal ourselves in each other's personality. I want you

to announce to Mr. Allston, for instance, that you are Charlotte, and point me out to him as yourself.

"He will not believe me. People are always defending themselves against practical jokes at a masquerade."

"Not he. Mr. Allston who is keen enough to appreciate wit, is too single-natured to understand humour, especially the commonplace fun of masquerades. I am convinced that he will wear no disguise, and will be only too thankful to take refuge from the confusion with some one whom he thinks he knows."

As Charlotte had foreseen, Ethelbert came to the party without either mask or fancy dress. His friends rallied him in vain; he averred his total inability to support an assumed character, and mingled willingly with the other broadcloths who had dared to proffer a similar plea.

Charlotte, from behind the security of her mask, and relieved of the responsibilities of hostess, watched Ethelbert incessantly. At first he seemed entirely amused, throwing himself into the scene with all the genial abandon with which he always accepted anything offered for his enjoyment. Then he grew serious; his nature was too essentially sympathetic to enjoy long a mere amusement that he could not share with some one else, and he was necessarily isolated in the midst of the masquerade. Finally

this seriousness deepened to an expression of intense weariness—and Charlotte knew that her moment had come. She seized an opportunity to whisper to Margaret :

“Tell Mr. Allston that you have taken pity upon his loneliness, and mean to rescue him from these speechless strangers. Is it not ridiculous how they are all afraid to open their mouths lest they betray themselves? I have found out every person in the room. Tell him that Margaret is in the conservatory—that you think she is lonely also, and that you wish he would go and entertain her.”

Margaret assented unsuspectingly, and in a few moments Charlotte, who had seated herself in a solitary corner of the empty conservatory, saw Ethelbert coming toward her.

Charlotte always possessed a strong magnetic perception of the mental conditions of the people in whose presence she found herself. This faculty, sharpened by her acute personal interest in Ethelbert, now conveying to her such a clairvoyant impression of his confidence in her identity with Margaret, that her consciousness seemed to double itself, in order to respond truthfully to Ethelbert's supposition. She seemed to herself to be at once Charlotte and Margaret, and even some indifferent third person looking on and criticising the minutest detail. This third person

now noticed that Ethelbert seated himself by her side too quietly to evince any eager pleasure at meeting her—rather with an air of relief over his escape from the medley crowd. He seemed at ease, at home, as nearly assured as was compatible with the exquisite courtesy ingrained in his nature.

Charlotte remembered—as if it were very long ago—the marked awakened attention with which Ethelbert always greeted her, as if each time he expected to find something new.

“He must have become very intimate with Margaret, to believe that he has already exhausted her possibilities,” she thought. Aloud, she said :

“Are you already tired of the masquerade, Mr. Allston ?”

“A little. Fortunately, Charlotte was so kind as to discover herself to me, and tell me where I could find you. She thought that we might both be feeling rather lonely in this crowd of strangers. Charlotte is always thinking about the wants of other people. I am very glad that you have such a generous, bountiful nature for a friend.”

Charlotte coloured behind the mask with the naïve pleasure of a child who hears itself praised. But the next moment, in her consciousness as Margaret, she felt nettled by this remark :

“He is *too* kind,” she thought. “Nothing

but the fineness of his nature prevents him from being supercilious."

"Yes, Charlotte is kind," she replied aloud. "But I hope that you did not trouble yourself to find me simply on her recommendation."

"I accepted her suggestion with the more gratitude because I had a special message to deliver to you, and I should never have discovered you by myself."

"A message from whom?"

"From that lady about whom I spoke to you the other day. As far as she is concerned, the affair is settled. The position is yours, if you like to accept it."

"And I shall owe it to your friendly intervention. Can I ever sufficiently thank you?"

"Why should you thank me at all for ministering so effectively to my own selfish enjoyment? You cannot imagine the pleasure I have had in arranging this little matter for you. And I really think you might be most pleasantly situated in this family. The father and mother are admirable people, the children docile and intelligent, and—a subordinate but still legitimate consideration—the salary is very good."

"I am sure I can rely upon your representation. Have you appointed any day for me to meet your friends?"

"Yes; Thursday next, if you are willing. But are you quite decided to accept?"

"It is, of course, impossible to decide finally until after Thursday. But at this moment I know of nothing to prevent me. Do you?"

Ethelbert, usually so alert in his replies, was now silent, and busied himself in breaking off a spray of the honeysuckle that invaded the window. Charlotte waited a minute or two, and then repeated the question.

"Yes," answered Ethelbert. "Or, rather, I was thinking of something by which I wished that you might be prevented."

"From benefiting by the advantages you have taken such pains to secure for me? That is rather illogical."

"But it is I that am about to propose the hindrance; so, of course, I was anxious that you should be in a position which left you perfectly free to choose."

"You are generous."

"Should you call a man generous simply because he was not brute enough to take an unfair advantage of a woman and persuade her to become his wife, in order to escape from some temporary inconvenience of position?"

"I should call him extremely proud for insisting upon a love offered to himself alone, and freed from the faintest shade of gratitude or suspicion of worldly interest."

Ethelbert looked up startled.

"Proud?" he repeated. The idea was evidently quite new to him.

"Well," he resumed presently, "we are poor creatures at best, and it is never safe to explore too deeply into the motives of our conduct, especially those of which we are unconscious. The essential is that I have left you free to choose."

"Between what?"

"Between Mrs. Holbein and myself."

"I did not know that you were in need of a governess."

"I am not. But I am in need of a wife."

"Oh!" said Charlotte, coldly, but fully from her consciousness as Margaret.

"I may be presumptuous," continued Ethelbert, recovering his habitual rapidity of diction, "in asking you to share a life as arduous as mine. I can offer you neither riches nor social position; I can only inflict upon you the troubles of an obscure, struggling exile. But I think both of us have learned how much the harshness of all material annoyances may be softened by the love and sincere sympathy of two persons who thoroughly understand and appreciate each other. Dear Margaret, you will make me very happy if you will consent to be my wife."

He leaned toward her with the same swaying gesture that Charlotte had noticed the first evening he talked with Margaret. But his voice was clear

and untroubled as usual—his face unchanged; the spray of honeysuckle swaying at the window in the evening breeze not more passionless than he.

“Dear friend,” said Charlotte, “I thank you for your words. They are new to me, and I must think over them before I can reply. You have been so generous in providing me, if necessary, with a way of escape from you, that I am sure that you will not now hurry me for an answer.”

A secret scorn vibrated under the words, but so far below the surface that Ethelbert did not perceive it. He answered cordially :

“Assuredly not. I trust you completely, as I hope one day you will trust me, Margaret.”

He rose, and Charlotte rose also.

“Farewell, then, for the present,” he said, and extended his hand. Charlotte gave him her own; he held it for a moment, and looked at her as if to ask permission to kiss it. A mad desire leaped up into Charlotte’s heart, and drove Margaret entirely out of her consciousness.

“It is the only time,” she said to herself, and remained motionless. Ethelbert bent over the imprisoned hand, and his lips pressed it for a moment—as lightly as a snowflake.

“I wonder if he always kisses like that !” thought Charlotte. Ethelbert was already gone, and she remained alone in the empty conservatory.

Whether minutes or hours passed, as she stood rooted by the window, Charlotte knew not. But at length she was aroused by the hasty entrance of a young man dressed as a harlequin, who walked directly towards her without seeming to see her. He tore off his mask with a gesture of profound impatience, threw it on the floor, and trod on it. Charlotte, who had already dropped her own, recognised Gerald. He started as he met her eyes.

“You here!” she exclaimed, in the rôle of courteous hostess. “You should be yonder amusing yourself.”

And she pointed to the folding-door of the conservatory, where, as if set in a frame, appeared the gorgeous tableau of the swimming crowd, bobbing, gesticulating, merry-making at their hardest.

“Pshaw,” said Gerald, “it is like the gibbering of things without life.”

She saw him absorbed in an inward passion so intense, that all things else became empty and lifeless in comparison. She understood this, because to herself, at the moment, Gerald seemed as faint and far away as did the murmuring maskers to him. She dissimulated, as women do and can and must.

“You are polite, sir, to speak of my grand masquerade so contemptuously. I assure you that it will be recorded in the annals of the

town as the most brilliant event of local history."

Gerald dashed aside her words as a man who stems a torrent pushes apart the slight willow branches that oppose his progress.

"Oh, Charlotte, I am sick—sick to death—of this idle mummery. I have been a boy, a child, long enough; it seems to me as if all my life had been just like this masquerade—as empty, unreal, and meaningless. To-night the scales have fallen from my eyes; I know myself to be a man, and cannot trifle any longer. To-day, to-night, this moment, I must finish the suspense that is frittering my soul away. Tell me, once for all, that you love me or hate me; receive me, or cast me off forever."

Unlucky Gerald! Had he come the next day, or week, or month, he might have won his cause. But the moment that accident had chosen for him was fatal. All the passion that trembled in his voice and fired his eyes, affected Charlotte as little as the teasing of a fly against a barred window-pane. She answered impatiently:

"If you are tired of waiting, go; I have been frank enough, it seems to me, and it is not my fault that you have chosen to prolong the suspense. Cut it this moment, if it please you, and with a sharp knife."

Gerald drew back, dropping his arms helplessly, as if suddenly paralysed. Charlotte's heart

smote her when she saw him so hurt and grieved, yet always unresentful. She remembered all his goodness and sweetness to her, his unalterable patience; she cried remorsefully :

“Oh, Gerald, forgive me; I hardly know what I am saying. I am in trouble to-night, and do not see clear.”

He forgot himself instantly in anxiety for her.

“*You* in trouble? I thought that was impossible. Dearest, what is the matter?”

“Is it not enough that I have hurt you—that I must hurt and disappoint you after all?”

“No,” said Gerald, sorrowfully; “you do not love me enough to be sorry that you do not love me.”

It was true; it is always true. Love rarely knows remorse for the sin of not loving. Yet of what other sin is Love capable.

Charlotte leaned her cheek on her hand and contemplated Gerald wistfully, almost tenderly. The look revived his hope in spite of the certainty of his knowledge. He threw himself at her feet, and poured out his whole soul in one last passionate prayer :

“Oh, darling, dearest life of my life, take back your words before they kill me. It is too terrible to believe that you do not love me, when all that is in me has gone over to you, and become yours so entirely. Why, to me the whole world has been dissolved, and there is nothing left but you. If

you told me to walk into a red-hot furnace, I should go, and never feel the flames. You cannot send me away from you, because all that I am is bound up in you. You must die yourself, to get rid of me."

"Then may it please God that I die," said Charlotte. "And God knows at this moment I am so wretched that death alone seems a little sweet."

Gerald rose, and faced her for the last time. His arms were clasped tightly over his breast, as if to force down his violently throbbing heart ; his eyes met hers. They looked each other through and through, but across a gulf that yawned blackly between them. For the first time in their lives their lips uttered a word in concert.

"Farewell !"

Gerald waved his hand, and disappeared in the darkness of the garden. Charlotte replaced her mask, and sought Margaret in the ball-room.

"Mr. Allston has bored me to death," she said, "and the night-flowering cereus under the window has given me a deadly headache. I shall go to bed, and leave you to play the hostess. You know how, a great deal better than I."

"Oh, nonsense !"

"Yes, because if you were in my place at this moment, you would stay here and continue to be agreeable in spite of the most racking pain.

I am more self-indulgent, and less used to pain. I do not know how to bear it. Good-night."

CHARLOTTE AND MARGARET

Margaret's school-hours finished at three o'clock. At ten minutes past three, Charlotte entered the school-room, and found her friend alone.

"How is your headache?" asked Margaret.

"Better. I slept as if I had been drowned under fifty fathom of unconsciousness, and the sleep drugged my brain like opium."

"Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your party."

"I shall allow no such thing. You know very well that is not what I have come to talk about."

"I am waiting to hear you tell me."

"*À la bonne heure!* You are such a consummate little diplomate, I was not sure you would acknowledge your own penetration. I have come to talk to you about Mr. Allston."

"Who bored you so much last night?"

"Exactly. He supposed me to be you, and asked me to marry him."

Margaret looked straight out of the window, and answered not a word.

"Should you like to hear how he said it?"

"As you please," said Margaret, without turning round.

Charlotte drew a chair into the middle of the room and sat down in it, with her back to Margaret.

“Do not look at me, and I will tell you all.”

And thereupon she repeated, word for word, the conversation of the last evening—only omitting Ethelbert’s preliminary remark about herself. When she had finished, she waited to hear what Margaret would say.

“What an excellent memory you have, Charlotte,” observed Margaret.

Charlotte jumped up from her chair, and, running to Margaret, laid her hands on her shoulders and shook her violently.

“You abominable little thing! Here have I been occupying myself in the most masterly manner with an affair that intimately concerns you, and you do not even thank me!”

“You know I did not ask you to trouble yourself with it,” answered Margaret quietly.

Charlotte examined the face of her friend, and the more she looked at her, the more she was foiled and baffled. Margaret, by the simple force and dignity of reticence, seemed to have escaped her, and to have reached some inaccessible superiority, before which Charlotte felt herself miserably small and inadequate.

“What are you going to say to Mr. Allston,” she asked, after a moment’s silence.

“I have not yet made up my mind.”

“And how long before you arrive at a decision?”

“I don’t know.”

“Will you tell me when you do?”

“How can you help knowing?”

“Margaret, are you angry with me?”

“Certainly not,” said Margaret, gently smoothing Charlotte’s hand. “What have you done that I should be angry with you?”

Charlotte looked at her again, doubtfully, kissed her forehead, and left the room, much perplexed in her own mind.

She crossed the dining-room and summer parlours, and came to the wide hall that ran through the middle of the house. The August day was intensely hot, and the hall-door stood wide open. Charlotte looked out upon the sultry valley and the dusty road that climbed the hill in the distance. The air was motionless with the heat, the trees dry and drooping, the grass parched like the lips of a fever-patient, and a white haze thickened the glowing atmosphere.

Certain natures are oppressed or frightened by these tigerish, African days. Others, though not in the least tropical themselves, are fiercely exulted by their tropical intensity. Charlotte, paused in the shade, and filled her eyes with the burning landscape, and prayed neither for coolness nor rain.

She had not stood there many minutes, when

she perceived Ethelbert coming across the lawn. He entered the hall abruptly, without seeming to notice Charlotte; and she saw that his face was deadly white, and he walked unsteadily, as if in danger of falling.

"Mr. Allston, what is the matter with you?" cried Charlotte, in vague alarm.

"I believe I am sunstruck," answered Ethelbert, quietly. He staggered toward the sofa, sat down, and immediately fainted away.

Charlotte rushed across the hall, reached Mr. Lauderdale's library, knocked, burst open the door without waiting for an answer, and jerked out a summons for assistance, as if she had thrown the words in the face of the startled gentleman.

"Mr. Allston is sunstruck. He has fainted. Go to him directly."

"How! when! where!" exclaimed Lauderdale, rising.

"In the hall," answered Charlotte. And without waiting further, she turned and ran out of the house, across the lawn, through the gate to her own grounds, and never slackened speed until she found herself in her bed-room, where she closed and bolted the door. One would have thought she was pursued by a fiend, of whose temptation she was terribly afraid.

Once safe under lock and key, Charlotte could not pluck up the courage to emerge from her

place of refuge. She ordered the servants to deny all visitors; she would have forgotten to eat and drink, had not they, knowing how to deal with the savage moods that at rare intervals possessed their mistress, brought her food of their own accord.

She passed hours in pacing her room, like a wild animal confined in a cage; then, exhausted, she threw herself on the bed, and slept heavily. the sun sank behind the cloudless horizon; the harvest-moon lavished floods of light, and retreated again before a new dawn; another day climbed to high noon, panted, and slept; and so the heavens and earth renewed themselves many times, while Charlotte remained still a prisoner, bound by the tension of body and soul that relaxed not for a moment.

Racked by anxiety for news concerning Ethelbert, it never occurred to her to be astonished that the Lauderdales sent her no word; still less did she dream of making inquiries herself, or recollect that this negligence might be resented by her neighbours. All passion, be it love or genius—which is another form of love—is so supreme, dominant, sufficient to itself, that it ignores external circumstances simply because they are external, and hence as far away as the circumference of the earth from a man standing at the centre. It is naïve, unreasonable, contradictory, from the very essence of its nature.

Indifferent to the divisions of night and day—for often she kept vigils at moonlit midnights, and often slept through burning noons—Charlotte had no idea how much secular time had elapsed since the day of Ethelbert's accident. That one event towered above the level of all past memory, like the hulk of a shipwrecked vessel cast up high and dry upon the land. And Ethelbert's white face, as she had last seen it, remained constantly before her eyes in deadly distinctness, like the face of a man who had escaped the storm and appeared upon the deck of the vessel, isolated from his fellows and from all other men.

One afternoon—it was the seventh day—Charlotte stood at a window that commanded a view of Mrs. Lauderdale's park. A winding path just emerged into sight, passed under a beautiful horse-chestnut tree, and then disappeared. Mr. Lauderdale had placed a rustic bench against the horse-chestnut, and always brought thither his favourite guests. Now, as Charlotte fixed her eyes absently on this corner, she saw three people emerge from the shrubbery and seat themselves on the bench. It was easy to recognise Margaret, Lauderdale, and Ethelbert, the latter leaning on his host's arm, and walking slowly, like a man just recovered from a severe illness. Lauderdale talked a little while, and then went off, leaving Ethelbert and Margaret alone. Charlotte knelt at the window and watched the pair greedily.

Perhaps she alone could have divined whether they were affianced lovers, or friends, or simple acquaintances. They seemed at their ease, at home, at rest in one another's society, and talked in low, quiet tones, but continuously, as if the words and thoughts flowed from a full, untroubled river, fed by springs that would not soon run dry.

It was Margaret, rather than Ethelbert, that Charlotte devoured with her eyes. She had been under the same roof with him during all his illness; she knew whether he had suffered, and what; she knew if he had been in danger—if he had touched upon death. She remembered how she herself had fled from the temptation to press her hands to Ethelbert's unconscious head, and warm him back to life; and she never doubted that Margaret had been very near to him in these latter days. Presently she saw Ethelbert shiver, and Margaret lift a corner of the shawl that hung over the bench and hand it to him, that he might wrap himself more warmly.

“I hate her!” said Charlotte, vehemently.

Oh! Love is cruel—cruel at the core! It is like the sun, whose outer atmosphere breathes warmth, geniality, friendship; but whoso pierces to the centre, falls, is consumed to cinders by the devouring fires!

All thought of Margaret was swept entirely

out of Charlotte's consciousness, possessed as that was by the single desire to see, to be near to Ethelbert, though but for a moment. Blindly following the impulse, Charlotte sprang to her feet, rushed from the room, and sped directly toward the horse-chestnut on her neighbour's lawn. She did not forget, however, to smooth her hurried pace before coming in sight, and to calmly return the greeting with which Ethelbert and Margaret rose at her approach.

"This is a charming little nook," said Ethelbert. "I have not been here before, or, at least, it seems to me as if to-day I appreciated it for the first time." His eyes rested on Margaret for a moment as he spoke.

"I remember, however," said Charlotte, "that I have seen you come here to read the papers containing news from Paraguay. I am not astonished that you are obliged to discuss such exciting interests in solitude."

"I am glad you mentioned Paraguay," returned Ethelbert; "it reminds me of a curious story I have been waiting to tell you."

"You might have told Margaret, if you were in need of a sympathetic auditor."

"Oh," said Margaret, laughing, and frankly at her ease as Charlotte had rarely seen her; "I confess that I am not much interested in the affairs of Paraguay. My curiosity is not nearly so extensive as yours."

"What is the story?" asked Charlotte.

Ethelbert was about to speak, when Mrs. Lauderdale bustled up, flounced and flustered as usual. At seeing Charlotte she exclaimed loudly:

"Bless my heart, Miss Charlotte! I should think it was about time you made your appearance. Here's Mr. Allston been at death's door, and you never so much as sent a servant to inquire after him. I should n't wonder, now, if you had forgotten all ordinary civilities, and had not even asked him how he did."

"Miss Charlotte is never obliged to have recourse to ordinary civilities," said Ethelbert, smiling brightly.

"So it appears," continued Mrs. Lauderdale, who was suffering from the heat, and consequently well disposed to boil over a little steam upon her neighbours. "My dear Charlotte, do you know that it is five o'clock in the afternoon, and you have come out of doors in your dressing-gown? And just look at your hair! It is as tumbled as though you had slept in it. Margaret, what have you been thinking about, not to tell Charlotte what a guy she was? Pretty treacherous friendship, that!"

Poor Charlotte! Hitherto left in blissful ignorance of her blunder by the refined tact of her friends, she was recalled to its consciousness rudely enough by Mrs. Lauderdale's words. In

a woman, nothing more surely indicates profound inward trouble than forgetfulness of her toilette and personal appearance. She is revealed dismantled, disarmed, like a city whose sentinels have been recalled from the outer walls in the confusion of a popular revolt. Charlotte looked down at her dress, and mechanically carried her hand to her tangled hair. Feeling keenly the real significance of her disarray, she believed that it must be equally patent to all eyes. She saw herself disgraced before the world, before Margaret, before Ethelbert; her nerves, strained by long tension, could not bear the sharp blow of mortification; she coloured furiously, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Nobody had ever seen Charlotte cry, and every one was struck with consternation. Margaret went up to her immediately, and encircled her with a friendly, protecting arm.

"Charlotte is not well," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Allston would be kind enough to fetch a glass of water from the house." And as he rose she added, in a low voice, "Do not return."

Ethelbert understood, and walked Mrs. Lauderdale away, much to that good lady's astonishment.

Charlotte, finding herself alone with Margaret, clung to her, sobbing like a child—or, rather, as children never sob, ignorant of the strange woes that await them outside of Paradise. And sweet

Margaret soothed her friend, less by words than by those inarticulate caresses of which the soul in trouble is more greedy than of profoundest wisdom.

"Oh, Margaret," whispered Charlotte, "what have I done? What do you and Mr. Allston think of me?"

"And Mrs. Lauderdale?" said Margaret, playfully.

"What do I care about her? What do *you* think?"

"I think that Charlotte forgot to brush her hair this morning when she got up out of bed."

"I have not been to bed for a week," said Charlotte, abruptly.

Margaret showed no surprise. Only vulgar people ever do.

"Why not?" she asked, quietly.

"I do not know. It seems to me as if I had been insane, and now was dying."

"You are so unused to tears that they tire you out."

Charlotte was lying with her head on Margaret's bosom, and her eyes closed. She spoke now dreamily, without opening them.

"How do people feel who cry all the time?"

"I doubt if there be any such person."

"Those in whose hearts the tears stand all the time?"

"While the tears are there, the heart is kept

cool and fresh. Sometimes, however, the tears dry, and then there is a terrible desert."

"Then it is best that the tears stand all the time in my heart," said Charlotte, with a curious, wistful persistence.

"No, indeed; you are made for the sunshine, and it will follow you."

"Margaret, if I told you that I hated you, what would you say?"

"That you misunderstood me."

"Dear friend, I love you. Kiss me, Margaret. I will go home and sleep. Tell Mrs. Lauderdale I will put on a new sprigged muslin to receive—her footman, the next time he brings me peaches." /

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON.

The next morning Charlotte dressed herself rationally, and went down-stairs to breakfast. She was, for the moment, in possession of such peace as often comes after a violent storm. Peace that sometime signalises the permanent return of sunshine, quite as often is but a deceitful *lueur*, surrounded by clouds in the future as in the past, like the moments of half-light which gleam in the midst of long, drenching rains. Why not, however, enjoy such instants of treacherous repose? The longest day of fair weather is preceded and followed by storms—and neither do they outlast their appointed limits.

Toward the middle of the forenoon, Charlotte was summoned to the parlour to meet a guest. Recognising Mr. Allston, she paused on the threshold of the door, with her hands behind her, like a naughty child that expects to be scolded. Ethelbert came forth eagerly to greet her.

“This time Mrs. Lauderdale has been kind enough to entrust me with the peaches”; and he handed her a magnificent basket filled with the lovely fruit.

Nature is provided with an infinitude of resources for our benefit, which we commonly ignore. Among the prettiest is the cheery influence she so often is able to exert through the medium of ripe fruit. The colour, the fragrance, the luscious suggestion of mellowing sunshine—all these act on the senses like wine on the blood. Charlotte was subtle, sensitive to such impressions, and, absurd as it may seem, her embarrassment at meeting Ethelbert after the scene of yesterday melted entirely away in the warm glow of the peaches. She ran for plates and knives; she drew a little table between herself and Ethelbert, and presently the two were safely established on a little islet of cosiness, beyond which Charlotte refused to look.

“Are you well now?” she asked, after some rambling discussion on peaches and Paraguay.

“Oh, I think so,—thanks to Mrs. Lauderdale’s kindness.”

"How did you get sunstruck?"

"You knew it, then?" said Ethelbert, with an air of curious astonishment.

"I was in the hall when you returned from your walk. You told me what had happened, and immediately fainted away."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Ethelbert. "I was sure I had seen you at that moment. In the delirium which followed, you were continually before me—sometimes as in life, sometimes magnified to gigantic proportions. But it was always you—no one but you. My mind must have become saturated with you before it went to sleep."

Charlotte trembled inwardly.

"What visions did you have about me?"

A curious smile floated to the surface of Ethelbert's eyes, like the embodiment of a pleasant recollection. He shaded his forehead with his hand, as if he would prevent the recollection from escaping.

"You always dispelled the visions which tormented me. Sometimes there were masses of cloudy fiends, twisting, squirming, shrieking in a horrible pandemonium. Presently a space cleared in the blackest cloud, and I saw you, and immediately the fiends disappeared. Sometimes it was an ocean of waves, black, and violet, and cruel green, that stormed upon one another. Then one, more vast than the rest, swept upward and did not fall; its flank was glassy and clear and

under the water appeared your face. Again, the whole world seemed to be dissolved in liquid fire; the floods writhed like serpents, and I heard the hissing of hot streams, until a red flame paled into amber, clear, like the sky at sunset, and you were in the midst of the clearness. I think you must have a remarkably harmonious organisation, to have been always associated with the calm that followed confusion."

"Only with the calm?"

"No; I had one dream quite different, and still more remarkable. I was lost in a frightful desert, surrounded everywhere by rocks and sand, glaring, barren, lifeless. I was parched with thirst, and all my faculties seemed dried up in the universal desolation. Suddenly you appeared in the desert. I had never seen you so radiant, and you seemed to irradiate life on every side. The rocks over which you passed clothed themselves with moss; from the sand upon which your eyes rested gushed forth fountains; in a few minutes the wilderness had been changed to a garden. You laid your finger upon my lips, and the fever and thirst vanished. I was a new man, rescued from the death that menaced me. The vision fled. I fell asleep, and awoke refreshed and in my right mind. Was it not strange that I should dream so much about you?"

"Very. I wonder that you did not rather dream about Margaret."

"So do I," returned Ethelbert, with perfect sincerity ; "but I suppose, because you were the last person I saw before losing consciousness, your image remained stamped on my brain, to follow all the fantasies of the delirium."

"What induced you to walk on such a hot day? You deserve to have been sunstruck."

"It was absolutely necessary. You know I am in constant correspondence with my friends in X——, for whom I have been actively at work since my exile. I am not afraid to tell *you* that our long preparations for a revolt are at last drawing to a close. My friends are now only awaiting the arrival of a large sum of money that I have collected. I went to Reading the other day, to send word that this money was on hand, and would be forwarded by the first opportunity. By accident I missed the train, and could get no carriage, so I walked to Reading and back. Under ordinary circumstances I should have thought nothing of thirty miles ; but on that broiling day it proved a little too much, greatly to my shame and confusion. That is the whole history, since you are so kind as to ask for it."

"Shall you take the money yourself to X——?"

"I cannot. I am perfectly known to the police, with whom I have already had several encounters. I should be seized on the frontier, packed off to

the mines, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, the money and papers would be confiscated."

"Who is going, then?"

"I am greatly troubled to know. My fellow-exiles are nearly all in the same category as myself. Miserable outlaws that we are! Hunted slaves, skulking over the face of the earth, like the vilest criminals, because we have refused to participate in triumphant crime! Despised for our loyalty, dishonored for our honor, disgraced for the devotion of our lives to Liberty!"

"And when your cause is won," said Charlotte, "you will have gained but little, after all."

"No, no, no!" cried Ethelbert, passionately. "you shall not say that. You shall not destroy the faith which is our only consolation. Our ideal is too worthy, too pure, too high to deceive us. Think, it is all that we have, this dream of our Republic! Oh, if you knew the souls that have poured themselves out in its service; if you knew the riches of heart and brain that have been lavished; the enthusiasm, the heroism, the sacred passion that she has accepted—our divine goddess, our Liberty! Do you suppose she would cheat us? Do you suppose she would bless and encourage us with such strong assurances, if she did not mean to redeem her promise one day?"

"The day may be very far off."

"We can wait for it. And we would not ex-

change our waiting, our longing, our despair, for the satisfied content of all the rest of the world."

Swept upward by the current of their talk, they had both risen from the table. Charlotte leaned against the marble mantelpiece; Ethelbert stood absorbed, illumined, rapt in the vision of the ideal. Charlotte broke the silence.

"Could a woman fulfil this mission to X——?"

"Better than any one else, especially if she were a stranger in the country."

"Why do you not send Margaret?"

"Margaret!" echoed Ethelbert, in an accent of extreme surprise. "She is too delicate for such a rude undertaking. Not for worlds would I expose her to the fatigues and annoyances and possible perils of the journey. It is my business to take care of her—not to make use of her."

"Will you make use of me?"

"How?"

"Will you trust me to carry the money?"

Ethelbert bounded forward as impetuously as if he would have thrown himself at her feet.

"Dearest woman! I dared not ask it, but I dared to hope for this generous courage. Forgive my audacity. It seemed so natural to look to you for help."

Charlotte extended her hand frankly. Ethelbert seized it with infinitely more fervor than he had unknowingly kissed it the evening of the

masquerade. How strong women are at such moments ! And the world calls them weak !

“I am extremely flattered by your confidence,” said Charlotte, “I will set out to-morrow—to-night. Give me my instructions.”

“The journey is long, much of the road untravelled, barbarous.”

“I am fond of adventure, and have never had enough.”

“You will experience great difficulty in communicating with my correspondents, without exciting suspicion against yourself.”

“What does that matter ?”

“You may be arrested as an accomplice—imprisoned. Good heavens ! even sent to the mines yourself !”

“You know well enough that the danger is infinitely less for me than for you ; what remains, serves to add zest to the affair. Listen, sir ; I am capable of this. I am worthy of your confidence. I can be a mate for your heroism. I brush away these difficulties like cobwebs. I am here, at the heart of the matter. Speak to me of that, and of that only.

She stood erect before him. She swept her arm with such a superb gesture as the soul in its sublime moments employs to quicken the sluggish body. Ethelbert, who had never doubted, believed, accepted, and, without further hesi-

tation, plunged into the details of the explanation and the instructions.

He was right to trust Charlotte. Yet his faith might have been somewhat staggered, had he looked back in the parlour five minutes after he left it ; for he would have seen her dancing up and down the room, like a girl let loose from school, and exclaiming :

“ *Then*—he does not think me quite a fool because I cried yesterday ! ”

At four o'clock that afternoon Ethelbert returned with the papers, the money-box, the letters. At five Charlotte, accompanied by a single maid, left the town.

The expedition occupied three weeks. At the beginning of the fourth, Charlotte returned, successful. She stopped the carriage at Mrs. Lauderdale's gate ; she sped up the avenue, and met Margaret, who exclaimed with pleasure at seeing her. Charlotte returned her friendly greeting briefly enough, but laid her hands on her shoulders, and looked down into her reticent eyes.

“ Margaret, are you going to marry Mr. Allston ? ”

Margaret hesitated a moment, not from embarrassment, but as if to gather into her words all her still content.

“ I think I shall, Charlotte. ”

Charlotte loosened her grasp abruptly and walked on. Margaret called after her :

“Where are you going, uncivil friend ?”

“To the lake.”

The avenue, laid out by Mr. Lauderdale’s unerring taste, wound through the beautiful grounds, and enclosed a well-disposed artificial lake. Willows leaned over the water, but Charlotte avoided their lax sentimentality, and sought some beeches further on. There she heard Ethelbert’s voice calling in an excited tone, such as she had never believed possible with him :

“She has come ! Where is she ? Quick, tell me, that I may go to her !”

“By the lake,” answered Margaret.

The next moment Charlotte saw Ethelbert coming as swiftly toward her as if he were literally upborne on the current of his impetuous desire, which at last had become too strong for his control. Watching his approach, Charlotte felt her whole nature rapt into a single longing—a longing to draw Ethelbert irresistibly toward herself, across all distances, all duties, all barriers. At that moment, friendliness, Margaret, honour, were blotted out in void space ; it seemed to her as if nothing remained to her in the world except herself and Ethelbert.

Morality has good reason to be afraid of Love ; for Love, in its supreme self-assertion, tramples all laws under its feet, and the first sin comes

into the soul, as into the world, with the first love.

The seconds dilated themselves as in a dream, so that hours seemed to elapse before Ethelbert reached her side. He extended his hands, and grasped hers; he laid hold of her more profoundly with his awakened eyes.

"At last—you here—safe! Oh, I have suffered agonies during your absence. I imagined all sorts of evil that might have befallen you. Why did you not write to me?"

"I did not think of it" answered Charlotte, simply; "and, besides, you did not ask me."

"I know; I was a fool; I forgot it. But I did not imagine how terrible it would be when you were gone."

"I had no idea you were so nervous. Margaret should have calmed your kind apprehensions for my safety."

Ethelbert put his hand to his forehead, as if seeking to recall something he had forgotten. He brushed his eyes, and brushed the eager look out of them. When Charlotte looked at him again, his face had assumed his usual bright serenity.

"Tell me about your journey. Have you suffered? Have you been in danger? What have you done? I am greedy for the minutest detail."

Charlotte commenced her narration and rendered a satisfactory and vivacious report of her

proceedings. As she finished, she leaned over the water, and buried her eyes in its depth. Her foot slipped on the bank ; she would have fallen had not Ethelbert sprung forward and caught her in his arms. He shuddered violently, and retreated almost at the same moment that he touched her. Something leaped up into his face ; he forced it back, uselessly ; it returned. Charlotte beheld her vision accomplished : this wide, cool nature concentrated into a flame, started out of his calm, forgetful of its duties, forgetful of everything but her. The moment of her triumph had come—a woman's greatest triumph—she had inspired a great soul with passion.

“I love you,” said Ethelbert.

At the same moment Charlotte saw Margaret coming down the avenue.

SOME OF THE FRENCH LEADERS¹

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FOURTH OF
SEPTEMBER

CERTAIN members of the Government, who had been long distinguished as deputies of the opposition, remained identified with the opposition when the Empire no longer existed to be opposed,—and this because they failed to identify themselves with anything else. Their reputation was as intimately associated with the ill fame of the Empire as is that of a district attorney with the crimes he denounces to justice. Hence, by an odd but explicable paradox, these men, who had represented the Republic under the Empire, well-nigh represented the Empire under the Republic. Their title to office was the most superficial of all,—they existed only in the most superficial stratum of the situation, and, in truth, seriously hindered the expansion of what was more profound. These men were, Eugene Pelletan, Jules Ferry, and Ernest Picard.

¹ These sketches are from a MS. History of the Siege of Paris, written there before the occupation of the capital by the Government of Versailles.

ERNEST PICARD

M. Picard was perhaps the most robust personality at the Hôtel de Ville. His force, like that of Bismarck, was largely due to its concentration within the arrogant limits of this personality. The immense breadth of his shoulders seemed to constantly suggest the jostling of crowds out of the way. The reputation of their owner was founded on a single element, his aggressiveness. His wit had the point of a rapier and the force of a cudgel, and he lived by his wit as others by their wits. Member of the famous group of Five that in the Corps Législatif constituted the original nucleus of the opposition, he had been for years the life of the house, with his brilliant invective and pitiless sarcasm. With such weapons had he relentlessly pursued Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine. So actively had he denounced the edile munificence of the Imperial favourite, that he had grown to be regarded as a sort of tutelary genius over the plundered finances of Paris. On this account was he named Minister of Finance on the 4th of September, not for anything he had ever done himself, but for his vivacious criticisms on what others had done.

The latter days of M. Picard at the Corps Législatif had been embittered by much complex vexation. Radicals had arrived among the deputies who threw the ancient quincunx of oppo-

sition quite into the shade, and whose criticism of the Empire entirely eclipsed that still ventured by Picard by its vehemence, if not its wit. Nothing is so intolerable as to be surpassed, during one's own life-time, by one's own disciples. It is like tasting beforehand the bitterness of death and the ingratitude of posterity. M. Picard recoiled further and further from the Left wing of the house—he occupied solidly the Left centre—he cast longing eyes on the peaceful benches of the Right, of the majority, undisturbed by heresy and schism. But, second irony of fate! His friend and colleague Ollivier gained on his movement of reaction precisely as Rochefort and Gambetta had surpassed his movement of reform. Ollivier went over to the Empire, while Picard was still hesitating in the delicacies of doubt. The rupture of friendship was already a severe trial, but it was intolerably aggravated by the rapid promotion of his friend. Picard lived to see Ollivier Prime Minister, but his own hopes of advancement were suddenly blasted by the untimely intervention of the Republic and the ruin of the Empire. Nevertheless, he consented to embrace the Republic, but with just that shade of magnanimous spite with which a woman sometimes marries a man who has interrupted other matrimonial negotiations that she would have greatly preferred.

It might, however, be expected that a man so

practical and supple as M. Picard would know how to accommodate himself perfectly to the new situation, and to make the most of the golden opportunity that fortune had thrown into his lap. He was to devise or create the funds needed to pay the troops, to manufacture cannon, to support the families of the National Guard, to clothe the poor and feed the hungry. He was called upon to restore to Paris the autonomy of whose privation he had so long complained, and to vindicate the city of whose fortunes he had so long been the champion. To this rôle M. Picard seemed fitted by his antecedents and by the tenacity of his character; by his faults and by his virtues; by his ambition as well as his ability; his vanity no less than his sagacity; his self-love, and whatever disinterested affection for Paris and for the Republic really found room in his capacious chest amidst the torrents of abuse he had so long accumulated to lavish upon their enemies.

But what general would desire peace who only received his pay during the battle? What physician is really anxious for the permanent disappearance of epidemics? What lawyer, for the reign of brotherly love among men? It is the fatality of those who owe their success to the public calamities they attempt to avert, that the future of such success is annihilated by its completeness, and the public benefit, once assured, is a source of private misfortune to the benefactor.

What was to become of M. Picard when there should no longer be any Haussmann to attack, any Emperor, any Empire? No majority to make fun of, no President Schneider to dismay, no Rouher to put in a passion? A frightful abyss of nothingness yawned before him,—that into which the march of events had precipitated all his enemies. In his consternation, honest Picard was led to regret his enemies, and to hate the march of events. The “wise moderation” of an immense number of conservatives has no other real reason of existence than the instinctive desire to prolong the period of their own importance. Their wisdom is merely the self-preservation that is the first law of every creature. Hence, closer scrutiny into the case tends to considerably dampen the first confidence inspired by consideration of M. Picard’s antecedents, abilities, and antipathies. Reason is discovered to fear that all the public action of the new Minister of Finance would be dominated by a certain discontent, by an instinctive spite against the situation; that he would restrain himself to a dogged consistency to everything he had ever said, and be at pains to ignore that anybody had ever said anything else, or that the situation required anything new; that he would be ridiculously stingy in public expenditure, merely because M. Haussmann had been ridiculously extravagant; that he would be tender towards Bonapartists because they recalled

the day of his bygone usefulness and consequent greatness; that he would be pitilessly sarcastic upon the Republicans, partly because they survived him, partly because he had no one else to fling at; that he would be philosophic in regard to the Prussians, would sneer at Paris, and discourage the defence; that, with all these criss-cross motives at work in that ponderous breast, and animating that strong, compact brain, it was more than probable that M. Ernest Picard would lend but sorry aid to the immense task imposed upon the Provisional Government; and would, moreover, harass, scare, frighten, ridicule, and domineer over all his colleagues whose breadth of shoulders and width of girth were less ample than his own.

JULES FERRY

As to M. Jules Ferry, first known as political writer for *Le Temps*, it were difficult to decide whether he should be regarded chiefly as the shadow of M. Picard, or as that of M. Jules Favre. In the latter capacity had he been elected as deputy from the Faubourg St. Germain, in 1869. In the former, he had distinguished himself by the invention of a *mot* concerning M. Haussmann, which he had placed at the service of his elder brother in arms. He had nicknamed the Prefect's Reports, "Les Comptes Fantastiques de M. Haussmann." The *mot* had the effect so fre-

quently due to *mots*, since Richelieu legalised their function by the foundation of the *Académie Française*—it made the fortune of M. Jules Ferry. Upon it he was sent to the Corps Législatif; on account of it, after the revolution of September, he was installed Prefect of the Seine, and later, after the resignation of Etienne Arago, appointed Mayor of Paris. His individuality was not sufficiently distinct to furnish the elements for a prediction of his political career, otherwise than that it would be an ambitious imitation of that of his associates.

TROCHU

The military element of the situation was naturally represented in the Provisional Government by General Trochu.

Trochu was a noted and honoured name in the Orleanist party, and he had manifested his fidelity to his political principles by his persistent refusal to compromise with imperialism. As soldier, he had been aid-de-camp of the famous Marshal Bugeaud, and had carried his orders on the 24th of February, when the insurrection of Paris won its victory over the victor of twenty battles in Africa. He had fought in the Crimean War, in Italy, at Solferino. But his reputation was based, not on any military exploit by which he had distinguished himself, but on a book that he had published in 1867, to criticise the organisation of the

French army. This effort of audacity, remarkable on the part of a professional man, was said to have debarred him from all further advancement in his profession. In reality, however, it made his fortune; for on account of it, on the one hand, he won an immense share of popular confidence; on the other, he was promoted to the post of Governor of Paris during the last days of the Empire. The members of the Palikao cabinet—the most hardily Bonapartist of any that had been in power since the days of Maupas and Morny—felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and summoned their Orleanist enemy to their assistance. Trembling with rage and ill-concealed fear, they flung the reins of government into the hands of the man who had opposed and criticised them, with the spiteful injunction, “Do better if you can.”

Trochu had every reason to desire to do better, and his friends might have reason to hope that he had every capacity. A Breton, a sincere Catholic in the midst of general scepticism, a simple soldier, intent on doing his duty unmoved by the brawl of politics or the noisy clamour of personal ambitions, loyally faithful to the monarch who had tried to govern France on the model of an honest bourgeois family, summoned from his dignified seclusion by enemies compelled to render homage to his unobtrusive merit—Oh, who so fit as General Trochu to inspire the con-

fidence due to uprightness, modesty, simplicity, and good faith?

Nor were these qualifications all possessed by the President of the Provisional Government to entitle him to his position. The opinions and judgment expressed in his book afford the most favourable indications of the author. This book is admirably written. The style is so clear and animated, that the reader the most ignorant of military details is fascinated as by a novel. These same details are discussed with all the technical knowledge of an instructed officer, and with a breadth and elevation of judgment of which such officers are not always capable. The author seems entirely above the ordinary mediocrity which is ready to sacrifice an end for the sake of routine fidelity to the means. He takes the greatest pains to distinguish between the means and the end, and ascribes to moral influences, or the motor power of an army, an importance equal to that of its executive apparatus or material force. In the service of an unjust cause this force is secretly weakened and finally melts away, however imposing its nature and whatever its immediate success. The General desires that the army be to the nation like his sword to a just man—ready at need to enforce his argument, but never drawn until this argument has failed on account of the obduracy of the hearts to whom it was addressed. He plans an organisation of the army that shall

serve as a means of moralising the people, instead of constituting an inexhaustible source of demoralisation. He rejects the conscription; he demands that the obligation to defend the country be imposed upon every young man destined to take rank among its citizens. This obligation is intended to combat personal egotism by the continual association with the interests of society, and with the duties owed to the State. On this account the General avoids the substitution of one egotism for another, and condemns the adoption of the army as a professional career. "Old soldiers," declares Trochu, "are the most unreliable part of the army. Their courage and endurance are nearly always measured by the most sordid calculations of their possible profits. The idea of their rights always primes that of their duties, and accumulates a latent fund of discontent that may break out at any moment, and the habit of mutinous grumbling is rendered all the more dangerous from the peculiarly independent character of the French soldier."

Trochu analyses this character with much *finesse*, and insists on the impossibility of subjecting to Prussian discipline men who were absolutely uncontrollable except by the influence of an idea. This might be true or false, profound or superficial, just or absurd, selfish or generous, but it was always an idea, and no habit of brute obedience could replace the energy of its action.

“The national army,” says Trochu,” always reflects the character of the nation.” The most distinctive characteristics of the French people depend on the remarkable predominance of the intellectual element over the rest of their nature. To this are equally due the virtues for which they are admired, and the faults for which they are condemned. To this are no less due their inconstancy to a purpose that seems unattainable.

What remarkable good fortune had furnished such a chief as Trochu to the militia army of Paris, where all the peculiarities of the French soldier were unnecessarily advanced to the utmost ! What rare coincidence had placed at the head of the Provisional Government a man who knew so well the influence that may be exerted by authority, on a population always inclined to seek its inspiration from above, and to reverence Government as the most concentrated expression of society ! What an opportunity was offered to the moral forces of the situation, when this situation was controlled by a man like Trochu, so accustomed to place in such forces his supreme confidence and deliberate esteem !

And, as if to render the Governor of Paris the very hero and darling of the National Guard, his book contained a criticism on the education of the soldier, that seemed to singularly fit him for the command of inexperienced troops. He denounced as superfluous or vicious much of the

drill imposed on the soldier, much of the education conferred on the officer. "One consideration alone should regulate military exercises—not their effect on parade, but their effectiveness in time of action." "A good gymnastic training was preferable to many cumbrous technicalities actually enforced, and invariably thrown aside in the heat of battle." A few rules—bodily endurance and agility ; confidence in their leaders ; these are the essentials in a soldier's training, and these may be obtained in a comparatively short time under pressure of sufficient motives, and may convert raw troops into invincible heroes. What remarkable chance of success was added to that of the defence, when its chief, called upon to improvise an army at such a frightful emergency, to break with routine that the situation rendered impossible, to forego precedent, of which the situation was deprived, to originate a plan which the situation alone could equal in originality—what good fortune, I say, that this chief was the author of such a book, and was named Trochu !

Nevertheless, certain details in the panegyric that we have found reason to pronounce excite a shade of distrust on second reading. This loyalty to Louis Philippe was but a singular guarantee for successfully weathering a crisis that had revived all the slumbering passions against the Orleanists. Diplomacy modelled on the admin-

istration of a bourgeois family might prove as corrupting, and as inadequate to the vaster needs of society as had been the administration of Louis Philippe itself. The greater the fidelity of Trochu to the memory of this monarch, the greater the danger that he would imitate his eminently respectable crimes.

Again, this sincerity of religious faith may be said to imply much less a nature elevated above the ideas of his time than depreciated below them. A sincere Catholic dangerously resembles a sincere Jesuit, and the sincerity of a Jesuit is but another name for perfidy. Catholicism was but a rotten reed to oppose to the Lutheran mysticism of the Prussians. Belief in the miraculous intervention of St. Genevieve was well calculated to strengthen the feeble knees of the defenders of Paris.

Breton superstition would be scarcely capable of dealing with the mocking population of Paris, sceptical, or borne in the current of a new belief that filled the pious soul of Trochu with horror. But even the graces of his book contained certain omens unfavourable to the military success of the General. Its literary talent greatly exceeded any that he had been known to display as a soldier, and yet he was a soldier by profession. Now, a man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs; moreover, the talent exhibited by

Trochu was peculiarly incompatible with military genius. His prose was graceful, elegant, flowing, exhibiting nothing of the terse brevity and concentrated energy that characterises the speech of a man accustomed to energetic action. Innate capacity for mastering the brutal facts of war is inconsistent with the facile suavity that wins laurels at the Institute.

Finally, this criticism upon the army, like that of Picard upon the Empire, had been made without the least expectation that it would lead to any practical result. On this very account had it been addressed to the public, and plunged like a sword into water. To tell the truth, the technical reputation of Trochu was not high among his colleagues, and, from a certain point of view, his book might be likened to the popular dissertations on hygiene written by doctors whose theses have been refused at the Faculties of Medicine.

It was, therefore, unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might at the most important moment find himself paralysed by the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.

GAMBETTA

The national element of the situation was represented by Gambetta. This selection was purely accidental, for nothing in Gambetta's an-

tededents indicated that he, more than any other, was especially fitted for this rôle. Named Minister of the Interior on the 4th of September, he did not leave Paris until the 13th of October, and during the interval his individuality remained merged in that of the other members of the Provisional Government. But from the moment of his arrival in the provinces the "indomitable Gambetta" rose to the height of the situation, at least in so far as regards the conception of its necessities. His figure stands out in energetic relief against the inertia of his colleagues, and the ineffable platitude of the rural districts. Alone, he seemed to be inspired by the tradition of 1792, and dreamed of imitating its achievement. His imagination was haunted by the memory of St. Just, as he paraded the guillotine in the streets of Strasburg; or of Danton, whose stentorian voice resounds through history with the cry: "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*" But what may accomplish a single voice, a single will, even though the one possessed all the powers of Danton, and the other all the inflexibility of St. Just? Mirabeau would have been accused of gasconade had he lavished his invective on the inhabitants of the Byzantine Empire. Robespierre would have been as impotent as a Damascus blade to cleave a feather pillow had he been surrounded by a troop of eunuchs, sent to his assistance by the

Sultan of Turkey. No wonder that the energy of Gambetta failed before the general inertia ; no wonder that his voice resounded faintly, as a trumpet blown in space exhausted of air. Sound requires not only an organ of utterance, but a medium of vibration—not only a tongue to articulate, but an auditory nerve to respond.

There was nothing in his antecedents that could indicate the special character of his rôle. By a whimsical contradiction, Gambetta, who intrinsically had nothing to represent, was the only person in the Provisional Government who consistently represented it.

JULES FAVRE

The Republican element of this situation was unquestionably represented by Jules Favre. This was the “*eminent man*” who, by foreigners, had so long been regarded as the weightiest champion of Republican liberty in France. Consistently with the foreign preponderance of his reputation, M. Jules Favre was now called upon to defend the Republic by assuming the portfolio of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His reputation was European, like that of Lamartine, the illustrious Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1848. The fame of Lamartine was confounded with that of his eloquence. The renown of Jules Favre was inseparable from that of his oratory. The more sonorous the eloquence, the larger the

audience chamber required for its exhibition. All Europe had constituted the audience chamber of Lamartine. M. Jules Favre instinctively addressed himself to all Europe. M. Jules Favre, like Lamartine, had frequently spoken in favour of the Republic before fortune offered him the opportunity to render it an immense and practical service. In 1830 he had demanded the abolition of royalty and the formation of an *Assemblée Constituante*. In 1835 he defended political criminals before the Court of Peers, and opened his pleading with the affirmation, "I am a Republican." In 1848 he mingled with the crowd that flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, on the 24th day of February, to salute the Provisional Government. Under this government he had served as secretary to Ledru Rolin, Minister of the Interior. After the *coup d'état* he retired for six years into private life and the lucrative practice of his profession, but finally consented to take the oath of office he had at first refused, and was then elected deputy to the Corps Législatif. Here he remained in steadfast opposition to the Empire, and as a more or less steadfast champion of the Republic, until the revolution of September swept him upwards to a post of far wider responsibility.

The primitive nucleus in the character of Jules Favre was that of a lawyer. As a lawyer he had begun to plead for the Republic when, in the

person of Raoul Bravard, he defended the victims of the *coup d'état*, assailed afresh in the infamous persecutions of 1853. Then he had opened his suit against the Empire, and he closed his case, when, on the third of September, 1870, he pronounced the destitution of the Bonaparte dynasty. He consecrated to the Republic his talent as advocate. But this was far from all that he offered in homage to the cause. Unlike as possible to Ananias and Sapphira, he brought forward spontaneously all that he possessed, all his opportunities, all his renown. Two or three years ago Jules Favre was nominated member of the Institute, and succeeded to the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Victor Cousin. His inaugural address on this occasion was a *chef d'œuvre* of Republican eloquence, and justified the long expectancy of the crowd that had waited five hours before the Institute doors in order to secure places to hear it. The oration teemed with the innuendo so dear to the Parisian heart. Everything it said was a simple index to something it did not say. The official eulogy on the eclectic philosopher served only as a pretext for pungent sallies against the Emperor. Victor Cousin was left in the shade befitting his shadowy principles; and discreetly as his own faith veils his scepticism did his name serve as a transparent medium for that of Louis Napoleon. On this occasion the new

member of the Institute seemed to concentrate all his abilities, all his fame as orator, scholar, man of letters, philosopher, and citizen, into a single triumphant effort to stigmatise the infamy of the Empire, and to vindicate the honour of the Republic. His success rivalled that obtained by Lamartine at the prophetic banquets of 1847. And such noble emulation unquestionably became Jules Favre's motive power when the day arrived for him to inherit the position of Lamartine at the Provisional Government, as he had succeeded to that of Victor Cousin at the Institute. Although I have certainly never been honoured with an admission to the secret communings of M. Jules Favre, I have always been persuaded that in that awful secrecy the Minister of Foreign Affairs communed much less with himself than with the shade of his predecessor. Whenever the uninitiated spectator of the siege of Paris failed to understand a trait in the character or policy of Jules Favre, he had but to turn over a page of history and read the explanation in Lamartine.

The ideal to which aspired the ambition of Lamartine was much less the salvation of the Republic than the glory of himself as its saviour. In regard to the Republic, he was infinitely more anxious to guard against the possible excesses of its friends than against the certain conspiracies of its enemies. In regard to himself, the ideal

of his usefulness infinitely surpassed the limits of "the form of government" whose safety had been committed to his trust. He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.

This dangerous comprehensiveness was equally characteristic of Jules Favre. The war against the Prussians, and the solid establishment of the Republic, might have absorbed the energies of a more vulgar mind. But his penetrating glance went at once to the kernel of the matter, and detected, as the most important circumstance in the siege of Paris, a new opportunity to defend society against the ravages of Socialism. He derived exquisite pleasure from the gratitude lavished upon him by the *bourgeois* each time that he was supposed to have saved them from anarchy, atheism, and pillage; and this pleasure afforded a subtle temptation to artificially multiply these delicious occasions. The consciousness of power constitutes the keenest inducement to its exercise, and M. Favre was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.

Lamartine had a prodigious confidence in the power of words. He seemed sincerely to believe that the external world of facts constituted a mere

phantasmagoria of dissolving views, ready to melt into one another under the magic influence of his voice. He believed that he had dissipated Socialism, and all its formidable claims, by his airy metaphor concerning the *drapeau rouge* and the Champ de Mars. He believed he had saved Poland when he published his famous European manifest that announced the foundation of the French Republic, and its intention to make common cause with oppressed liberty all over the world. He believed that he had satisfied public feeling, and performed his duty as an honest man, when he subsequently declared to the people assembled to demand the relief of Poland: "That their sentiments were reasonable, just, and noble, and did them infinite honour; and that, moreover, they should not wrest from him a vote in favour of intervention for Poland until they had passed over his dead body, henceforth powerless to defend the dignity of his resolution."

In 1870 the famous European circular of Jules Favre, modelled on the manifest of Lamartine, was believed by its author to have placed the Republic beyond the reach of all danger, and Paris beyond the necessity of defence. Or, if further doubt remained on the subject, it must necessarily be dissipated by the result of M. Favre's eloquence that would be displayed at Ferrières, or of M. Favre's diplomacy, employed in the

mission of Thiers. Again, on the 8th of October M. Favre would harangue the first manifestation in favour of the Commune and the *drapeau rouge* on that same Place de l'Hôtel de Ville where Lamartine had exposed such conclusive considerations concerning the Champ de Mars. Like his predecessor, M. Favre would dissipate reason by a metaphor, and retire from the field with complacent self-congratulations upon his influence over popular passions. Finally, when the people should demand that he make good his solemn engagements for the defence of Paris, exactly as they had claimed consistency from Lamartine, he also would place his hand on his heart, and swear that no amount of violence should compel him to this unseemly determination.

By those who surround the political Lamartine with the aureole conferred on the historian of the Girondists and the author of the *Meditations*, these various analogies may be regarded in the most favourable light. Nevertheless, an overweening confidence in the power of words can hardly be considered to indicate all the moral and intellectual vigour requisite for a brutal conflict with things. Enthusiasm for the Republic, hitherto exhibited in the well-warmed air of banquets, law-suits, and receptions at the Institute, is not necessarily strong enough to stand exposure to a ruder climate. An enemy affords a certain protection so long as he remains in

power, because, holding fast to the position, he discharges all other shoulders of the responsibility. Such protection is an ineffable boon to certain natures; and others, whose original strength might perhaps have enabled them to dispense with it, become absolutely dependent through force of long-acquired habit.

Hence, the first sentiment with which M. Jules Favre would acclaim the new Republic might easily be tinctured by timidity and distrust. Over the head of the tender plant, so long nurtured in a green-house, every fragment of screen or shelter had been blown away, and, defenceless, it shivered under the blasts of heaven. Jules Favre shivered. His nature was delicate, like that of a sensitive plant. Sensibility was certainly the predominant feature of his character, and manifested itself later in his abundant tears. With such a nature, how could he fail to tremble at such an atrocious situation? The Republic was there, all alone, fallen from the sky, and, as if it were the sky itself that had fallen, overwhelming its faithful adorer with stupefaction. True, it was his own word that had precipitated this astounding catastrophe,—but who would have supposed that the mere touch of a bell-rope would bring the whole edifice tumbling to the ground? When a person pulls a bell it is in order to summon a servant to do something that he cannot or will not do for himself. When M. Jules Favre pro-

nounced sentence on the Empire, it was in order to make an appeal to history. It was simply shocking to be obliged to respond to this appeal in his own person. What! He had been advocate, he had been judge, and he must now perform the office of executioner? His nerves shrank from the task. He loathed the sight of blood. His affection for the Republic was so delicate and intimate that he was convinced these qualms and terrors must be shared by the idol of his heart. A Republic founded in blood! It was horrible; it was abominable. True, none had ever been founded in any other way, but that was the fault of all past Republics. *His* Republic, the Republic of Jules Favre, of Victor Cousin, of Lamartine, should be as pure as Graziella whom Lamartine deserted, mild as the Eclectic Philosophy that Victor Cousin preached, reverent for powers in high places as Jules Favre himself. A tender, timid, Virgin Republic, that had laid aside the bold Phrygian cap and assumed the white robe of the first communion. In such guise should she make the European tour, escorted by M. Thiers. In such guise should M. Favre, who had been her sponsor in baptism, espouse her definitely before the same altar that should be erected for an imperial coronation at Versailles. But all the faith in the virtue of the Republic, so long and eloquently professed by M. Jules Favre, was liable to be nullified by his

distrust of its strength. All his loud admiration of its beauty might be rendered useless by his unconsciousness of its real dignity. All his sensitive compassion for its misfortunes serve only to fill up their measure, because he was so innocently ignorant of its rights.

The republic that M. Favre had advocated was a purely political republic. He repudiated the contamination of socialism like the touch of an unclean hand. In 1848 he had joined in the cabal against Louis Blanc, and been one of the committee to denounce him after the affair of the fifteenth of May. In the *Assemblée Constituante* he had opposed liberty of reunion by voting for the law on mass meetings and on the clubs. Notwithstanding his vote in favour of progressive taxation, he had perpetuated the ancient abuse of the *gabelle* by voting against the abolition or reduction of the tax on salt. He was, in fact, a *blue* Republican.

In the tricolour, or national flag of France, the white stripe represents the monarchy; the blue, the parliaments or *bourgeoisie*; the red represents the people. Whenever the interests of the people or socialism gains for a moment the ascendancy, the pure red flag is claimed—the famous *drapeau rouge*, so skilfully averted by Lamartine. Were the *bourgeoisie* consistent, it would symbolise its government by a flag entirely blue, as that of the monarchy before the revolution had been entirely

white, and as that of socialism was entirely red. But in the minds of this party the dread of destroying anything that already existed, entirely overwhelmed every other consideration. In the tricolour flag they were careful to preserve the emblem of the royalty they attempted to abolish, and in their doctrine they were yet more assiduous to preserve its principles.

From the moment that the social revolution for the people has been distinctly imagined, desired, and claimed, the political revolution, which only transfers power from the nobles to the *bourgeois*, has been rendered superficial; and this not because its real advantages are less than they were, but because something more profound had been upheaved from beneath it.

All history is resumed in a succession of such upheavals—such successive explosions of interior force—in virtue of which the strata first visible are gradually thinned and worn away. The ideas of M. Jules Favre, confined to a superficial stratum, could not fail to lack the impulse of the passion that only moves in regions more profound. There would be no intensity in his assertion of the Republic, no defiance of Europe, or contempt for kings. On the contrary, he would be tremblingly anxious until admitted into their august society, and until his own mission has been sanctioned by powers necessarily and radically hostile to it. To reign in heaven, he would deem essen-

tial the consent of all the principalities of hell. For him the Republic was simply one form of government, and the Empire of Russia another less preferable. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural than to send an envoy of the Republic to crave the good offices of the Russian Czar.

This hope of foreign intervention was destined to seriously weaken the internal effort necessary for the defense. All serious preparations would be adjourned until M. Favre's tenacious confidence in the virtues of diplomacy should have been repulsed by a thrice repeated humiliation. Then it was too late to regain the impetus of the original moment. Though this still existed in the people, the vitality of the government had been undermined, and was ready to be exhausted.

This consideration may show how intimate were the relations that existed between the republicanism of M. Jules Favre and the fortunes of the siege of Paris.

Those whom the Revolution surprised among the deputies at the Corps Législatif were installed at the Hôtel de Ville, as a matter of course. This group in the Provisional Government was composed of Glaiz-Bizain, Crémieux, Etienne, Arago, Emmanuel Arago, and Garnier Pagès.

GARNIER PAGÈS.

Of this group Garnier Pagès was much the

most important member. Like Crémieux, he was already deputy when the revolution of 1848 exploded, and, in overthrowing a ministry, dispersed a Corps Législatif and shattered a throne.

He also had mingled in the events of the 24th, had been a member of the committee assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and still in session while the Duchess of Orleans was trying to plead her cause before the Corps Législatif. Named by acclamation Mayor of Paris, he subsequently abandoned this position to Etienne Arago, and assumed the portfolio of Minister of Finance.

M. Garnier Pagès has written an elaborate history of the Revolution, in which the recital of his own adventures, and the defence of his own measures, not unnaturally occupy an important place. The tone of this book is serious, honest, naïve, conceited, ponderous, and dull. The fall of Louis Philippe is described with such tenderness and pathos as betrays all the influence the prestige of royalty still exercised over the imagination of the republican. The drivelling scene of the abdication,—“of which I was the mute witness,” says Garnier Pagès,—he ennobles as “grand.” After relating all the miserable vacillations and the subterfuges with which the King tried to avert his merited disgrace, this “mute witness” exclaims : “It was enough to move the soul the most habituated to the contemplation of human vicissitudes!”

The memory of this scene haunted Garnier Pagès long after the undignified flight of Louis Philippe, and his own installation as Minister of Finance under the Republic. His first thoughts were directed towards securing for the Republic the adherence of the Orleanists, whose ambition the Republic had crushed, and whom its advent had turned out of office. He hastened to write to Odillon Barrot, who had been nominated colleague to Thiers during the last effort made to save the throne of Louis Philippe by the sacrifice of the Guizot ministry. M. Garnier Pagès is so proud of the inspiration that dictated his letter that he quotes in full the reply of the Orleanist, with which he seems delighted. Barrot advises the minister who has risen to power on his defeat "to *regularise* liberty as soon as possible, and to exert himself to prevent a political reform from *degenerating* into a social revolution, that, is, from attacking property and the family."

This last clause contains the usual "conservative" fiction, which asserts that the organisation of labour must necessarily be accompanied by a community of wives. The same idea that dictated his overtures to Odillon Barrot fills M. Garnier Pagès with exultation over the voluntary adhesions that flocked to the Provisional Government. Bugeaud, who had fought against the Republic on the 24th of February; Changarnier, destined to be an accomplice of Bonaparte; the

whole family of Bonapartes—Pierre, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon—all were welcomed with naïve confidence and unreflecting enthusiasm.

From this first indication it is already evident that the influence of Republican tradition as represented by Garnier Pagès would present, in one respect at least, an analogy with the modern republicanism of Jules Favre. It would be directed, not to the vigorous development of the principles intrinsic to the Republic, but towards the effort to conciliate them with such as they radically opposed. This policy is based on the following axiom: "It is always safe to neglect your friends—never your enemies. By neglect of the first, you are relieved with impunity from the obligation of serving them. By attention to the second, you avoid skilfully the danger of offending them."

This high-minded axiom had ruined the Republic in 1848,—would it prove equally efficacious in 1870?

The public acts of Garnier Pagès in 1848 afford, however, much more precise indication concerning his presumable influence in 1870; all the more so that, as I have said, the interests forcibly repressed by the advent of the Empire had instantaneously revived with the Emperor's ruin. The social situation was essentially the same. The siege of Paris often seemed to represent the reign of the Provisional Government of 1848, with the Prussians added as a supernumerary

consideration of comparatively little importance.

Now in 1848 the great battle had involved an immense crisis in finance, and in the system of labour by which all existing financial institutions were supported. The Minister of Finance might therefore be regarded as the commander-in-chief of the position. It was for him, more than any one else, to recognise the nature of the crisis, to measure its necessities, provide for its emergencies, and secure the triumph of the just principles at stake. M. Garnier Pagès was unquestionably anxious to do his duty, and all his measures were decided under pressure of this anxiety. He assures us so himself. He passed a decree of legal tender that saved from ruin the Bank of France. He strengthened tottering commercial credit by the establishment of national discounting houses. He relieved groaning warehouses of manufactures by the creation of warrant docks. Finally to fill up the enormous deficit in the Government revenues, he decreed the famous tax of forty-five centimes, that succeeded in bringing in a little money to the Treasury, but excited the unutterable hatred of the peasants, and thus largely contributed to ruin the Republic, and pass over the peasant vote to the Empire.

Second, inconsistency and shortsightedness: To relieve the increasing distress among the working-people, M. Garnier Pagès aided his colleague, Marie, to establish the national work-

shops. The system was vicious, degrading, and sterile,—it necessarily collapsed. The workshops were closed from lack of funds to sustain them, and the ten thousand paupers, turned suddenly out into the streets, exploded their rage and misery in the terrible insurrection of June.

The radical faults of M. Garnier Pagès' administration depended on his intellectual weakness. He was either superficial, although just, or utterly inadequate, although well-intentioned. To a situation that required all the unerring precision of genius, he brought the mumbling perceptions of mediocrity. True genius is always the genius of the situation. Its word is concentrated, incisive: it pierces at once to the marrow of things across all the cumbrous hindrances of flesh.

These ponderous pages in which M. Garnier Pagès makes such conscientious efforts to resume the situation with justice and impartiality, these diffuse reasonings for and against every disputed point, this shallow clearness, this correct elegance of diction—in all this we encounter a new instance of the vice that seemed inherent in the Provisional Government,—a passion for words, and an unlimited facility of phraseology. Like Picard, Trochu, and Jules Favre, M. Garnier Pagès was condemned in advance by the fatal omen of his excessive fluency of speech, uncompensated by any effectiveness in action. But his practical administration had not lacked the benefit of con-

temporary criticism, coming from his colleagues, from the press, the clubs, the public meetings, the tumultuous delegations.

“Instead of saving the Bank of France,” cried these discontented critics, “you should allow it to fall, and seize the opportunity to establish a National Bank in its place. The financial interests of the nation are pre-eminently a concern of the State, and should not be left to the control of private companies. Instead of limiting the benefits of association and credit to capitalists and *bourgeois*, you should extend them to the people. You should encourage the formation of co-operative societies that everywhere are springing into existence; you should assure to them the control of capital, the necessary instrument of labour, and deprived of which the labourer remains eternally a slave. You recognise as legitimate the direct intervention of the Government at such a moment of crisis in the affairs of citizens. But such intervention should be extended to all, and not limited to a class already too highly privileged. You decree an unvarying tax that, pressing equally upon the rich and the poor, is ten times heavier for the latter on account of his lesser strength. It revives, therefore, all the injustice and iniquity of the fiscal expedients under the ancient monarchies. Instead, adopt a system of progressive taxation that, passing over entirely incomes below a certain minimum, shall gradually increase

with the fortune assessed and constitute a powerful indirect means of securing equality of conditions. Finally, you issue Treasury Bonds to your Discounting Houses, to save the notes of the *bourgeois*: this is well enough, but in addition advance loans and give important orders to the associations that are struggling to obtain bread and dignity for the people. You convert salable goods into bank deposits: well and good; but you allow the whole machinery to lie idle on account of disorder in the superficial part of its mechanism. Profit rather by the occasion to direct industry toward the satisfaction of the real wants of the labourers. They shiver with cold; call them together and invite them to manufacture their own clothes. They perish with hunger; throw open to them the vast uncultivated lands belonging to the State; bid them dig, plow, sow, reap, and eat the fruit of their labours." Otherwise, might have whispered a prophetic voice, if you neglect this opportunity, a certain Louis Bonaparte may avail himself of its chances and be carried to power over your heads on the reputation of schemes devised for agricultural colonies, and for the extinction of pauperism. Because the Socialists claimed what is contained in this criticism they were stigmatised as crazy Utopians. Because the people demanded this they were decried as savage and dangerous monsters. Because Louis Blanc has been denounced as an

arch mischief-maker, and responsible for the ruin of the Republic. And Americans often echo these commonplaces, and Paris correspondents to the *Tribune* relate hypothetical conversations with Trochu, in which they suggest the use of "sharp measures with the Radicals."*

Yet during the American war of secession, engaged, like the Revolution of 1848, to settle an immense question of labour, American audacity shrank from none of these Utopian enterprises. The Government, elected in the interests of this labour question, like the Provisional Government of 1848, manufactured paper money, guaranteed by national credit, destroyed the property of a privileged class, imposed an enormously progressive tax, opened a Freedmen's or Labour Bureau, revolutionised the relations between master and workingman, accepted the guardianship of four million working-people, placed in their own hands the instruments of labour, encouraged the development of their independent industry, shattered an entire social organisation, and erected another on a radically new basis.

This healthful audacity is to the eternal honour of the American people. But they are often singularly forgetful of the nature of their own achievements when they begin to discuss European affairs.

*See the *New York Tribune* for November 8th, 1870.

The representation of the tradition of the past—practically limited to that of 1848—was likely, therefore, to prove as little reliable as the other elements of the Provisional Government. Not the past, but the men who had inadequately interpreted it when present, had revived on the modern scene. Their representation could hardly fail to be even more inadequate the second time than the first. “Garnier Pagès was morally too old in 1848,” said his opponents; “and to-day he is absolutely fossilised.” He would certainly return to his old principles, in the first place because he had never left them, and in the second place because to their former exercise was due the simulacrum of importance he now enjoyed. To the dulled sensibilities of the old man the situation was less interesting in itself than because it served to awaken agreeable recollections of his vigorous prime. Should the voice of Garnier Pagès be heard in the councils of the Provisional Government it would be muffled like the voices of the past. It would recall timidity, hesitation, compromise, at a moment when the desperate emergency of the situation would render faults doubly dangerous. Finally, it was more than probable that the voice of Garnier Pagès would never be heard at all, but that he would represent the past principally by his immovability and his silence. And this is exactly what happened. From the beginning of the siege to the reign of the Na-

tional Assembly, not an individual word or action may be ascribed to Garnier Pages. His influence, if he had any, was as silent as himself, and exerted principally by the medium of the personal recollections of his colleagues, who also had survived from 1848. Only, alas! M. Garnier Pages was destined to be an omen if not a force, and an evil omen too. For the Republic of 1848 had succumbed to violence. The Republic of 1870 was threatened by violence; would it also succumb? The character of its defenders afforded little guarantee of success, and the distrust they inspired was increased by recollections of the part they had already played in precipitating a previous failure.

ROCHEFORT.

In the Provisional Government the representation of socialism was awarded, by common consent, to Rochefort.

Every one knows the slight antecedents of Rochefort. A rakish, duelling, good-hearted, helter-skelter *boulevardier*, he emerged into public life about three years ago, as writer of political squibs for the *Figaro*. These squibs made the fortune of the paper; but in the end they irritated too severely the sensibilities of the Imperial Government. Orders were given to *Figaro* to dismiss their pungent contributor

under penalty of being dismissed themselves. In such an emergency the decision of Villemessant could not be doubted,—he turned his colleague out into the street, with all the energetic indignation that may be excited by paramount devotion to one's own interest. Left to his own resources on that December night, Rochefort started afresh on the capital of his martyrdom, which certainly brought in rich returns. The success of the *Lanterne* was immense. Seized at the eleventh number, it redoubled in popularity. Rochefort quarrelled with the printer who refused to risk the publication of the condemned journal, and capped his refusal by insulting the editor's daughter. Blows were offered, if not exchanged. Rochefort was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, which he avoided by a timely flight to Belgium. Here he continued to write his *Lanterne*, and even contrived to send a large number of copies to France, where it was read with all the zest that could be added by a successful defiance of the police.

The popularity of Rochefort was maintained at its ancient pitch of enthusiasm, and in 1869 he was nominated candidate for the Corps Législatif. He was elected from the 7th district of Paris over the head of Jules Favre, the rival candidate, but his legislative career was short. It compromised a *bon mot* and a popular manifestation, and terminated in a new sentence of imprisonment.

The *mot* was flung at the Emperor, whom the incorrigible deputy had the ill manners to describe at a former period of his history, when "he promenaded at Strasburg with a piece of meat in his hat and a tame eagle fluttering over it."

Rochefort had been sent to the Corps Législatif for the express purpose of reviving such recollections; but the precepts of well-bred society and the principles of President Schneider were outraged. According to these principles, the members of the Legislature were assembled to enjoy the august hospitality accorded to them by the Emperor, and allusions to the peccadillos of his past were as unseemly as the *gaucherie* of a guest who should observe to his munificent host, "I remember the day when you were only a baker!"

Called to order but not repressed, Rochefort reappeared in public at the funeral of Victor Noir, assassinated by Pierre Bonaparte. His energetic eloquence restrained the just popular excitement, and probably prevented a useless effusion of blood. Yet none the less was he impeached as a fomenter of revolt, and his colleagues at the Legislature voted to revoke his official inviolability, and to condemn him to six months' imprisonment. When this first term had expired, the Government had the effrontery to add that of four months, to which Rochefort had been sen-

tenced previous to his flight into Belgium. The Revolution of September, that surprised the other republican deputies at the Corps Législatif, found him still languishing at St. Pélagie. The crowd rushed to the prison, forced open the doors, delivered the prisoner, and bore him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here the other deputies already installed consented to receive him as a colleague.

So in former days, the days of the Fronde, had the people of Paris delivered the old councillor Broussel, in defiance of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, because he also was considered to be "the protector of the people."

These fragmentary details constituted the entire sum and substance of Rochefort's antecedents and achievements. That this amiable duellist, superficial *boulevardier*, gay Bohemian, flashing pamphleteer, should be chosen by Fortune to represent the question of socialism, surging from depths so profound, was certainly a most singular circumstance. As singular as that the froth on the sea should serve to indicate the march of the waves. It was indeed in this manner that Rochefort fulfilled his functions. He never had been, and never would be, anything else but a symbol. He would act like the hands on the face of a clock, to indicate the hour, without exercising the least influence on the play of the machinery. He would serve, not to advance

the interests of the people, but to measure the variations in their fortunes. When these rose he would be borne to power ; when they fell, he would send in his resignation.

Rochefort's popularity was, to a great extent, the product of his persecutions. His *Lanterne* had spread like wildfire as soon as it was suppressed. His candidacy had been proposed on account of his exile. His election had been triumphant, because Paris was saucily bent on flinging as much defiance as possible into the face of the Empire. Sauciness constituted all Rochefort's prestige—now the sauciness of his constituents, now his own. This mocking disdain, that seemed more superficial, in reality sprang from a deeper root than the serious criticism of other members of the opposition. It was rooted in the self-consciousness of a rival power, bent on overturning, not a functionary, or a ministry, or a constitution, but systems, and thrones, and hierarchies. This power alone could afford to gibe and frolic with its adversary, whom it considered already as torn in pieces. Not the depth of his principles, but the coincidence between the scoff that scintillated from his easy wit, and the disdain that glowed from their labouring passion, united Rochefort and the people. But in a quarrel of dignities, what so close a bond of union as a common contempt ? What could unite the people of Picard, anxious to pre-

serve a "liberal" Empire ; to Garnier Pagès, stupefied before the august tears of Louis Philippe ; to Jules Favre, with his adroit reverences and supple genuflexions ? Rochefort made fun of solemnities empty as a nightmare, and as overwhelming. Hence the people adored him. He represented for them "the ideal of liberty and justice," which poor Delescluze would pathetically lament to *not* find realised in the Republic of the Provisional Government. He represented the extreme limit of everything : he symbolised the revolution. The most audacious imagination could not penetrate beyond the possibilities of what would be should Rochefort only choose to do something. He never did choose, but his infallibility was preserved so much the more intact. The passage from thought to action is always a descent ; how much more the attempt to realise, in one's own inadequate actions, the ideal framed by an ardent and idolatrous popular thought ! The people, whose whole life is in the future, and whose actual existence has no other support than that of a distant hope, are never surprised by unfulfilled promises or continually deferred achievement. They are used to waiting for their pay—the people !

No, Rochefort did not represent socialism, but rather the present character of the people who had need of it. It was consistent that he should

be uncertain, impotent, flickering as a will-o'-the-wisp that betrays the quagmires to which nevertheless it fatally conducts its victim ; quite natural that he should gain isolated victories by brilliant sallies, but lack the impulse of combined, deliberate, persistent effort ; that he should be successful in repartee and vanquished in council, should have the wit keen and the will feeble, the phrase picturesque and the ideas confused, the unconscious significance profound and the conscious intention superficial ; should say more than he knew, and be ignorant of the powers that bore him onward. Under Rochefort's pretty, facile, flashing exterior existed much the same characteristics that we shall find in uncouth form at the clubs.

JULES SIMON

As if to complete the typical nature of the Provisional Government, there existed in it an eleventh member, upon whom had devolved the high functions of the philosopher of the situation. This was M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction. Philosophy stands behind all revolutions ; in this case it seemed to lie on the surface. From all time philosophers have been the guides, companions, and friends of soldiers and statesmen. Alexander had his Aristotle, Frederick the Great his Voltaire, Robespierre was inspired by Rousseau ; it were eminently

fitting that General Trochu should receive aid and comfort from the inspirations of Jules Simon.

Member of the opposition of the Legislature before the 4th of September, the political reputation of M. Jules Simon had always been subordinated to his philosophic fame. This is the reason that he was nominated Minister of Public Instruction. Professor at the Normal School, he had, in 1854, published a volume on Duty, and, in 1856, another on Natural Religion. More recently, when the rude contact of the political world had habituated the thoughtful scholar to descend from these high themes to the considerations of the practical questions that agitated society, he had written a book on education, and finally a fourth, *L'Ouvrière*, on the condition of the working-woman in France.

All interests had thus been embraced by the comprehensive glance of this philosopher. Labour, education, morality, religion,—what more noble, what more important subjects could occupy an elevated and disinterested mind sincerely anxious to serve the cause of humanity?

The acquittal of the task seems, at first sight, to justify all the promise of its enterprise. As to the volume on *L'Ouvrière*, it is impossible not to be struck, on the very first glance, by the high tone by which it is pervaded. The very selection of the theme affords a touching revelation of the chivalrous side of M. Simon's many-

faced nature. A philosopher, a professor of the Normal School, a deputy of the Corps Législatif, he stoops from the serene heights of his habitual meditations to consider the silk-woman at Lyons, the lace-maker at Lille, the florist at Paris ! He declares that he is even more pre-occupied by the moral condition of the working classes than by their physical misery. He describes and deplores the dissolution of the family, the improvidence and excesses of the workingman, the hardships and degradation of the working-women.

But a singular inconsistency, exhaled at the end in a singular vapidity of conclusion, pervades this treatise on *L'Ouvrière*. The author demonstrates that it is impossible to forbid the labour of married women, because it is impossible for the man alone to meet the expenses of the family. He none the less deplores this labour, which tends, he declares, to break up the family, and hence to demoralise the labourer. The philanthropist wails, but is unable to even suggest a remedy. He shows that all women work on starvation wages, except such as are employed in factories. Not only he proposes no plan for their relief, but he renews his wail over the evil effects of factory labour, which he declares nevertheless to be inevitable. He admires the *Cités Ouvrières* at Mulhouse, because they were founded by the patrons. Concerning the co-operative associa-

tions of workingmen he does not deign to utter a word. On the whole, the accuracy of the book is illusory, its observations are superficial, its reasoning leads to nothing, and its conclusions are null and void.

Is it otherwise with M. Simon's meditations on Duty?

The date on the title-page lends a painful emphasis to certain assertions in its contents. It was published in 1854, at the moment that the newly-established despotism was flaunting its most brutal and insolent triumph. Is it in imitation of the despair of the stoics that M. Simon writes: "Liberty should not be defined the power to do or not to do, but the power to wish or not to wish." "It is literally true that, before God and his conscience, the prisoner is free at the bottom of his dungeon." "A Russian (?) is like an automaton in the hands of his Czar, but before God he is free, because he is at liberty to desire good and resist evil."

Is it with the aid of such scholastic definitions that the philosopher is justified in resigning himself to the rape of Liberty? Is it by contemplation of Siberia that he may avenge the fate of the proscribed exiles who were crowding the transport ships that bore them to Cayenne? Is it by meditation on the New Jerusalem that he can reconcile himself to the tortures inflicted by that unclean sea? Oh, how much more vigor-

ous than these mild musings the rage of Victor Hugo !

“ D’ailleurs, sombre mer, je te hais ! ”

The conclusion of this Treatise on Duty has become a byword ; for it contains the affirmation that an oath, however taken, is sacredly binding in any circumstances. In virtue of this assertion, M. Simon refused, during a decent interval, to take oath of office under the Empire, alleging that its observance was inconsistent with his republican principles, and its violation shocking to his principles of morality. It is to be presumed that, later, a mind so comprehensive as Jules Simon discovered some third ground upon which he could reconcile his conscience and his ambition to serve his country. For not long afterward he accepted his election with the oath, and took his place in the Legislature at the side of Picard and Ollivier.

Toleration was indeed the cardinal principle of M. Simon’s enlightenment. His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything. It enabled him even to admire “ the elevated character of the Catholic dogma,” which he considered a superstition. It permitted him to occasionally attend mass, on condition that he say his prayers to himself, and refrain from mingling his voice with that of the uninstructed crowd.

These prayers were, moreover, as harmless as possible, as inoffensive, and, on M. Simon's showing, as thoroughly inefficacious as were his other aspirations towards any positive good. "The grand influence of prayer is subjective," says M. Simon, and he recommends fervent entreaty to heaven simply as a mental discipline possibly useful on earth.

This skepticism in regard to the success of spiritual action was the complement of the radical skepticism in regard to terrestrial matters that we have already noticed in other members of the Provisional Government. M. Picard had attacked the Empire without ever expecting to overthrow it ; General Trochu had criticised the army without the smallest idea that any one would pay any attention ; Jules Favre defended the Republic while entirely disbelieving in its right to sturdily defend itself ; and Jules Simon prayed to God with the positive certainty that his prayers would never be heard.

What combined strength of impotence in this union of skeptical intentions ! What rigorous powerfulness in this deliberate waste of power ! What education to hypocrisy in this habit of goading the will to activity by means of orders endorsed by the forged signature of the intellect !

This circumstance was in truth the most striking of all those in the antecedents of the members of the Provisional Government. Jules

Simon in reproducing it, projected upon an immense scale, seemed to resume in himself all the germs of incapacity sown among his colleagues under other forms,—resume, typify, and explain all other feebleness by a pale and feeble philosophy, that pretended to belief and believed in nothing, not even itself ; an empty jargon of ghosts, come at the close of night and before cockcrow in the morning.

Oh Faith ! so beautiful, so terrible, so strong as an archangel ! Before thee men veil their faces aghast, and setting up plaster images in thy name, bow down and worship them, and pray to be saved from thy awful presence !

This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jeoffroy, and Roger Collard ; this vapourous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever ; his immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite ; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly ; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism ; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but

unshakable ; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil ; this reduction of faith to a social convention ; the hatred of living ideas because of their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland.

An idea that confessedly belongs to another epoch, and is only forced upon this by the strenuous efforts of such heroes in philosophy as Jules Simon, bears its own condemnation. Nothing is so contrary to the order of Nature as anachronism ; nothing so impossible to recapitulate as the birth of a child. Into the scholastic arguments of Abelard concerning the existence of God was poured, as into its natural channel, the most intense life of the twelfth century. But when the river has run dry, and the waters pour tumultuously elsewhere, small the merit, and small the utility of the heroism that persists in stemming the ancient channel dry shod.

The spiritual “liberalism” of France at the present day—as far removed from “Free Thinking” as is a languid fine lady from a whistling

110 Some of the French Leaders

plough-boy—bears a remarkable resemblance to the cosmopolitism of the Roman Pantheon. “To the people,” observes Gibbon, “all the gods were equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the magistrates equally useful.” For a certain circle, utility is the test and measure of every good thing,—its utility, namely, as a supposed restraint upon the popular passions that are supposed to menace private property. “*Le travail est un frein*,” observes Guizot with cruel precision. “The hope of immortality is *necessary*—to the poor.” “The mummeries of the Catholic Church must be retained and paid for, because symbols are necessary to popular belief, and popular belief is necessary to popular morals, and these to passive acquiescence in the existing state of things.” Such, more or less distinctly, is the argument of Renan.

It is not necessary to believe many things, but it is absolutely necessary to believe something. But this belief must be instinctive, inevitable, forced on the intellect by its inherent virtue, and without any reference to its prospective advantages. It is not the ideas that a man chooses, but the ideas which choose him, that are capable of really inspiring his life. Utility is as fatal to belief as is mere legality to love. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the emancipation of the mind from any given creed as the urbane admission of the utility of this creed at a bygone period.

belief must be a man's master, not his servant; his god, and not his police officer. Whenever, to use Voltaire's witticism, a man has attained the consciousness of having repaid the original favour of creation by creating God in his own image, the work of his hands grows as impotent over his heart as the idol satirised by Isaiah : " Cry aloud ! for he is a god ! Perchance he is taking a journey ! "

The other members of the Provisional Government represented special relations to the divers elements of the situation. M. Simon as befitted the representative of philosophy, typified the thought of a class that still dominated an epoch. On this account, his vaster individuality seems to envelop and penetrate and mingle with that of all the others. Jules Favre occupied the fauteuil of Victor Cousin of the Institute, as Jules Simon would fain occupy his chair at the Sorbonne. Jules Simon admired the elevation of the Catholic dogma ; Trochu prostrated himself before the elevation of the Catholic host. Garnier Pagès strove to keep socialism out of the Republic, as Jules Simon congratulated himself on the " expulsion " of socialism from laws and institutions. Rochefort represented the interests of labourers, without having studied the organisation of labour ; as Jules Simon patronised the working classes, equally innocent of all pre-occupation on this prime

question, which he pronounced a "dream." Picard retained an immense affection for the Empire he had overthrown ; Jules Simon, an immense respect for the superstition he despised. Gambetta would be rendered powerless because compelled to struggle against the weakness of his colleagues, and against the inertia of the people he attempted to save. Jules Simon's philosophic tourneys were paralysed by the radical weakness of his brother philosophers, and by the desperate indifference of the world to whom he revealed the way of salvation.

The crowning defeat of the Provisional Government lay in the inadequacy of its conceptions ; —an inadequate conception of the abomination of the Empire, the greatness of the Republic, of the resources of Paris, of the urgency of the crisis, of the solemnity of its relations to the past, of the tremendous questions for the future involved in its solution. M. Simon resumed all these inadequacies in a single immense inadequacy of thought,—thought utterly incapable of embracing the life of the epoch to which it professedly belonged. What wonder, then, if that epoch were sterile ?

For inadequacy is no slight and pardonable weakness, as many suppose. Hear how Spinoza defines its nature and effects :

"The desires which arise from our nature, in such manner that they may be understood by it alone, are those which

belong to the soul in so far as she is supposed to consist of adequate ideas. But the other desires belong to the soul in so far as she conceives of things in a manner inadequate. The force and development of these latter should be defined, not by the power of human nature, but by the power of things outside of ourselves. This is why the first desires have been justly called actions, and the second passions ; for the first always indicate our power, but the others, on the contrary, our impotence and a mutilated knowledge."

Whence it might be feared that the Provisional Government, incapable of engaging in bold, decisive, and manly action, should dissolve even its sincere desires in an amiable passion of tears.

Who does not know that this is precisely what happened ?

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Baroness Orczy needs no introduction to lovers of good fiction. The scene of her new story is Hungary—the hero a handsome young peasant who, having inherited a fortune from his thrifty father, is enabled to save a Hungarian nobleman from losing all his lands, and in return receives the hand of the lord's daughter whom he has long worshipped from afar. Immediately after the wedding the peasant bridegroom discovers that his wife despises him and has merely allowed herself to be sold as payment of her father's debt. How he tries to overcome this feeling and what effect his generous and big-hearted nature finally has upon her must be left for the reader to find out for himself. Like *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, the present story is of intense dramatic interest and shows great emotional strength.

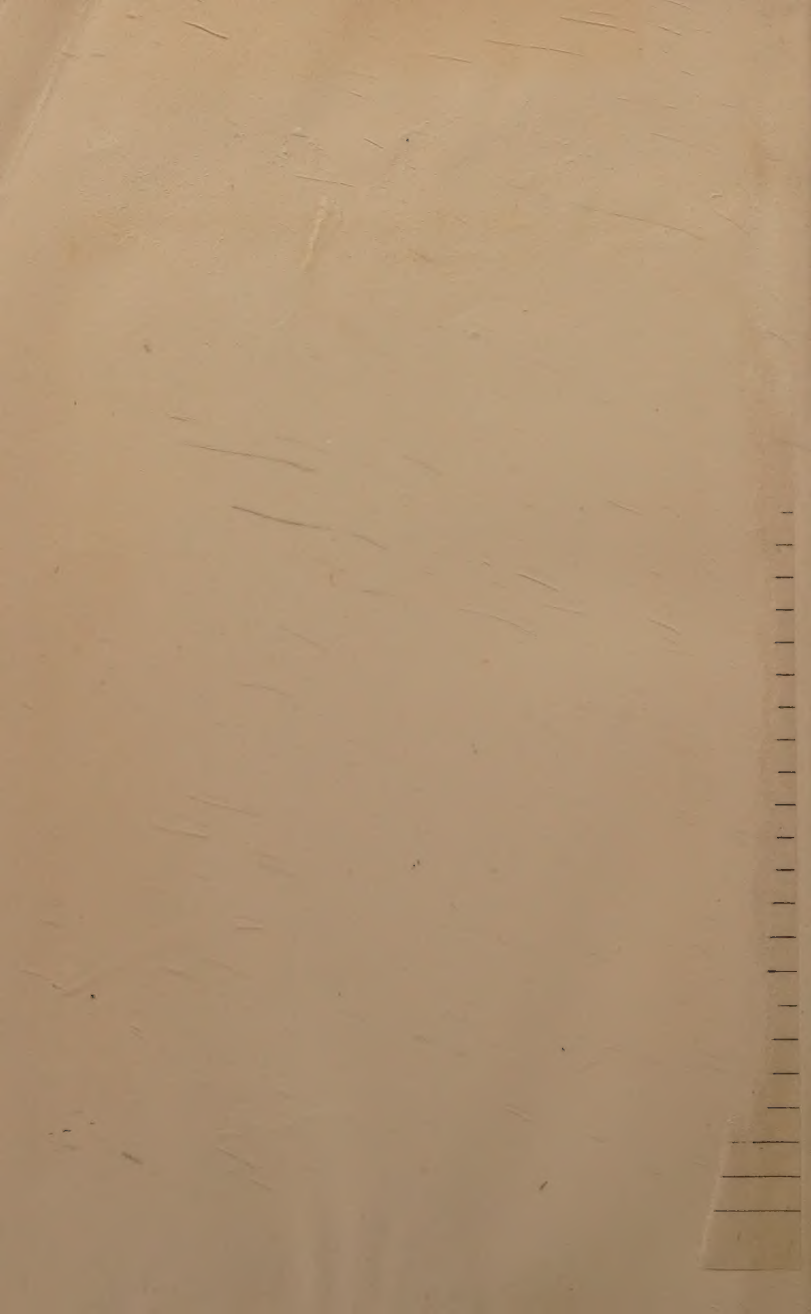
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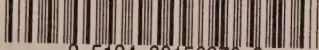
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